

T H E

I L I A D

O F

H O M E R.

Translated by Mr. P O P E.

V O L. V.

—*Sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

VIRG.

L O N D O N :

Printed by W. BOWYER, for BERNARD LINTOT between the *Temple-Gates.* 1720.



GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas Our Trusty and Well-beloved BERNARD LINTOT of our City of London, Bookseller, has humbly represented unto Us that he is now printing a Translation of the ILIAD of HOMER from the Greek in Six Volumes in Folio by ALEXANDER POPE Gent. with large Notes upon each Book: And whereas the said BERNARD LINTOT has inform'd Us that he has been at a great Expence in carrying on the said Work: and that the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the said Work is vested in the said BERNARD LINTOT. He has therefore humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof for the Term of fourteen Years. WE being graciously pleas'd to encourage so useful a Work, are pleased to condescend to his Request, and do therefore give and grant unto the said BERNARD LINTOTT our Royal Licence and Privilege for the sole printing and publishing the said Six Volumes of the said ILIAD of HOMER translated by the said ALEXANDER POPE, for, and during the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof; strictly charging and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge the same either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same or any part thereof reprinted beyond the Seas within the said Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said BERNARD LINTOT, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils, and such other Penalties as by the Laws and Statutes of this our Realm may be inflicted: Whereof the Master, Wardens and Company of Stationers of our City of London, Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, and all other our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern, are to take Notice that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at St. James's the sixth Day of May, 1715. in the first Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command

JAMES STANHOPE.

THE
SEVENTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIA D.

B

The ARGUMENT.

The seventh Battle, for the Body of Patroclus: The Acts of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the Death of Patroclus, defends his Body from the Enemy: Euphorbus who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires, but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a Flight, who thereupon puts on the Armour he had won from Patroclus, and renewes the Battel. The Greeks give Way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the Chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The Horses of Achilles deplore the Loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his Body with a thick Darkness: The noble Prayer of Ajax on that Occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the News of Patroclus's Death: Then returns to the Fight, where, tho' attack'd with the utmost Fury, he, and Meriones assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the Body to the Ships.

The Time is the Evening of the eight and twentieth Day.
The Scene lies in the Fields before Troy.

T H E

THE
SEVENTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.

ON the cold Earth divine *Patroclus* spread;
Lies pierc'd with Wounds among the vulgar
Dead.

Great *Menelaus*, touch'd with gen'rous Woe,
Springs to the Front, and guards him from the Foe:
Thus round her new fal'n Young, the Heifer moves,
Fruit of her Throes, and First-born of her Loves,
And anxious, (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and returns her, with a Mother's Care.
Oppos'd to each, that near the Carcase came,
His broad Shield glimmers, and his Lances flame.

The Son of *Panthus*, skill'd the Dart to send,
Eyes the dead Hero and insults the Friend.

This

This Hand, *Atrides*, laid *Patroclus* low;
 Warrior! desist, nor tempt an equal Blow:
 To me the Spoils my Prowess won, resign;
 Depart with Life, and leave the Glory mine.

The *Trojan* thus: The *Spartan* Monarch burn'd
 With generous Anguish, and in scorn return'd.
 Laugh'st thou not, *Jove!* from thy superior Throne,
 When Mortals boast of Prowess not their own?
 Not thus the Lion glories in his Might,
 Nor Panther braves his spotted Foe in Fight,
 Nor thus the Boar (those Terrors of the Plain)
 Man only vaunts his Force, and vaunts in vain.
 But far the vainest of the boastful Kind
 These Sons of *Panthus* vent their haughty Mind.
 Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring Steel
 This Boaster's Brother, *Hyperenor* fell,
 Against our Arm which rashly he defy'd,
 Vain was his Vigour, and as vain his Pride.
 These Eyes beheld him on the Dust expire,
 No more to chear his Spouse, or glad his Sire.
 Presumptuous Youth! like his shall be thy Doom,
 To wait thy Brother to the *Stygian* Gloom;

While

While yet thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd Fate; ³⁵
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

Unmov'd, *Euphorbus* thus: That Action known,
 Come, for my Brother's Blood repay thy own.
 His weeping Father claims thy destin'd Head,
 And Spouse, a Widow in her bridal Bed. ⁴⁰
 On these thy conquer'd Spoils I shall bestow;
 To sooth a Confort's and a Parent's Woe.
 No longer then defer the glorious Strife,
 Let Heav'n decide our Fortune, Fame, and Life.

Swift as the Word, the missile Lance he flings, ⁴⁵
 The well-aim'd Weapon on the Buckler rings,
 But blunted by the Brass innoxious falls.
 On Jove the Father, great *Atrides* calls,
 Nor flies the Jav'lin from his Arm in vain,
 It pierc'd his Throat, and bent him to the Plain; ⁵⁰
 Wide thro' the Neck appears the grizly Wound,
 Prone sinks the Warrior, and his Arms resound.
 The shining Circlets of his golden Hair,
 Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
 Instarr'd with Gems and Gold, besmear the Shore, ⁵⁵
 With Dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with Gore.

As the young Olive, in some Sylvan Scene,
 Crown'd by fresh Fountains with eternal Green,
 Lifts the gay Head, in snowy Flourets fair,
 60 And plays and dances to the gentle Air;
 When lo! a Whirlwind from high Heav'n invades
 The tender Plant, and withers all its Shades;
 It lies uprooted from its genial Bed,
 A lovely Ruin, now defac'd and dead.
 65 Thus young, thus beautiful, *Euphorbus* lay,
 While the fierce *Spartan* tore his Arms away.
 Proud of his Deed, and glorious in the Prize,
 Affrighted *Troy* the tow'ring Victor flies,
 Flies, as before some Mountain Lion's Ire
 70 The village Curs, and trembling Swains retire;
 When o'er the slaughter'd Bull they hear him roar,
 And see his Jaws distil with smoaking Gore;
 All pale with Fear, at distance scatter'd round,
 They shout incessant, and the Vales resound.
 75 Meanwhile *Apollo* view'd with envious Eyes,
 And urg'd great *Hector* to dispute the Prize,
 (In *Mentes* Shape, beneath whose martial Care
 The rough *Ciconians* learn'd the Trade of War)
 80 Forbear,

Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitless Speed to chace
Achilles' Courfers of æthereal Race; 80
 They stoop not, these, to mortal man's Command,
 Or stoop to none but great *Achilles'* Hand.
 Too long amus'd with a Pursuit so vain,
 Turn, and behold the brave *Euphorbus* slain!
 By *Sparta* slain! for ever now supprest 85
 The Fire which burn'd in that undaunted Breast!

Thus having spoke, *Apollo* wing'd his Flight
 And mix'd with Mortals in the Toils of Fight:
 His Words infix'd unutterable Care 90
 Deep in great *Hector*'s Soul: Thro' all the War
 He darts his anxious Eye; and instant, view'd
 The breathless Hero in his Blood imbru'd,
 (Forth welling from the Wound, as prone he lay)
 And in the Victor's Hands the shining Prey:
 Sheath'd in bright Arms, thro' cleaving Ranks he flies, 95
 And sends his Voice in Thunder to the Skies:
 Fierce as a Flood of Flame by *Vulcan* sent,
 It flew, and fir'd the Nations as it went.
Atrides from the Voice the Storm divin'd,
 And thus explori'd his own unconquer'd Mind.

Then

Then shall I quit *Patroclus* on the Plain,
 Slain in my Cause, and for my Honour slain,
 Desert the Arms, the Relicks of my Friend?
 Or singly, *Hector* and his Troops attend?

105 Sure where such partial Favour Heav'n bestow'd,
 To brave the Hero were to brave the God:
 Forgive me, *Greece*, if once I quit the Field;
 'Tis not to *Hector*, but to Heav'n I yield.
 Yet, nor the God, nor Heav'n, shou'd give me Fear,
 110 Did but the Voice of *Ajax* reach my Ear:
 Still would we turn, still battle on the Plains,
 And give *Achilles* all that yet remains
 Of his and our *Patroclus*—This, no more,
 The Time allow'd: *Troy* thicken'd on the Shore,
 115 A fable Scene! The Terrors *Hector* led.
 Slow he recedes, and sighing, quits the Dead.
 So from the Fold th'unwilling Lion parts,
 • Forc'd by loud Clamours, and a Storm of Darts;
 He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
 120 With Heart indignant and retorted Eyes.
 Now enter'd in the *Spartan* Ranks, he turn'd
 His manly Breast, and with new Fury burn'd,

O'er

O'er all the black Battalions sent his View,
And thro' the Cloud the god-like *Ajax* knew;
Where lab'ring on the left the Warrior stood, 125
All grim in Arms, and cover'd o'er with Blood,
There breathing Courage, where the God of Day
Had sunk each Heart with Terror and Dismay.
To him the King. Oh *Ajax*, oh my Friend!
Haste, and *Patroclus*' lov'd Remains defend: 130
The Body to *Achilles* to restore,
Demands our Care; Alas! we can no more!
For naked now, despoil'd of Arms he lies;
And *Hector* glories in the dazzling Prize.
He said, and touch'd his Heart. The raging Pair 135
Pierce the thick Battel, and provoke the War.
Already had stern *Hector* seiz'd his Head,
And doom'd to *Trojan* Dogs th'unhappy Dead;
But soон as *Ajax* rear'd his tow'rlike Shield,
Sprung to his Car, and measur'd back the Field. 140
His Train to *Troy* the radiant Armour bear,
To stand a Trophy of his Fame in War.

Meanwhile great *Ajax* (his broad Shield display'd)
Guards the dead Hero with the dreadful Shade;

145 And now before, and now behind he stood:
 Thus in the Center of some gloomy Wood,
 With many a Step the Lioness surrounds
 Her tawny Young, beset by Men and Hounds;
 Elate her Heart, and rowzing all her Pow'rs,
 150 Dark o'er the fiery Balls, each hanging Eye-brow lowrs.
 Fast by his Side, the gen'rous *Spartan* glows
 With great Revenge, and feeds his inward Woes.

But *Glaucus*, Leader of the *Lycian* Aids,
 On *Hector* frowning, thus his Flight upbraids.
 155 Where now in *Hector* shall we *Hector* find?
 A manly Form, without a manly Mind.
 Is this, O Chief! a Hero's boasted Fame?
 How vain, without the Merit is the Name?
 Since Battel is renounc'd, thy Thoughts employ
 160 What other Methods may preserve thy *Troy*?
 'Tis time to try if *Ilion*'s State can stand
 By thee alone, nor ask a foreign Hand;
 Mean, empty Boast! but shall the *Lycians* stake
 Their Lives for you? those *Lycians* you forsake?
 165 What from thy thankless Arms can we expect?
 Thy Friend *Sarpedon* proves thy base Neglect:

Say,

BOOK XVII. HOMER's *ILIAS*.

11

Say, shall our slaughter'd Bodies guard your Walls
While unreveng'd the great *Sarpedon* falls?

Ev'n where he dy'd for *Troy*, you left him there,
A Feast for Dogs, and all the Fowls of Air. 170

On my Command if any *Lycian* wait,
Hence let him march, and give up *Troy* to Fate.

Did such a Spirit as the Gods impart
Impel one *Trojan* Hand, or *Trojan* Heart;
(Such, as shou'd burn in ev'ry Soul, that draws 175
The Sword for Glory, and his Country's Cause)

Ev'n yet our mutual Arms we might employ,
And drag yon' Carcasses to the Walls of *Troy*.

Oh! were *Patroclus* ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's Arms and honour'd Corse again! 180

Greece with *Achilles'* Friend shou'd be repaid,
And thus due Honours purchas'd to his Shade.
But Words are vain---Let *Ajax* once appear,
And *Hector* trembles and recedes with Fear;
Thou dar'st not meet the Terrors of his Eye; 185
And lo! already, thou prepar'st to fly.

The *Trojan* Chief with fixt Resentment ey'd
The *Lycian* Leader, and sedate reply'd

Say,

Say, is it just (my Friend) that *Hector's* Ear

¹⁹⁰ From such a Warrior such a Speech shou'd hear?

I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy Kind,

But ill this Insult suits a prudent Mind.

I shun great *Ajax*? I desert my Train?

'Tis mine to prove the rash Assertion vain;

¹⁹⁵ I joy to mingle where the Battel bleeds,

And hear the Thunder of the sounding Steeds.

But *Jove's* high Will is ever uncontroll'd,

The Strong he withers, and confounds the Bold,

Now crowns with Fame the mighty Man, and now

²⁰⁰ Strikes the fresh Garland from the Victor's Brow!

Come, thro' yon' Squadrons let us hew the Way,

And thou be Witness, if I fear to Day;

If yet a *Greek* the Sight of *Hector* dread,

Or yet their Hero dare defend the Dead.

²⁰⁵ Then turning to the martial Hosts, he cries,

Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, *Lycians*, and Allies!

Be Men (my Friends) in Action as in Name,

And yet be mindful of your ancient Fame.

Hector in proud *Achilles'* Arms shall shine,

²¹⁰ Torn from his Friend, by right of Conquest mine.

He

He strode along the Field, as thus he said.
 (The fable Plumage nodded o'er his Head)
 Swift thro' the spacious Plain he sent a Look;
 One Instant saw, one Instant overtook
 The distant Band, that on the sandy Shore 215
 The radiant Spoils to sacred *Ilion* bore.
 There his own Mail unbrac'd, the Field bestrow'd;
 His Train to *Troy* convey'd the massy Load.
 Now blazing in th'immortal Arms he stands,
 The Work and Present of celestial Hands; 220
 By aged *Peleus* to *Achilles* given,
 As first to *Peleus* by the Court of Heav'n:
 His Father's Arms not long *Achilles* wears,
 Forbid by Fate to reach his Father's Years.

Him, proud in Triumph glitt'ring from afar, 225
 The God, whose Thunder rends the troubled Air,
 Beheld with Pity; as apart he fate,
 And conscious, look'd thro' all the Scene of Fate.
 He shook the sacred Honours of his Head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said. 230

Ah wretched Man! unmindful of thy End!
 A Moment's Glory! and what Fates attend?

In heav'nly Panoply divinely bright
 Thou stand'st, and Armies tremble at thy Sight
²³⁵ As at *Achilles* self! Beneath thy Dart
 Lies slain the great *Achilles'* dearer Part:
 Thou from the mighty Dead those Arms hast torn
 Which once the greatest of Mankind had worn.
 Yet live! I give thee one illustrious Day,
²⁴⁰ A Blaze of Glory, e'er thou fad'st away.
 For ah! no more *Andromache* shall come,
 With joyful Tears to welcome *Hector* home;
 No more officious, with endearing Charms,
 From thy tir'd Limbs unbrace *Pelides'* Arms!
²⁴⁵ Then with his sable Brow he gave the Nod,
 That seals his Word; the Sanction of the God.
 The stubborn Arms (by Jove's Command dispos'd)
 Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
 Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his Members grew,
²⁵⁰ Thro' all his Veins a sudden Vigour flew,
 The Blood in brisker Tides began to roll,
 And *Mars* himself came rushing on his Soul.
 Exhorting loud thro' all the Field he strode,
 And look'd, and mov'd, *Achilles*, or a God.

Now

Now *Mesibles*, *Glaucus*, *Medon* he inspires,

255

Now *Phorcys*, *Chromius*, and *Hippothous* fires;

The great *Thersilochus* like Fury found,

Asteropaeus kindled at the Sound,

And *Ennomus*, in Augury renown'd.

Hear all ye Hosts, and hear, unnumber'd Bands

260

Of neighb'ring Nations, or of distant Lands!

'Twas not for State we summon'd you so far,

To boast our Numbers, and the Pomp of War;

Ye came to fight; a valiant Foe to chase,

To save our present, and our future Race.

265

For this, our Wealth, our Products you enjoy,

And glean the Relicks of exhausted *Troy*.

Now then to conquer or to die prepare,

To die, or conquer, are the Terms of War.

Whatever Hand shall win *Patroclus* slain,

270

Whoe'er shall drag him to the *Trojan* Train,

With *Hector*'s self shall equal Honours claim;

With *Hector* part the Spoil, and share the Fame.

Fir'd by his Words, the Troops dismiss their Fears,

They join, they thicken, they pretend their Spears;

275

Full

Full on the *Greeks* they drive in firm Array,
 And each from *Ajax* hopes the glorious Prey:
 Vain hope! what Numbers shall the Field o'erspread,
 What Victims perish round the mighty Dead?

- 280 Great *Ajax* mark'd the growing Storm from far,
 And thus bespoke his Brother of the War.
 Our fatal Day alas! is come (my Friend)
 And all our Wars and Glories at an end!
 'Tis not this Corpse alone we guard in vain,
 285 Condemn'd to Vulturs on the *Trojan* Plain;
 We too must yield: The same sad Fate must fall
 On thee, on me, perhaps (my Friend) on all.
 See what a Tempest direful *Hector* spreads,
 And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our Heads!
- 290 Call on our *Greeks*, if any hear the Call,
 The bravest *Greeks*: This Hour demands them all.
 The Warrior rais'd his Voice, and wide around
 The Field re-echo'd the distressful Sound.
 Oh Chiefs! oh Princes! to whose Hand is giv'n
 295 The Rule of Men; whose Glory is from Heav'n!
 Whom with due Honours both *Atrides* grace:
 Ye Guides and Guardians of our *Argive* Race!

All,

All, whom this well-known Voice shall reach from far,
 All, whom I see not thro' this Cloud of War,
 Come all! Let gen'rous Rage your Arms employ, 300
 And save *Patroclus* from the Dogs of *Troy*.

Oilean Ajax first the Voice obey'd,
 Swift was his Pace, and ready was his Aid;
 Next him *Idomeneus*, more slow with Age,
 And *Merion*, burning with a Hero's Rage. 305
 The long-succeeding Numbers who can name?
 But all were *Greeks* and eager all for Fame.
 Fierce to the Charge great *Hector* led the Throng;
 Whole *Troy* embodied, rush'd with Shouts along.
 Thus, when a Mountain-Billow foams and raves; 310
 Where some swoln River disembogues his Waves,
 Full in the Mouth is stopp'd the rushing Tide,
 The boiling Ocean works from Side to Side,
 The River trembles to his utmost Shore,
 And distant Rocks rebellow to the Roar. 315

Nor less resolv'd, the firm *Achaian* Band
 With brazen Shields in horrid Circle stand:
Jove, pouring Darkness o'er the mingled Fight,
 Conceals the Warriors' shining Helms in Night:

320 To him, the Chief for whom the Hosts contend,
 Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a Friend:
 Dead, he protects him with superior Care,
 Nor dooms his Carcase to the Birds of Air.

The first Attack the *Grecians* scarce sustain,
 325 Repuls'd, they yield; the *Trojans* seize the slain:
 Then fierce they rally, to Revenge led on
 By the swift Rage of *Ajax Telamon*.
(Ajax, to Peleus' Son the second Name,
In graceful Stature next, and next in Fame.)

330 With headlong Force the foremost Ranks he tore;
 So thro' the Thicket bursts the Mountain Boar,
 And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
 The frightened Hunter, and the baying Hound.
 The Son of *Lethus*, brave *Pelasgus'* Heir,
 335 *Hippothous*, dragg'd the Carcase thro' the War;
 The sinewy *Ancles* bor'd, the Feet he bound
 With Thongs, inserted thro' the double Wound:
 Inevitable Fate o'er takes the Deed;
 Doom'd by great *Ajax'* vengeful Lance to bleed;
 340 It cleft the Helmets brazen Cheeks in twain;
 The shatter'd Crest, and Horse-hair, strow the Plain:

With

With Nerves relax'd he tumbles to the Ground:
 The Brain comes gushing from the ghastly Wound;
 He drops *Patroclus'* Foot, and o'er him spread
 Now lies, a sad Companion of the Dead: 345
 Far from *Larissa* lies, his native Air,
 And ill requites his Parent's tender Care.
 Lamented Youth! in Life's first Bloom he fell,
 Sent by great *Ajax* to the Shades of Hell.

Once more at *Ajax*, *Hector's* Jav'lin flies; 350
 The *Grecian* marking, as it cut the Skies,
 Shun'd the descending Death; which hissing on,
 Stretch'd in the Dust the great *Iphytus'* Son,
Schedius the brave, of all the *Phocian* Kind
 The boldest Warrior, and the noblest Mind: 355
 In little *Panope* for Strength renown'd,
 He held his Seat, and rul'd the Realms around.
 Plung'd in his Throat, the Weapon drank his Blood,
 And deep transpiercing, thro' the Shoulder stood;
 In clang ing Arms the Hero fell, and all 360
 The Fields resounded with his weighty Fall.

Phorcys, as slain *Hippothous* he defends,
 The *Telamonian* Lance his Belly rends;

The

The hollow Armour burst before the Stroke,

³⁶⁵ And thro' the Wound the rushing Entrails broke.

In strong Convulsions panting on the Sands
He lies, and grasps the Dust with dying Hands.

Struck at the Sight, recede the *Trojan Train*:
The shouting *Argives* strip the Heroes slain.

³⁷⁰ And now had *Troy*, by *Greece* compell'd to yield,

Fled to her Ramparts, and resign'd the Field;
Greece, in her native Fortitude elate,

With *Jove* averse, had turn'd the Scale of Fate:
But *Phœbus* urg'd *Aeneas* to the Fight;

³⁷⁵ He seem'd like aged *Periphas* to Sight.

(A Herald in *Anchises*' Love grown old,
Rever'd for Prudence, and with Prudence, bold.)

Thus He---what Methods yet, oh Chief! remain,
To save your *Troy*, tho' Heav'n its Fall ordain?

³⁸⁰ There have been Heroes, who by virtuous Care,
By Valour, Numbers, and by Arts of War,
Have forc'd the Pow'rs to spare a sinking State,
And gain'd at length the glorious Odds of Fate.

But you, when Fortune smiles, when *Jove* declares
³⁸⁵ His partial Favour, and assists your Wars,

Your

Your shameful Efforts 'gainst your selves employ,
And force th'unwilling God to ruin *Troy*.

• *Aeneas* thro the Form assum'd descries
The Pow'r conceal'd, and thus to *Hector* cries.

Oh lasting Shame! to our own Fears a Prey,
We seek our Ramparts, and desert the Day.

A God (nor is he less) my Bosom warms,
And tells me, *Jove* asserts the *Trojan* Arms.

He spoke, and foremost to the Combat flew:
The bold Example all his Hosts pursue.

Then first, *Leocritus* beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant *Lycomedes*;

Who view'd his Fall, and grieving at the Chance,
Swift to revenge it, sent his angry Lance;
The whirling Lance with vig'rous Force address,
Descends, and pants in *Apisaon's* Breast:

From rich *Paeonia's* Vales the Warrior came,
Next thee, *Asteropeus!* in Place and Fame.

Asteropeus with Grief beheld the Slain,
And rush'd to combate, but he rush'd in vain:
Indissolubly firm, around the Dead,
Rank within Rank, on Buckler Buckler spread,

G

And

And hemm'd with bristled Spears, the *Grecians* stood ;
 A brazen Bulwark, and an iron Wood.

410 Great *Ajax* eyes them with incessant Care,
 And in an Orb, contracts the crowded War,
 Close in their Ranks commands to fight or fall,
 And stands the Center and the Soul of all :
 Fixt on the Spot they war ; and wounded, wound ;
 415 A sanguine Torrent steeps the reeking Ground ;
 On Heaps the *Greeks*, on Heaps the *Trojans* bled,
 And thick'ning round 'em, rise the Hills of Dead.

Greece, in close Order and collected Might,
 Yet suffers least, and fways the wav'ring Fight ;
 420 Fierce as conflicting Fires, the Combate burns,
 And now it rifes, now it sinks, by turns.
 In one thick Darkness all the Fight was lost ;
 The Sun, the Moon, and all th' Etherial Host
 Seem'd as extinct : Day ravish'd from their Eyes,
 425 And all Heav'n's Splendors blotted from the Skies.
 Such o'er *Patroclus* Body hung the Night,
 The rest in Sunshine fought, and open Light :
 Unclouded there, th' Aerial Azure spread,
 No Vapour rested on the Mountain's Head,

The

The golden Sun pour'd forth a stronger Ray,
And all the broad Expansion flam'd with Day.
Dispers'd around the Plain, by fits they fight,
And here, and there, their scatter'd Arrows light:
But Death and Darknes o'er the Carcase spread;
There burn'd the War, and there the Mighty bled.

Meanwhile the Sons of *Nestor*, in the Rear,
Their Fellows routed, toss the distant Spear,
And skirmish wide: So *Nestor* gave Command,
When from the Ships he sent the *Pylian* Band.
The youthful Brothers thus for Fame contend,
Nor knew the Fortune of *Achilles'* Friend;
In thought they view'd him still, with martial Joy,
Glorious in Arms, and dealing Deaths to *Troy*.

But round the Corps, the Heroes pant for Breath,
And thick and heavy grows the Work of Death:
O'erlabour'd now, with Dust, and Sweat and Gore,
Their Knees, their Legs, their Feet are cover'd o'er,
Drops follow Drops, the Clouds on Clouds arise,
And Carnage clogs their Hands, and Darkness fills their Eyes;
As when a slaughter'd Bull's yet reeking Hyde,
Strain'd with full Force, and tugg'd from Side to Side,

The

The brawny Curriers stretch; and labour o'er
 Th' extended Surface, drunk with Fat and Gore;
 So tugging round the Corps both Armies stood;
 455 The mangled Body bath'd in Sweat and Blood:
 While *Greeks* and *Ilians* equal Strength employ,
 Now to the Ships to force it, now to *Troy*.
 Not *Pallas'* self, her Breast when Fury warms,
 Nor He, whose Anger sets the World in Arms,
 460 Could blame this Scene; such Rage, such Horror reign'd;
 Such, *Jove* to honour the great Dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his Ships at distance lay,
 Nor knew the fatal Fortune of the Day;
 He, yet unconscious of *Patroclus'* Fall,
 465 In dust extended under *Ilion*'s Wall,
 Expects him glorious from the conquer'd Plain,
 And for his wish'd Return prepares in vain;
 Tho' well he knew, to make proud *Ilion* bend,
 Was more than Heav'n had destin'd to his Friend,
 470 Perhaps to Him: This *Thetis* had reveal'd;
 The rest, in pity to her Son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the Conflict round the Hero dead,
 And Heaps on Heaps by mutual Wounds they bled.

Curs'd

Curs'd be the Man (ev'n private Greeks would say)
 Who dares desert this well-disputed Day! 475
 First may the cleaving Earth before our Eyes
 Gape wide, and drink our Blood for Sacrifice!
 First perish all, e'er haughty Troy shall boast
 We lost Patroclus, and our Glory lost.

Thus they. While with one Voice the *Trojans* said, 480
 Grant this Day, Jove! or heap us on the Dead!

Then clash their sounding Arms; the Clangors rise,
 And shake the brazen Concave of the Skies.

Meantime, at distance from the Scene of Blood,
 The pensive Steeds of great *Achilles* stood; 485
 Their god-like Master slain before their Eyes,
 They wept, and shar'd in human Miseries.

In vain *Automedon* now shakes the Rein,
 Now plies the Lash, and sooths and threats in vain;
 Nor to the Fight, nor *Hellespont*, they go; 490
 Restive they stood, and obstinate in Woe:
 Still as a Tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
 On some good Man, or Woman unreprov'd
 Lays its eternal Weight; or fix'd as stands
 A marble Courser by the Sculptor's Hands, 495

Plac'd on the Hero's Grave. Along their Face,
 The big round Drops cours'd down with silent pace,
 Conglobing on the Dust. Their Manes, that late
 Circled their arching Necks, and wav'd in State,
 500 Trail'd on the Dust beneath the Yoke were spread,
 And prone to Earth was hung their languid Head:
 Nor *Jove* disdain'd to cast a pitying Look,
 While thus relenting to the Steeds he spoke.

Unhappy Coursers of immortal Strain!

505 Exempt from Age, and deathless now in vain;
 Did we your Race on mortal Man bestow,
 Only alas! to share in mortal Woe?
 For ah! what is there, of inferior Birth,
 That breathes or creeps upon the Dust of Earth;
 510 What wretched Creature of what wretched kind,
 Than Man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
 A miserable Race! But cease to mourn.
 For not by you shall *Priam*'s Son be born
 High on the splendid Car: One glorious Prize
 515 He rashly boasts; the rest our Will denies.
 Ourselves will Swiftness to your Nerves impart,
 Ourselves with rising Spirits swell your Heart.

Auto-

Automedon your rapid Flight shall bear
Safe to the Navy thro' the Storm of War.
For yet 'tis giv'n to *Troy*, to ravage o'er 520
The Field, and spread her Slaughters to the Shore;
The Sun shall see her conquer, till his Fall
With sacred Darkness shades the Face of all.

He said; and breathing in th'immortal Horse
Excessive Spirit, urg'd 'em to the Course; 525
From their high Manes they shake the Dust, and bear
The kindling Chariot thro' the parted War:
So flies a Vulture thro' the clam'rous Train
Of Geese, that scream, and scatter round the Plain.
From Danger now with swiftest Speed they flew, 530
And now to Conquest with like Speed pursue;
Sole in the Seat the Charioteer remains,
Now plies the Jav'lin, now directs the Reins:
Him brave *Alcimedon* beheld distrest,
Approach'd the Chariot, and the Chief addrest. 535

What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest War?

Alas! thy Friend is slain, and *Hector* wields
Achilles' Arms triumphant in the Fields.

In

540 In happy time (the Charioteer replies)
 The bold *Alcimedon* now greets my Eyes;
 No Greek like him, the heav'nly Steeds restrains,
 Or holds their Fury in suspended Reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their Rage cou'd tame,
 545 But now *Patroclus* is an empty Name!
 To thee I yield the Seat, to thee resign
 The ruling Charge: The Task of Fight be mine.
 He said. *Alcimedon*, with active Heat,
 Snatches the Reins, and vaults into the Seat.
 550 His Friend descends: The Chief of *Troy* descry'd,
 And call'd *Aeneas* fighting near his Side.
 Lo, to my Sight beyond our Hope restor'd,
Achilles' Car, deserted of its Lord!
 The glorious Steeds our ready Arms invite,
 555 Scarce their weak Drivers guide them thro' the Fight:
 Can such Opponents stand, when we assaile?
 Unite thy Force, my Friend, and we prevail.
 The Son of *Venus* to the Counsel yields;
 Then o'er their Backs they spread their solid Shields;
 560 With Brafs resplendent the broad Surface shin'd,
 And thick Bull-hides the Spacious Concave lin'd.

Them

Them *Chromius* follows, *Aretus* succeeds,
 Each hopes the Conquest of the lofty Steeds:
 In vain, brave Youths, with glorious Hopes ye burn,
 In vain advance! not fated to return. 565

Unmov'd, *Automedon* attends the Fight,
 Implores th' Eternal, and collects his Might.
 Then turning to his Friend, with dauntless Mind:
 Oh keep the foaming Coursers close behind!
 Full on my Shoulders let their Nostrils blow, 570
 For hard the Fight, determin'd is the Foe;
 'Tis *Hector* comes; and when he seeks the Prize,
 War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.

Then thro' the Field he sends his Voice aloud,
 And calls th'*Ajaces* from the warring Croud, 575
 With great *Atrides*. Hither turn (he said)
 Turn, where Distress demands immediate Aid;
 The Dead, incircled by his Friends, forego,
 And save the Living from a fiercer Foe.
 Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage 580
 The Force of *Hector*, and *Aeneas'* Rage:
 Yet mighty as they are, my Force to prove,
 Is only mine: th' Event belongs to Jove.

I

He

He spoke, and high the sounding Jav'lin flung,

585 Which pass'd the Shield of *Aretus* the young;

It pierc'd his Belt, emboss'd with curious Art;

Then in the lower Belly stuck the Dart.

As when the pond'rous Axe descending full,

Cleaves the broad Forehead of some brawny Bull;

590 Struck 'twixt the Horns, he springs with many a Bound,

Then tumbling rolls enormous on the Ground:

Thus fell the Youth; the Air his Soul receiv'd,

And the Spear trembled as his Entrails heav'd.

Now at *Automedon* the *Trojan* Foe

595 Discharg'd his Lance; the meditated Blow

Stooping, he shun'd; the Jav'lin idly fled,

And hiss'd innoxious o'er the Hero's Head:

Deep rooted in the Ground, the forceful Spear

In long Vibrations spent its Fury there.

600 With clashing Falchions now the Chiefs had clos'd,

But each brave *Ajax* heard, and interpos'd;

Nor longer *Hector* with his *Trojans* stood,

But left their slain Companion in his Blood:

His Arms *Automedon* divests, and cries,

605 Accept, *Patroclus*! this mean Sacrifice.

Thus

Thus have I sooth'd my Griefs, and thus have paid
Poor as it is, some Off'ring to thy Shade.

So looks the Lion o'er a mangled Boar,
All grim with Rage, and horrible with Gore:
High on the Chariot at one Bound he sprung, 610
And o'er his Seat the bloody Trophies hung.

And now *Minerva*, from the Realms of Air
Descends impetuous, and renews the War;
For, pleas'd at length the *Grecian* Arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd Maid. 615
As when high *Jove*, denouncing future Woe,
O'er the dark Clouds extends his Purple Bow,
(In sign of Tempests from the troubled Air,
Or from the Rage of Man, destructive War)
The drooping Cattel dread th'impending Skies, 620
And from his half-till'd Field the Lab'rer flies.
In such a Form the Goddess round her drew
A livid Cloud, and to the Battle flew.
Assuming *Phœnix'* Shape, on Earth she falls
And in his well-known Voice to *Sparta* calls. 625
And lies *Achilles'* Friend, belov'd by all,
A Prey to Dogs beneath the *Trojan* Wall?

What

What Shame to *Greece* for future times to tell,
 To thee the greatest, in whose Cause he fell!

630 O Chief, Oh Father! (*Atreus'* Son replies)

O full of Days! by long Experience wise!

What more desires my Soul, than here, unmov'd,
 To guard the Body of the Man I lov'd?

Ah would *Minerva* send me Strength to rear

635 This weary'd Arm, and ward the Storm of War!

But *Hector*, like the Rage of Fire, we dread,
 And *Jove's* own Glories blaze around his Head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the Pow'rs addrest,

She breathes new Vigour in her Hero's Breast,

640 And fills with keen Revenge, with fell Despight,

Desire of Blood, and Rage, and Lust of Fight.

So burns the vengeful Hornet (Soul all o'er)

Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of Gore;

(Bold Son of Air and Heat) on angry Wings

645 Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.:

Fir'd with like Ardour fierce *Atrides* flew,

And sent his Soul with ev'ry Lance he threw.

There stood a *Trojan* not unknown to Fame,
Eetion's Son, and *Podes* was his Name;

With

With Riches honour'd, and with Courage blest, 650

By *Hector* lov'd, his Comrade, and his Guest;

Thro' his broad Belt the Spear a Passage found,

And pond'rous as he falls, his Arms resound.

Sudden at *Hector's* Side *Apollo* stood,

Like *Phænops*, *Ajus'* Son, appear'd the God; 655

(*Ajus* the Great, who held his wealthy Reign

In fair *Abydos* by the rolling Main.)

Oh Prince (he cry'd) oh foremost once in Fame!

What *Grecian* now shall tremble at thy Name?

Dost thou at length to *Menelaus* yield? 660

A Chief, once thought no Terror of the Field;

Yet singly, now, the long disputed Prize

He bears victorious, while our Army flies.

By the same Arm illustrious *Podes* bled,

The Friend of *Hector*, unreveng'd, is dead: 665

This heard, o'er *Hector* spreads a Cloud of Woe,

Rage lifts his Lance, and drives him on the Foe.

But now th'Eternal shook his sable Shield,

That shaded *Ide*, and all the subject Field

Beneath its ample Verge. A rolling Cloud 670

Involv'd the Mount; the Thunder roar'd aloud;

Th'affrighted Hills from their Foundations nod,
 And blaze beneath the Lightnings of the God:
 At one Regard of his all-seeing Eye,
 675 The Vanquish'd triumph, and the Victors fly.

Then trembled *Greece*: The Flight *Peneleus* led;
 For as the brave *Bœotian* turn'd his Head
 To face the Foe; *Polydamas* drew near,
 And raz'd his Shoulder with a shorten'd Spear:
 680 By *Hector* wounded, *Leitus* quits the Plain,
 Pierc'd thro' the Wrist; and raging with the Pain
 Grasps his once formidable Lance in vain.
 As *Hector* follow'd, *Idomen* address'd
 The flaming Jav'lin to his manly Breast;
 685 The brittle Point before his Corselet yields;
 Exulting *Troy* with Clamour fills the Fields:
 High on his Chariot as the *Cretan* stood,
 The Son of *Priam* whirl'd the missive Wood;
 But erring from its Aim, th'impetuous Spear
 690 Strook to the Dust the Squire, and Charioteer
 Of martial *Merion*: *Cœranus* his Name,
 Who left fair *Lydus* for the Fields of Fame.

On foot bold *Merion* fought; and now laid low,
 Had grac'd the Triumphs of his *Trojan* Foe;
 But the brave Squire, the ready Courfers brought, 695
 And with his Life his Master's Safety bought.
 Between his Cheek and Ear the Weapon went,
 The Teeth it shatter'd, and the Tongue it rent.
 Prone from the Seat he tumbles to the Plain;
 His dying Hand forgets the falling Rein: 700
 This *Merion* reaches, bending from the Car,
 And urges to desert the hopeless War;
Idomeneus consents; the Lash applies;
 And the swift Chariot to the Navy flies.

Nor *Ajax* less the Will of Heav'n descry'd, 705
 And Conquest shifting to the *Trojan* Side,
 Turn'd by the Hand of *Jove*. Then thus begun,
 To *Atreus'* Seed, the god-like *Telamon*.

Alas! who sees not *Jove*'s almighty Hand
 Transfers the Glory to the *Trojan* Band; 710
 Whether the Weak or Strong discharge the Dart,
 He guides each Arrow to a *Grecian* Heart:
 Not so our Spears: incessant tho' they rain,
 He suffers ev'ry Lance to fall in vain.

Deserted

715 Deserted of the God, yet let us try
 What human Strength and Prudence can supply;
 If yet this honour'd Corps, in Triumph born,
 May glad the Fleets that hope not our return,
 Who tremble yet, scarce rescu'd from their Fates,
 720 And still hear *Hector* thund'ring at their Gates.

Some Hero too must be dispatch'd, to bear
 The mournful Message to *Pelides'* Ear;
 For sure he knows not, distant on the Shore,
 His Friend, his lov'd *Patroclus*, is no more.

725 But such a Chief I spy not thro' the Host:
 The Men, the Steeds, the Armies all are lost
 In gen'ral Darkness---Lord of Earth and Air!

Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble Pray'r:
 Dispel this Cloud, the Light of Heav'n restore;
 730 Give me to see, and *Ajax* asks no more:
 If *Greece* must perish, we thy Will obey,
 But let us perish in the Face of Day!

With Tears the Hero spoke, and at his Pray'r
 The God relenting; clear'd the clouded Air;
 735 Forth burst the Sun with all-enlight'ning Ray;
 The Blaze of Armour flash'd against the Day.

Now,

Now, now, *Atrides!* cast around thy Sight,
If yet *Antilochus* survives the Fight,
Let him to great *Achilles'* Ear convey
The fatal News----*Atrides* hast away. 740

So turns the Lion from the nightly Fold,
Tho high in Courage, and with Hunger bold,
Long gall'd by Herdsman, and long vext by Hounds,
Stiff with Fatigue, and fretted sore with Wounds;
The Darts fly round him from a hundred Hands, 745
And the red Terrors of the blazing Brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the Dawn of Day
Sow'r he departs, and quits th'untasted Prey.
So mov'd *Atrides* from his dang'rous Place
With weary'd Limbs, but with unwilling Pace: 750
The Foe, he fear'd, might yet *Patroclus* gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd his Train.

Oh guard these Relicks to your Charge consign'd,
And bear the Merits of the Dead in Mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging Art; 755
The mildest Manners, and the gentlest Heart:
He was, alas! But Fate decreed his End;
In Death a Hero, as in Life a Friend!

L

So

So parts the Chief; from Rank to Rank he flew,
 760 And round on all sides sent his piercing View.
 As the bold Bird, endu'd with sharpest Eye
 Of all that wing the mid Aerial Sky,
 The sacred Eagle, from his Walks above
 Looks down, and sees the distant Thicket move;
 765 Then stoops, and swooping on the quiv'ring Hare,
 Snatches his Life amid the Clouds of Air.
 Not with less Quickness, his exerted Sight
 Pass'd this, and that way, thro' the Ranks of Fight:
 Till on the Left the Chief he sought, he found;
 770 Chearing his Men, and spreading Deaths around.

To him the King. Belov'd of Jove! draw near;
 For sadder Tydings never touch'd thy Ear;
 Thy Eyes have witness'd what a fatal Turn!
 How *Ilion* triumphs, and th' *Achaeans* mourn.
 775 This is not all: *Patroclus* on the Shore,
 Now pale and dead, shall succour *Greece* no more.
 Fly to the Fleet, this Instant fly, and tell
 The sad *Achilles* how his lov'd one fell:
 He too may haste the naked Corps to gain;
 780 The Arms are *Hector's*, who despoil'd the Slain.

The

The youthful Warrior heard with silent Woe,
 From his fair Eyes the Tears began to flow;
 Big with the mighty Grief, he strove to say
 What Sorrow dictates, but no Word found way.

To brave *Laodocus* his Arms he flung, 785
 Who near him wheeling, drove his Steeds along;
 Then ran, the mournful Message to impart,
 With Tear-ful Eyes, and with dejected Heart.

Swift fled the Youth; nor *Menelaus* stands,
 (Tho' sore distrest) to aid the *Pylian* Bands; 790
 But bids bold *Thrasymede* those Troops sustain;
 Himself returns to his *Patroclus* slain.

Gone is *Antilochus* (the Hero said)
 But hope not, Warriors! for *Achilles'* Aid:
 Tho' fierce his Rage, unbounded be his Woe, 795
 Unarm'd, he fights not with the *Trojan* Foe.
 'Tis in our Hands alone our Hopes remain,
 'Tis our own Vigour must the Dead regain;
 And save our selves, while with impetuous Hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our Fate. 800

'Tis well (said *Ajax*) be it then thy Care
 With *Merion's* Aid, the weighty Corse to rear;

My

My self, and my bold Brother will sustain
 The Shock of *Hector* and his charging Train:
 805 Nor fear we Armies, fighting Side by Side;
 What *Troy* can dare, we have already try'd,
 Have try'd it, and have stood. The Hero said.
 High from the Ground the Warriors heave the Dead;
 A gen'ral Clamour rises at the Sight:
 810 Loud shout the *Trojans*, and renew the Fight.
 Not fiercer rush along the gloomy Wood,
 With Rage infatiate and with Thirst of Blood,
 Voracious Hounds, that many a Length before
 Their furious Hunters, drive the wounded Boar;
 815 But if the Savage turns his glaring Eye,
 They howl aloof, and round the Forest fly.
 Thus on retreating *Greece* the *Trojans* pour,
 Wave their thick Falchions, and their Jav'lins show'r:
 But *Ajax* turning, to their Fears they yield,
 820 All pale they tremble, and forsake the Field.
 While thus aloft the Hero's Corse they bear,
 Behind them rages all the Storm of War;
 Confusion, Tumult, Horror, o'er the Throng
 Of Men, Steeds, Chariots, urg'd the Rout along:

vii

Lefs

Less fierce the Winds with rising Flames conspire,⁸²⁵
 To whelm some City under Waves of Fire,
 Now sink in gloomy Clouds the proud Abodes;
 Now crack the blazing Temples of the Gods;
 The rumbling Torrent thro' the Ruin rolls,
 And Sheets of Smoak mount heavy to the Poles.⁸³⁰
 The Heroes sweat beneath their honour'd Load:
 As when two Mules, along the rugged Road,
 From the steep Mountain with exerted Strength
 Drag some vast Beam, or Mast's unwieldy Length;
 Inly they groan, big Drops of Sweat distill,⁸³⁵
 Th'enormous Timber lumbring down the Hill.
 So these---Behind, the Bulk of *Ajax* stands,
 And breaks the Torrent of the rushing Bands.
 Thus when a River swell'd with sudden Rains
 Spreads his broad Waters o'er the level Plains,⁸⁴⁰
 Some interposing Hill the Stream divides,
 And breaks its Force, and turns the winding Tides:
 Still close they follow, close the Rear engage;
Aeneas storms, and *Hector* foams with Rage:
 While *Greece* a heavy, thick Retreat maintains,⁸⁴⁵
 Wedg'd in one Body like a Flight of Cranes,

M

That

That shriek incessant, while the Faulcon hung
High on pois'd Pinions, threats their callow Young.
So from the *Trojan Chiefs* the *Grecians* fly,
850 Such the wild Terror, and the mingled Cry.
Within, without the Trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright Heaps, their Arms and Armour lay ;
Such Horror *Jove* imprest! Yet still proceeds
854 The Work of Death, and still the Battel bleeds.

O B S E R.

O B S E R V A T I O N S

O N T H E

Seventeenth Book.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

I.

THIS is the only Book of the Iliad which is a continued Description of a Battel, without any Digression or Episode, that serves for an Interval to refresh the Reader. The heav'ly Machines too are fewer than in any other. *Homer* seems to have trusted wholly to the Force of his own Genius, as sufficient to support him, whatsoever lengths he was carried by it. But that Spirit which animates the Original, is what I am sensible evaporates so much in my Hands; that, tho' I can't think my Author tedious, I should have made him seem so, if I had not translated this Book with all possible Conciseness. I hope there is nothing material omitted, tho' the Version consists but of sixty five Lines more than the Original.

However, one may observe there are more Turns of Fortune, more Defeats, more Rallyings, more Accidents, in this Battel, than in any other; because it was to be the last wherein the *Greeks* and *Trojans* were upon equal Terms, before the Return of *Achilles*: And besides, all this serves to introduce the chief Hero with the greater Pomp and Dignity.

N

II.

II.

VERSE 3. *Great Menelaus--]* The Poet here takes occasion to clear *Menelaus* from the Imputations of Idle and Effeminate, cast on him in some Parts of the Poem; he sets him in the Front of the Army, exposing himself to Dangers in defending the Body of *Patroclus*, and gives him the Conquest of *Euphorbus* who had the first Hand in his Death. He is represented as the foremost who appears in his Defence, not only as one of a like Disposition of Mind with *Patroclus*, a kind and generous Friend; but as being more immediately concern'd in Honour to protect from Injuries the Body of a Hero that fell in his Cause. *Eustathius.* See the 29th Note on the 3^d Book.

III.

VERSE 5. *Thus round her new faln Young, &c.]* In this Comparison, as *Eustathius* has very well observ'd, the Poet accomodating himself to the Occasion, means only to describe the Affection *Menelaus* had for *Patroclus*, and the Manner in which he presented himself to defend his Body: And this Comparison is so much the more just and agreeable, as *Menelaus* was a Prince full of Goodness and Mildnes. He must have little Sense or Knowledge in Poetry, who thinks that it ought to be suppress'd. It is true, we shou'd not use it now-a-days, by reason of the low Ideas we have of the Animals from which it is derived; but those not being the Ideas of *Homer's* Time, they could not hinder him from making a proper Use of such a Comparison. *Dacier.*

IV.

VERSE id. *Thus round her new faln Young, &c.]* It seems to me remarkable, that the several Comparisons to illustrate the Concern for *Patroclus*, are taken from the most tender Senti-

Sentiments of Nature. *Achilles* in the Beginning of the 16th Book, considers him as a Child, and himself as his Mother. The Sorrow of *Menelaus* is here described as that of a Heifer for her young one. Perhaps these are design'd to intimate the excellent Temper and Goodness of *Patroclus*, which is express'd in that fine Elogy of him in this Book, V. 671. Πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπίσατο μελυχός εἶναι. *He knew how to be good-natur'd to all Men.* This gave all Mankind these Sentiments for him, and no doubt the same is strongly point'd at by the uncommon Concern of the whole Army to rescue his Body.

The Dissimilitude of Manners between these two Friends, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, is very observable: Such Friendships are not uncommon, and I have often assign'd this Reason for them, that it is natural for Men to seek the Assistance of those Qualities in others, which they want themselves. That is still better if apply'd to Providence, that associates Men of different and contrary Qualities, in order to make a more perfect System. But, whatever is customary in Nature, *Homer* had a good poetical Reason for it; for it affords many Incidents to illustrate the Manners of them both more strongly; and is what they call a Contrast in Painting.

V.

VERSE II. *The Son of Panthus.*] The Conduct of *Homer* is admirable in bringing *Euphorbus* and *Menelaus* together upon this Occasion; for hardly any thing but such a signal Revenge for the Death of his Brother, could have made *Euphorbus* stand the Encounter. *Menelaus* putting him in mind of the Death of his Brother, gives occasion (I think) to one of the finest Answers in all *Homer*; in which the Insolence of *Menelaus* is retorted in a way to draw Pity from every Reader; and I believe there is hardly one, after such a Speech, that would not wish *Euphorbus* had the better of *Menelaus*: A Writer of Romances would not have fail'd to have giv'n *Euphorbus* the Victory. But however it was fitter to make *Menelaus*, who had receiv'd the greatest Injury, do the most revengeful Actions.

VI.

VI.

VERSE 55. *Instarr'd with Gems and Gold.*] We have here a *Trojan* who uses Gold and Silver to adorn his Hair; which made *Pliny* say, that he doubted whether the Women were the first that us'd those Ornaments. *Est quidem apud eumdem [Homerum] virorum crinibus aurum implexum, ideo nescio an prior usus à fœminis cœperit.* Lib. 33. Chap. f. He might likewise have strengthen'd his Doubt by the Custom of the *Athenians*, who put into their Hair little Grashoppers of Gold. *Dacier.*

VII.

VERSE 57. *As the young Olive, &c.*] This exquisite Si-
mile finely illustrates the Beauty and sudden Fall of *Euphorbus*, in which the Allusion to that Circumstance of his comely Hair is peculiarly happy. *Porphyry* and *Jamblicus* ac-
quaints us of the particular Affection *Pythagoras* had for these
Verses, which he set to the Harp, and us'd to repeat at
his own *Epicedion*. Perhaps it was his Fondness of them,
which put it into his Head to say, that his Soul transmi-
grated to him from this Hero. However it was, this Con-
ceit of *Pythagoras* is famous in Antiquity, and has given
occasion to a Dialogue in *Lucian* entitled *The Cock*, which
is, I think, the finest Piece of that Author.

VIII.

VERSE 65. *Thus young, thus beautiful Euphorbus lay.*] This is the only *Trojan* whose Death the Poet laments, that he might do the more Honour to *Patroclus*, his Hero's Friend. The Comparison here us'd is very proper, for the Olive always preserves its Beauty. But where the Poet speaks of the *Lapithæ*, a hardy and warlike People, he compares them to *Oaks*, that stand unmov'd in Storms and Tempests; and where *Hector* falls by *Ajax*, he likens him to an *Oak* struck down

down by Jove's Thunder. Just after this soft Comparison upon the Beauty of *Euphorbus*, he passes to another full of Strength and Terror, that of the Lion. *Eustathius.*

IX.

VERSE 110. *Did but the Voice of Ajax reach my Ear.]* How observable is Homer's Art of illustrating the Valour and Glory of his Heroes? *Menelaus*, who sees *Hector* and all the *Trojans* rushing upon him, wou'd not retire if *Apollo* did not support them; and though *Apollo* does support them, he wou'd oppose even *Apollo*, were *Ajax* but near him. This is glorious for *Menelaus*, and yet more glorious for *Ajax*, and very suitable to his Character; for *Ajax* was the bravest of the Greeks, next to *Achilles*. *Dacier. Eustathius.*

X.

VERSE 117. *So from the Fold th'unwilling Lion.]* The Beauty of the Retreat of *Menelaus* is worthy Notice. Homer is a great Observer of natural Imagery, that brings the Thing represented before our View. It is indeed true, that Lions, Tygers, and Beasts of Prey are the only Objects that can properly represent Warriors; and therefore 'tis no wonder they are so often introduc'd: The inanimate Things, as Floods, Fires, and Storms, are the best, and only Images of Battels.

XI.

VERSE 137. *Already had stern Hector, &c.]* Homer takes care, so long before-hand, to lessen in his Reader's Mind the Horror he may conceive from the Cruelty that *Achilles* will exercise upon the Body of *Hector*. That Cruelty will be only the Punishment of this which *Hector* here exercises upon the Body of *Patroclus*; he drags him, he designs to cut off his Head, and to leave his Body upon the Rampsarts, expos'd to Dogs and Birds of Prey. *Eustathius.*

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XII.

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XII.

VERSE 169. *You left him there a Prey to Dogs.]* It was highly dishonourable in *Hector* to forsake the Body of a Friend and Guest, and against the Laws of *Jupiter Xenius*, or *hospitatis*. For *Glaucus* knew nothing of *Sarpedon's* being honour'd with Burial by the Gods, and sent embalm'd into *Lycia*. *Eustathius.*

XIII.

VERSE 193. *I shun great Ajax?]* *Hector* takes no notice of the Affronts that *Glaucus* had thrown upon him, as knowing he had in some Respects a just Cause to be angry, but he cannot put up what he had said of his fearing *Ajax*, to which Part he only replies: This is very agreeable to his heroic Character. *Eustathius.*

XIV.

VERSE 209. *Hector in proud Achilles Arms shall shine.]* The Ancients have observed that *Homer* causes the Arms of *Achilles* to fall into *Hector's* Power, to equal in some sort those two Heroes, in the Battel wherein he is going to engage them. Otherwise it might be urg'd, that *Achilles* cou'd not have kill'd *Hector* without the Advantage of having his Armour made by the Hand of a God, whereas *Hector's* was only of the Hand of a Mortal; but since both were clad in Armour made by *Vulcan*, *Achilles's* Victory will be compleat, and in its full Lustre. Besides this Reason (which is for Necessity and Probability) there is also another, for Ornament; for *Homer* here prepares to introduce that beautiful Episode of the divine Armour, which *Vulcan* makes for *Achilles*. *Eustathius.*

XV.

VERSE 216. *The radiant Arms to sacred Ilion bore.]* A Difficulty may arise here, and the Question may be asked why *Hector*

Hector sent these Arms to *Troy*? Why did not he take them at first? There are three Answers, which I think are all plausible. The first, that *Hector* having kill'd *Patroclus*, and seeing the Day very far advanced, had no mind to take those Arms for a Fight almost at an end. The second, that he was impatient to shew to *Priam* and *Andromache* those glorious Spoils. Thirdly, he perhaps at first intended to hang them up in some Temple: *Glaucus's* Speech makes him change his Resolution, he runs after those Arms to fight against *Ajax*, and to win *Patroclus's* Body from him. *Dacier.*

Homer (says *Eustathius*) does not suffer the Arms to be carry'd into *Troy* for these Reasons. That *Hector* by wearing them might the more encourage the *Trojans*, and be the more formidable to the *Greeks*: That *Achilles* may recover them again when he kills *Hector*: And that he may conquer him, even when he is strengthened with that divine Armour.

XVI.

VERSE 231. Jupiter's Speech to *Hector*.] The Poet prepares us for the Death of *Hector*, perhaps to please the Greek Readers, who might be troubled to see him shining in their Heroes Arms. Therefore *Jupiter* expresses his Sorrow at the approaching Fate of this unfortunate Prince, promises to repay his Loss of Life with Glory, and nods to give a certain Confirmation to his Words. He says, *Achilles* is the bravest *Greek*, as *Glaucus* had said just before; the Poet thus giving him the greatest Commendations, by putting his Praise in the Mouth of a God, and of an Enemy, who were neither of them like to be prejudiced in his Favour. *Eustathius.*

How beautiful is that Sentiment upon the miserable State of Mankind, introduc'd here so artfully, and so strongly enforc'd, by being put into the Mouth of the supreme Being! And how pathetic the Denunciation of *Hector's* Death, by that Circumstance of *Andromache's* Disappointment, when she shall no more receive her Hero glorious from the Battle, in the Armour of his conquer'd Enemy!

XVII.

XVII.

VERSE 247. *The stubborn Arms &c.]* The Words are,

Η, καὶ κωνέησιν ἐπ' ὁφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἐκλορι δ' ἤμοσε τεύχε ἐπὶ χρῷ.

If we give ἤμοσε a passive Signification, it will be, the Arms fitted *Hector*; but if an active (as those take it who would put a greater Difference between *Hector* and *Achilles*) then it belongs to *Jupiter*; and the Sense will be, *Jupiter* made the Arms fit for him, which were too large before: I have chosen the last as the more poetical Sense.

XVIII.

VERSE 260. *Unnumber'd Bands of neighb'ring Nations.]* *Eustathius* has very well explain'd the Artifice of this Speech of *Hector*, who indirectly answers all *Glaucus's* Invectives, and humbles his Vanity. *Glaucus* had just spoken as if the *Lycians* were the only Allies of *Troy*; and *Hector* here speaks of the numerous Troops of different Nations, which he expressly designs by calling them Borderers upon his Kingdom, thereby in some manner to exclude the *Lycians*, who were of a Country more remote; as if he did not vouchsafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what *Glaucus* said, "that if the *Lycians* wou'd take his Advice they "wou'd return home"; for he gives them to understand, that being hired Troops, they are obliged to perform their Bargain, and to fight till the War is at an end. *Dacier.*

XIX.

VERSE 290. *Call on our Greeks.]* *Eustathius* gives three Reasons why *Ajax* bids *Menelaus* call the *Greeks* to their Assistance; instead of calling them himself. He might be sham'd to do it, lest it should look like Fear and turn to his

his Dishonour: Or the Chiefs were more likely to obey *Menelaus*: Or he had too much Busines of the War upon his Hands, and wanted Leisure more than the other.

XX.

VERSE 302. Oilean Ajax first.] *Ajax Oileus* (says *Eustathius*) is the first that comes, being brought by his Love to the other *Ajax*, as it is natural for one Friend to fly to the Assistance of another: To which we may add, he might very probably come first, because he was the swiftest of all the Heroes.

XXI.

VERSE 318. Jove pouring Darkness] *Homer*, who in all his former Descriptions of Battels is so fond of mentioning the Lustre of the Arms, here shades them in Darkness, perhaps alluding to the Clouds of Dust that were rais'd; or to the Throng of Combatants; or else to denote the Loss of *Greece* in *Patroclus*; or lastly, that as the Heav'ns had mourn'd *Sarpedon* in Showers of Blood, so they might *Patroclus* in Clouds of Darkness. *Eustathius*.

XXII.

VERSE 356. Panope renown'd.] *Panope* was a small Town twenty *Stadia* from *Chæronea* on the side of Mount *Parnassus*, and it is hard to know why *Homer* gives it the Epithet of *renown'd*, and makes it the Residence of *Schedius*, King of the *Phocians*; when it was but nine hundred Paces in Circuit, and had no Palace, nor Gymnasium, nor Theatre, nor Market, nor Fountain,; nothing in short that ought to have been in a Town which is the Residence of a King. *Pausanias* (in *Phocic.*) gives the Reason of it; he says, that as *Phocis* was exposed on that side to the Inroads of the *Bœotians*, *Schedius* made use of *Panope* as a sort of Citadel, or Place of Arms. *Dacier*.

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XXIII.

XXIII.

VERSE 375. *He seem'd like aged Periphas.]* The Speech of *Periphas* to *Æneas* hints at the double Fate, and the Necessity of Means. It is much like that of St. *Paul* after he was promised that no body should perish; he says, *except these abide, ye cannot be saved.*

XXIV.

VERSE 422. *In one thick Darkness, &c.]* The Darkness spread over the Body of *Patroclus* is artful upon several Accounts. First, a fine Image of Poetry. Next, a Token of *Jupiter's* Love to a righteous Man; but the chief Design is to portraet the Action; which, if the *Trojans* had seen the Spot, must have been decided one way or other, in a very short time. Besides, the *Trojans* having the better in the Action, must have seiz'd the Body contrary to the Intention of the Author: There are innumerable Instances of these little Niceties and Particularities of Conduct in *Homer*.

XXV.

VERSE 436. *Meanwhile the Sons of Nestor, in the Rear, &c.]* It is not without Reason *Homer* in this Place makes particular mention of the Sons of *Nestor*. It is to prepare us against he sends one of them to *Achilles*, to tell him the Death of his Friend.

XXVI.

VERSE 450. *As when a slaughter'd Bull's yet reeking Hide.]* *Homer* gives us a most lively Description of their drawing the Body on all sides, and instructs us in the ancient manner of stretching Hides, being first made soft and supple with Oyl. And tho' this Comparison be one of those mean
and

and humble ones which some have objected to, yet it has also its Admirers for being so expressive, and for representing to the Imagination the most strong and exact Idea of the Subject in hand. *Eustathius.*

XXVII.

VERSE 458. *Not Pallas self, &c.] Homer says in the Original, "Minerva could not have found fault, tho' she were angry."* Upon which *Eustathius ingeniously observes, how common and natural it is for Persons in Anger to turn Critics, and find Faults where there are none.*

XXVIII.

VERSE 468. *To make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than Heav'n had promis'd to his Friend,
Perhaps to Him:]* In these Words the Poet artfully hints at *Achilles's Death*; he makes him not absolutely to flatter himself with the Hopes of ever taking *Troy*, in his own Person, however he does not say this expressly, but passes it over as an ungrateful Subject. *Eustathius.*

XXIX.

VERSE 471. *The rest, in pity to her Son conceal'd.]* Here, (says the same Author) we have two Rules laid down for common use. One, not to tell our Friends all their Mis-chances at once, it being often necessary to hide part of them, as *Thetis* does from *Achilles*: The other, not to push Men of Courage upon all that is possible for them to do. Thus *Achilles*, tho' he thought *Patroclus* able to drive the *Trojans* back to their Gates, yet he does not order him to do so much, but only to save the Ships, and beat them back into the Field.

Homer's

Homer's admonishing the Reader that *Achilles's* Mother had conceal'd the Circumstance of the Death of his Friend when she instructed him in his Fate; and that all he knew, was only that *Troy* could not be taken at that time; this is a great Instance of his Care of the Probability, and of his having the whole Plan of the Poem at once in his Head. For upon the Supposition that *Achilles* was instructed in his Fate, it was a natural Objection, how came he to hazard his Friend? If he was ignorant on the other hand of the Impossibility of *Troy's* being taken at that time, he might for all he knew, be robb'd by his Friend (of whose Valour he had so good an Opinion) of that Glory, which he was unwilling to part with.

XXX.

VERSE 485. *The pensive Steeds of great Achilles, &c.]* It adds a great Beauty to a Poem when inanimate Things act like animate. Thus the Heavens tremble at *Jupiter's* Nod, the Sea parts it self to receive *Neptune*, the Groves of *Ida* shake beneath *Juno's* Feet, &c. As also to find animate or brute Creatures address't to, as if rational: So *Hector* encourages his Horses; and one of *Achilles's* is endued not only with Speech, but with Fore-knowledge of future Events. Here they weep for *Patroclus*, and stand fix'd and unmoveable with Grief: Thus is this Hero universally mourn'd, and every thing concurs to lament his Loss. *Eustathius.*

As to the particular Fiction of the Horses weeping, it is countenanc'd both by Naturalists and Historians. *Aristotle* and *Pliny* write, that these Animals often deplore their Masters lost in Battel, and even shed Tears for them. So *Solinus* c. 47. *Ælian* relates the like of Elephants, when they are carry'd from their native Countrey, *De Animal.* lib. 10. c. 17. *Suetonius* in the Life of *Cæsar*, tells us, that several Horses which at the Passage of the *Rubicon* had been consecrated to *Mars*, and turn'd loose on the Banks, were observed for some Days after, to abstain from feeding, and to weep abundantly. *Proximis diebus, equorum greges quos in trajiciendo Rubicone flumine Marti consecrārat, ac sine*

*sine custode vagos dimiserat, comperit pabulo pertinacissime
abstinere, ubertimq; flere. Cap. 81.*

Virgil could not forbear copying this beautiful Circumstance, in those fine Lines on the Horse of Pallas.

*Post bellator Equus, positis insignibus, Aethon,
It lacrymans, guttisq; humectat grandibus ora.*

XXXI.

VERSE 484. *At distance from the Scene of Blood.]* If the Horses had not gone aside out of the War, Homer could not have introduc'd so well what he design'd to their Honour. So he makes them weeping in secret (as their Master Achilles us'd to do) and afterwards coming into the Battel, where they are taken notice of and pursued by Hector. Eustathius.

XXXII.

VERSE 495. *Or fix'd, as stands a marble Courser, &c.]* Homer alludes to the Custom in those Days of placing Columns upon Tombs, on which Columns there were frequently Chariots with two or four Horses. This furnish'd Homer with this beautiful Image, as if these Horses meant to remain there, to serve for an immortal Monument to Patroclus. Dacier.

I believe M. Dacier refines too much in this Note. Homer says, ---- ἡ τε γυναικὸς, and seems to turn the Thought only on the Firmness of the Column, and not on the Imag'ry of it: Which would give it an Air a little too modern, like that of Shakespear, *She sate like Patience on a Monument Smiling at Grief.* — Be it as it will, this Conjecture is ingenious; and the whole Comparison is as beautiful as just. The Horses standing still to mourn for their Master, could not be more finely represented than by the dumb Sorrow of Images standing over a Tomb. Perhaps the very Posture in which these Horses are described, their Heads bowed

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down, and their Manes falling in the Dust, has an Allusion to the Attitude in which those Statues on Monuments were usually represented: There are *Bas-Reliefs* that favour this Conjecture.

XXXIII.

VERSE 522. *The Sun shall see Troy conquer.*] It is worth observing with what Art and Oeconomy Homer conducts his Fable, to bring on the Catastrophe. *Achilles* must hear *Patroclus's* Death; *Hector* must fall by his Hand: This can not happen if the Armies continue fighting about the Body of *Patroclus* under the Walls of *Troy*. Therefore, to change the Face of Affairs, *Jupiter* is going to raise the Courage of the *Trojans*, and make them repulse and chase the *Greeks* again as far as their Fleet; this obliges *Achilles* to go forth tho' without Arms, and thereby every thing comes to an Issue. *Dacier.*

XXXIV.

VERSE 555. *Scarce their weak Drivers.*] There was but one Driver, since *Alcimedon* was alone upon the Chariot; and *Automedon* was got down to fight. But in Poetry, as well as in Painting, there is often but one Moment to be taken hold on. *Hector* sees *Alcimedon* mount the Chariot, before *Automedon* was descended from it; and thereupon judging of their Intention, and seeing them both as yet upon the Chariot, he calls to *Aeneas*. He terms them both *Drivers* in Mockery, because he saw them take the Reins one after the other; as if he said, that Chariot had two Drivers, but never a Fighter. 'Tis one single *Moment* that makes this Image.' In reading the Poets one often falls into great Perplexities, for want of rightly distinguishing the Point of Time in which they speak. *Dacier.*

The Art of *Homer* in this whole Passage concerning *Automedon*, is very remarkable; in finding out the only proper Occasion, for so renowned a Person as the *Charioteer* of *Achilles* to signalize his Valour.

XXXV.

XXXV.

VERSE 564. *In vain brave Youths, with glorious Hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return.]*

These beautiful Anticipations are frequent in the Poets, who affect to speak in the Character of Prophets, and Men inspired with the Knowledge of Futurity. Thus *Virgil* to *Turnus*,

Nescia mens hominum fati.—Turno tempus erit, &c.

So *Tasso*, Cant. 12. when *Argante* had vow'd the Destruction of *Tancred*.

*O vani giuramenti! Ecco contrari
Seguir tosto gli effetti a l' alta sperme:
E cader questi in teneon pari estinto
Sotto colui, ch' ei fa già preso, e vinto.*

And *Milton* makes the like Apostrophe to *Eve* at her leaving *Adam* before she met the Serpent.

—*She to him engag'd
To be return'd by Noon amid the Bower,
And all Things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or Afternoon's Repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve!
Thou never from that Hour, in Paradise,
Found'st either sweet Repast, or sound Repose.*

XXXVI.

VERSE 642. *So burns the vengeful Hornet, &c.]* It is literally in the Greek, *she inspir'd the Hero with the Boldness of a Fly*. There is no Impropriety in the Comparison; this Animal being of all others the most persevering in its Attacks, and the most difficult to be beaten off: The Occasion also of the Comparison being the resolute Persistence of

of Menelaus about the dead Body, renders it still the more just. But our present Idea of the Fly is indeed very low, as taken from the Littleness and Insignificancy of this Creature. However, since there is really no Meanness in it, there ought to be none in expressing it; and I have done my best in the Translation to keep up the Dignity of my Author.

XXXVII.

VERSE 651. *By Hector lov'd, his Comrade and his Guest.] Podes* the Favourite and Companion of *Hector*, being kill'd on this Occasion, seems a parallel Circumstance to the Death of *Achilles's* Favourite and Companion; and was probably put in here on purpose to engage *Hector* on a like Occasion with *Achilles*.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 721. *Some Hero too must be dispatch'd, &c.]* It seems odd that they did not sooner send this Message to *Achilles*; but there is some Apology for it from the Darkness and Difficulty of finding a proper Person. It was not every body that was proper to send but one who was a particuar Friend to *Achilles*, who might condole with him. Such was *Antilochus* who is sent afterwards, and who, besides, had that necessary Qualification of being πόδας ωκύς. *Eustathius*.

XXXIX.

VERSE 731. *If Grecce must perish we thy Will obey;*
But let us perish in the Face of Day!]

This Thought has been look'd upon as one of the sublimest in *Homer*: *Longinus* represents it in this manner. "The thickest Darkness had on a sudden cover'd the Grecian Army, and hinder'd them from fighting: When *Ajax*, not knowing what Course to take, cries out, *Oh Jove! dispel this Darkness which covers the Greeks, and if we must*

" must perish, let us perish in the Light! This is a Senti-
 " ment truly worthy of *Ajax*, he does not pray for Life;
 " that had been unworthy a Hero: But because in that Dark-
 " ness he could not employ his Valour to any glorious Pur-
 " pose, and vex'd to stand idle in the Field of Battel, he
 " only prays that the Day may appear, as being assured
 " of putting an end to it worthy his great Heart; tho' Ju-
 " piter himself should happen to oppose his Efforts."

M. l' Abbé Terasson (in his Dissertation on the Iliad) endeavours to prove that *Longinus* has misrepresented the whole Context and Sense of this Passage of *Homer*. The Fact (says he) is, that *Ajax* is in a very different Situation in *Homer* from that wherein *Longinus* describes him. He has not the least Intention of fighting, he thinks only of finding out some fit Person to send to *Achilles*; and this Darkness hindering him from seeing such an one, is the occasion of his Prayer. Accordingly it appears by what follows, that as soon as *Jupiter* has dispers'd the Cloud, *Ajax* never falls upon the Enemy, but in consequence of his former Thought orders *Menelaus* to look for *Antilochus*, to dispatch him to *Achilles* with the News of the Death of his Friend. *Longinus* (continues this Author) had certainly forgot the Place from whence he took this Thought; and it is not the first Citation from *Homer* which the Ancients have quoted wrong. Thus Aristotle attributes to *Calypso*, the Words of *Ulysses* in the twelfth Book of the *Odyssaeis*; and confounds together two Passages, one of the second, the other of the fifteenth Book of the *Iliad*. [*Ethic. ad Nicom.* l. 2. c. 9. and l. 3. c. 11.] And thus *Cicero* ascribed to *Agamemnon* a long Discourse of *Ulysses* in the second *Iliad*; [*De divinatione* l. 2.] and cited as *Ajax's*, the Speech of *Hector* in the seventh. [See *Aul. Gellius* l. 15. c. 6.] One has no cause to wonder at this, since the Ancients having *Homer* almost by heart, were for that very Reason the more subject to mistake in citing him by Memory.

To this I think one may answer, that granting it was partly the Occasion of *Ajax's* Prayer to obtain Light, in order to send to *Achilles* (which he afterwards does) yet the Thought which *Longinus* attributes to him, is very consistent with it; and the last Line expresses nothing else but an

heroic Desire rather to die in the Light, than escape with Safety in the Darkness.

'Εν δὲ Φάει καὶ ὁλεστον, ἐπεὶ νῦ τοι εὐαδεῖ οὗτος.

But indeed the whole Speech is only meant to paint the Concern and Distress of a brave General: The Thought of sending a Messenger is only a Result from that Concern and Distress, and so but a small Circumstance; which cannot be said to occasion the Pray'r.

Mons. Boileau has translated this Passage in two Lines.

*Grand Dieu! chasse la nuit qui nous couvre les yeux,
Et combats contre nous à la clarté des Cieux.*

And Mr. *la Motte* yet better in one.

Grand Dieu! rends nous le jour, & combats contre nous!

But both these (as *Dacier* very justly observes) are contrary to *Homer's* Sense. He is far from representing *Ajax* of such a daring Impiety, as to bid *Jupiter* combate against him; but only makes him ask for Light, that if it be his Will the Greeks shall perish, they may perish in open Day. *Kai ὁλεστον*—(says he) that is, abandon us, withdraw from us your Assistance; for those who are deserted by *Jove* must perish infallibly: This Decorum of *Homer* ought to have been preserv'd.

XL.

VERSE 756. *The mildest Manners, and the gentlest Heart.]* This is a fine Elogium of *Patroclus*: *Homer* dwells upon it on purpose, lest *Achilles's* Character should be mistaken; and shews by the Praises he bestows here upon Goodness, that *Achilles's* Character is not commendable for Morality. *Achilles's* Manners, entirely opposite to those of *Patroclus*, are not morally good; they are only poetically so, that is to say, they are well mark'd; and discover before-hand what Resolutions that

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that Hero will take: As hath been at large explain'd upon *Aristotle's Poeticks.* *Dacier.*

XLI.

VERSE 781. *The youthful Warrior heard with silent Woe.] Homer* ever represents an Excess of Grief by a deep Horrour, Silence, Weeping, and not enquiring into the manner of the Friend's Death: Nor could *Antilochus* have express'd his Sorrow in any manner so moving as Silence. *Eustathius.*

XLII.

VERSE 785. *To brave Laodocus his Arms be flung.] Antilochus* leaves his Armour, not only that he might make the more haste, but (as the Ancients conjecture) that he might not be thought to be absent by the Enemies; and that seeing his Armour on some other Person, they might think him still in the Fight. *Eustathius.*

XLIII.

VERSE 794. *But hope not Warriors for Achilles' Aid:*

Unarm'd—] This is an ingenious way of making the Valour of Achilles appear the greater; who, tho' without Arms, goes forth, in the next Book, contrary to the Expectation of Ajax and Menelaus. *Dacier.*

XLIV.

VERSE 825, &c. This Heap of Images which *Homer* throws together at the End of this Book, makes the same Action appear with a very beautiful Variety. The Description of the burning of a City is short but very lively. That of *Ajax* alone bringing up the Rear Guard, and shielding those that

that bore the Body of *Patroclus* from the whole *Trojan* Host, gives a prodigious Idea of *Ajax*; and as *Homer* has often hinted, makes him just second to *Achilles*. The Image of the Beam paints the great Stature of *Patroclus*: That of the Hill dividing the Stream is noble and natural.

He compares the *Ajaces* to a Boar, for their Fierceness and Boldness; to a long Bank that keeps off the Course of the Waters, for their standing firm and immoveable in the Battel: Those that carry the dead Body, to Mules dragging a vast Beam thro' rugged Paths, for their Laboriousness: The Body carried, to a Beam, for being heavy and inanimate: The *Trojans* to Dogs, for their Boldnes; and to Water for their Agility and moving backwards and forwards: The *Greeks* to a Flight of Starlings and Jays, for their Timorousness, and Swiftnes. *Eustathius*.

T H E

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIA D.

S

The ARGUMENT.

The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him by Vulcan.

THE News of the Death of Patroclus, is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis hearing his Lamentations comes with all her Sea-Nymphs to comfort him. The Speeches of the Mother and Son on this Occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the Command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the Head of the Intrenchments. The Sight of him turns the Fortune of the Day, and the Body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a Council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their Opinions; but the Advice of the former prevails, to remain encamp'd in the Field: *The Grief of Achilles over the Body of Patroclus.*

Thetis goes to the Palace of Vulcan to obtain new Arms for her Son. The Description of the wonderful Works of Vulcan, and lastly, that noble one of the Shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth Day, and the Night ensuing, take up this Book. The Scene is at Achilles's Tent on the Sea-shore, from whence it changes to the Palace of Vulcan.

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THE
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OF THE ILIAD.

THUS like the Rage of Fire the Combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
Meanwhile, where *Hellespont's* broad Waters flow
Stood *Nestor's* Son, the Messenger of Woe:
There sat *Achilles*, shaded by his Sails,
On hoisted Yards extended to the Gales;
Pensive he sat; for all that Fate design'd,
Rose in sad Prospect to his boding Mind.
Thus to his Soul he said. Ah! what constrains
The *Greeks*, late Victors, now to quit the Plains?
Is this the Day, which Heav'n so long ago
Ordain'd, to sink me with the Weight of Woe?

(So

(So *Thetis* warn'd) when by a *Trojan* Hand,
 The bravest of the *Myrmidonian* Band
 15 Should lose the Light? Fulfill'd is that Decree;
 Fal'n is the Warrior, and *Patroclus* he!
 In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the Plain,
 And warn'd to shun *Hectorean* Force in vain!
 Thus while he thinks, *Antilochus* appears,
 20 And tells the melancholy Tale with Tears.
 Sad Tydings, Son of *Peleus*! thou must hear;
 And wretched I, th'unwilling Messenger!
 Dead is *Patroclus*! For his Corps they fight;
 His naked Corps: His Arm's are *Hector*'s Right.
 25 A sudden Horror shot thro' all the Chief,
 And wrapt his Senses in the Cloud of Grief;
 Cast on the Ground, with furious Hands he spread
 The scorching Ashes o'er his graceful Head;
 His purple Garments, and his golden Hairs,
 30 Those he deforms with Dust, and these he tears:
 On the hard Soil his groaning Breast he threw,
 And roll'd and grovel'd, as to Earth he grew.
 The Virgin Captives, with disorder'd Charms,
 (Won by his own, or by *Patroclus*' Arms)

Rush'd

Rush'd from the Tents with Cries; and gath'ring round
 Beat their white Breasts, and fainted on the Ground:
 While *Nestor*'s Son sustains a manlier Part,
 And mourns the Warrior with a Warrior's Heart;
 Hangs on his Arms, 'midst his frantic Woe,
 And oft prevents the meditated Blow.

Far in the deep Abysses of the Main,
 With hoary *Nereus*, and the watry Train,
 The Mother Goddess from her crystal Throne
 Heard his loud Cries, and answer'd Groan for Groan:
 The circling *Nereids* with their Mistress weep,
 And all the Sea-green Sisters of the Deep.
Thalia, *Glauce*, (ev'ry wat'ry Name)
Nesaea mild, and Silver *Spio* came.
Cymothoe and *Cymodoce* were nigh,
 And the blue Languish of soft *Alia*'s Eye.
 Their Locks *Actaea* and *Limnoria* rear,
 Then *Proto*, *Doris*, *Panope* appear;
Thoa, *Pherusa*; *Doto*, *Melita*;
Agave gentle, and *Amphithoe* gay:
 Next *Callianira*, *Callianassa* show
 Their Sister Looks; *Dexamene* the slow,

T

And

And swift *Dynamene*, now cut the Tydes :
Iæra now the verdant Wave divides ;
Nemertes with *Apseudes* lifts the Head :
60 Bright *Galatea* quits her pearly Bed :
These *Orythia*, *Clymene*, attend,
Mæra, *Amphinome*, the Train extend,
And black *Janira*, and *Janassa* fair,
And *Amatheia* with her amber Hair.
65 All these, and all that deep in Ocean held
Their sacred Seats, the glimm'ring *Grotto* fill'd ;
Each beat her Iv'ry Breast with silent Woe,
Till *Thetis*' Sorrows thus began to flow.
Hear me, and judge, ye Sisters of the Main !
70 How just a Cause has *Thetis* to complain ?
How wretched, were I mortal, were my Fate !
How more than wretched in th'immortal State !
Sprung from my Bed a god-like Hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the Name ;
75 Like some fair Olive, by my careful Hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the Land :
To *Troy* I sent him ; but the Fates ordain
He never, never must return again.

So

So short a space the Light of Heav'n to view,
 So short alas! and fill'd with Anguish too? 1780
 Hear how his Sorrows echo thro' the Shore!
 I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;
 I go at least to bear a tender part,
 And mourn my lov'd one with a Mother's Heart.

She said, and left the Caverns of the Main. 1785
 All bath'd in Tears, the melancholy Train
 Attend her Way. Wide-opening part the Tides,
 While the long Pomp the silver Wave divides.
 Approaching now, they touch'd the *Trojan* Land;
 Then, two by two, ascended up the Strand. 1790
 Th'immortal Mother, standing close beside
 Her mournful Offspring, to his Sighs reply'd;
 Along the Coast their mingled Clamours ran,
 And thus the silver-footed Dame began.

Why mourns my Son? thy late-preferr'd Request,
 The God has granted, and the *Greeks* distrest:
 Why mourns my Son? thy Anguish let me share,
 Reveal the Cause, and trust a Parent's Care.

He, deeply groaning---To this cureless Grief
 Not ev'n the Thund'rers Favour brings Relief. 1800

Patroclus

Patroclus—Ah!—Say Goddess can I boast
A Pleasure now? Revenge itself is lost:

Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial Train,
Beyond Mankind, beyond my self, is slain!

105 Lost are those Arms the Gods themselves bestow'd

On *Peleus*; *Hector* bears the glorious Load.

Curs'd be that Day, when all the Pow'rs above
Thy Charms submitted to a mortal Love:

Oh had'st thou still, a Sister of the Main,

110 Pursu'd the Pleasures of the wat'ry Reign;

And happier *Peleus*, less ambitious, led

A mortal Beauty to his equal Bed!

E'er the sad Fruit of thy unhappy Womb

Had caus'd such Sorrows past, and Woes to come.

115 For soon alas! that wretched Offspring slain,

New Woes, new Sorrows shall create again:

'Tis not in Fate th'Alternate now to give;

Patroclus dead, *Achilles* hates to live.

Let me revenge it on proud *Hector*'s Heart,

120 Let his last Spirit smoak upon my Dart;

On these Conditions will I breathe: Till then,

I blush to walk among the Race of Men.

A Flood

A Flood of Tears, at this, the Goddess shed :
Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead !
When *Hector* falls, thou dy'st. --- Let *Hector* die, ¹²⁵
And let me fall ! (*Achilles* made reply)
Far lies *Patroclus* from his native plain !
He fell, and falling wish'd my Aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable Day
I cast all hope of my Return away, ¹³⁰
Since unreveng'd, a hundred Ghosts demand
The Fate of *Hector* from *Achilles'* hand ;
Since here, for brutal Courage far renown'd,
I live an idle Burden to the Ground,
(Others in Council fam'd for nobler Skill, ¹³⁵
More useful to preserve, than I to kill)
Let me --- But oh ! ye gracious Pow'rs above !
Wrath and Revenge from Men and Gods remove :
Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal Breast,
Sweet to the Soul, as Honey to the Taste ; ¹⁴⁰
Gath'ring like Vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery Blood, and dark'ning all the Mind.
Me *Agamemnon* urg'd to deadly Hate ;
'Tis past --- I quell it ; I resign to Fate.

U

Yes ---

145 Yes---I will meet the Murd'rer of my Friend,
 Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my End.

The Stroke of Fate the bravest cannot shun:

The great *Alcides*, *Jove*'s unequal'd Son,

To *Juno*'s Hate at length resign'd his Breath,

150 And funk the Victim of all-conqu'ring Death.

So shall *Achilles* fall! stretch'd pale and dead,

No more the *Grecian* Hope, or *Trojan* Dread!

Let me, this instant, rush into the Fields,

And reap what Glory Life's short Harvest yields.

155 Shall I not force some widow'd Dame to tear

With frantic Hands, her long dishevell'd Hair?

Shall I not force her Breast to heave with Sighs,

And the soft Tears to trickle from her Eyes?

Yes, I shall give the Fair those mournful Charms---

160 In vain you hold me---Hence! my Arms, my Arms!

Soon shall the sanguine Torrent spread so wide,

That all shall know, *Achilles* swells the Tide.

My Son (*Cœrulean Thetis* made reply,

To Fate submitting with a secret Sigh)

165 The Host to succour, and thy Friends to save,

Is worthy thee; the Duty of the Brave.

But

But can't thou, naked, issue to the Plains?

Thy radiant Arms the *Trojan* Foe detains,

Insulting *Hector* bears the Spoils on high,

But vainly glories, for his Fate is nigh.

170

Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous Ardor stay;

Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of Day,

Charg'd with resplendent Arms (a glorious Load)

Vulcanian Arms, the Labour of a God.

Then turning to the Daughters of the Main,

175

The Goddess thus dismiss'd her azure Train.

Ye Sister *Nereids*! to your Deeps descend,

Haste, and our Fathers sacred Seat attend,

I go to find the Architect divine,

Where vast *Olympus* starry Summits shine:

180

So tell our hoary Sire---This Charge she gave:

The Sea-green Sisters plunge beneath the Wave:

Thetis once more ascends the blest Abodes,

And treads the brazen Threshold of the Gods.

And now the *Greeks*, from furious *Hector's* Force,

185

Urge to broad *Hellespont* their headlong Course:

Nor yet their Chiefs *Patroclos'* Body bore

Safe thro' the Tempest, to the Tented Shore. -

The

The Horse, the Foot, with equal Fury join'd,
 Pour'd on the Rear, and thunder'd close behind;
 And like a Flame thro' Fields of ripen'd Corn,
 The Rage of *Hector* o'er the Ranks was born:
 Thrice the slain Hero by the Foot he drew;
 Thrice to the Skies the *Trojan* Clamours flew.
 As oft' th' *Ajaces* his Assault sustain;
 But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again.
 With fiercer Shouts his ling'ring Troops he fires,
 Nor yields a Step, nor from his Post retires:
 So watchful Sheperds strive to force, in vain,
 The hungry Lion from a Carcase slain.
 Ev'n yet, *Patroclus* had he born away,
 And all the Glories of th'extended Day;
 Had not high *Juno*, from the Realms of Air,
 Secret, dispatch'd her trusty Messenger.
 The various Goddess of the painted Bow,
 Shot in a Whirlwind to the Shore below;
 To great *Achilles* at his Ships she came,
 And thus began the many-colour'd Dame.
 Rise, Son of *Peleus*! rise divinely brave!
 Assist the Combate, and *Patroclus* save:

For

For him the Slaughter to the Fleet they spread,
And fall by mutual Wounds around the Dead.

To drag him back to *Troy* the Foe contends;

Nor with his Death the Rage of *Hector* ends:

A Prey to Dogs he dooms the Corse to lye,

And marks the Place to fix his Head on high.

Rise, and prevent (if yet thou think of Fame)

Thy Friend's Disgrace, thy own eternal Shame!

Who sends thee, Goddess! from th'Etherial Skies?

Achilles thus. And *Iris* thus replies.

I come, *Pelides*! from the Queen of *Jove*,

Th'immortal Empress of the Realms above;

Unknown to him who sits remote on high,

Unknown to all the Synod of the Sky.

Thou com'st in vain, he cries (with Fury warm'd)

Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?

Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,

Till *Thetis* bring me at the dawn of Day

Vulcanian Arms: What other can I wield?

Except the mighty *Telamonian* Shield?

That, in my Friend's Defence, has *Ajax* spread,

While his strong Lance around him heaps the Dead:

Ev'n now his Arms revenge *Menœtius'* Son,
 And do, what his *Achilles* should have done.

235 Thy want of Arms (said *Iris*) well we know,
 But as thou art, unarm'd and naked, go!
 Let but *Achilles* o'er yon' Trench appear,
 Proud *Troy* shall tremble, and consent to fear ;
Greece from one Glance of that tremendous Eye
 240 Shall take new Courage, and disdain to fly.

She spoke, and past in Air. The Hero rose;
 Her *Ægis*, *Pallas* o'er his Shoulders throws;
 Around his Brows a golden Cloud she spread;
 A Stream of Glory flam'd above his Head.

245 As when from some beleaguer'd Town arise
 The Smokes, high-curling to the shaded Skies ;
 (Seen from some Island, o'er the Main afar,
 When Men distrest hang out the Sign of War)
 Soon as the Sun in Ocean hides his Rays,
 250 Thick on the Hills the flaming Beacons blaze ;
 With long-projected Beams the Seas are bright,
 And Heav'ns high Arch reflects the ruddy Light :
 So from *Achilles'* Head the Splendours rise,
 Reflecting Blaze on Blaze, against the Skies.

Forth

Forth march'd the Chief, and distant from the Croud,²⁵⁵
High on the Rampart rais'd his Voice aloud;
With her own Shout *Minerva* swells the Sound;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the Shores rebound.
As the loud Trumpet's brazen Mouth from far
With shrilling Clangor sounds th'Alarm of War,²⁶⁰
Struck from the Walls, the Echoes float on high,
And the round Bulwarks, and thick Tow'rs reply,
So high his brazen Voice the Hero rear'd,
Hosts drop their Arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the Chariots roll, and Coursers bound,²⁶⁵
And Steeds and Men lye mingled on the Ground.
Aghast they see the living Lightnings play,
And turn their Eye-balls from the flashing Ray.
Thrice from the Trench his dreadful Voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.²⁷⁰
Twelve in the Tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
On their own Spears, by their own Chariots crush'd:
While shielded from the Darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended Carcase of the Slain.

A lofty Bier the breathless Warrior bears:²⁷⁵

Around, his sad Companions melt in Tears

But

But chief *Achilles*, bending down his Head,
Pours unavailing Sorrows o'er the Dead.

Whom late, triumphant with his Steeds and Car,

²⁸⁰ He sent refulgent to the Field of War,
(Unhappy Change!) now senseless, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping Wound.

Meantime, unwearied with his heavenly Way,
In Ocean's Waves th'unwilling Light of Day

²⁸⁵ Quench his red Orb, at *Juno*'s high Command,
And from their Labours eas'd th'*Achaian* Band.

The frightened *Trojans* (panting from the War,
Their Steeds unharness'd from the weary Car)

A sudden Council call'd: Each Chief appear'd

²⁹⁰ In haste, and standing; for to sit they fear'd.

'Twas now no Season for prolong'd Debate;
They saw *Achilles*, and in him their Fate.

Silent they stood: *Polydamas* at last,

Skill'd to discern the Future by the past,

²⁹⁵ The Son of *Panthus*, thus express'd his Fears;
(The Friend of *Hector*, and of equal Years:

The self same Night to both a Being gave,
One wife in Council, one in Action brave.)

111

,

In

In free Debate, my Friends, your Sentence speak:
For me, I move, before the Morning break 300
To raise our Camp: Too dang'rous here our Post,
Far from *Troy* Walls, and on a naked Coast.
I deem'd not *Greece* so dreadful, while engag'd
In mutual Feuds, her King and Hero rag'd; 305
Then, while we hop'd our Armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand Sail.
I dread *Pelides* now: his Rage of Mind
Not long continues to the Shores confin'd,
Nor to the Fields, where long in equal Fray
Contending Nations won and lost the Day; 310
For *Troy*, for *Troy*, shall henceforth be the Strife,
And the hard Contest not for Fame, but Life.
Haste then to *Ilion*, while the fav'ring Night
Detains those Terrors, keeps that Arm from Fight;
If but the Morrow's Sun behold us here, 315
That Arm, those Terrors, we shall feel, not fear;
And Hearts that now disdain, shall leap with Joy,
If Heav'n permits them then to enter *Troy*.
Let not my fatal Prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue. 320

Y

Whatever

Whatever be our Fate, yet let us try
 What Force of Thought and Reason can supply;
 Let us on Counsel for our Guard depend;
 The Town, her Gates and Bulwarks shall defend:
 When Morning dawns, our well-appointed Pow'rs
 325 Array'd in Arms, shall line the lofty Tow'rs.
 Let the fierce Hero then, when Fury calls,
 Vent his mad Vengeance on our rocky Walls,
 Or fetch a thousand Circles round the Plain,
 Till his spent Coursers seek the Fleet again:
 So may his Rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
 And Dogs shall tear him, e'er he sack the Town.
 Return? (said *Hector*, fir'd with stern Disdain)
 What, coop whole Armies in our Walls again?
 Was't not enough, ye valiant Warriors say,
 335 Nine Years imprison'd in those Tow'rs ye lay?
 Wide o'er the World was *Ilion* fam'd of old
 For Brass exhaustless, and for Mines of Gold:
 But while inglorious in her Walls we stay'd,
 Sunk were her Treasures, and her Stores decay'd;
 340 The *Phrygians* now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
 And proud *Mæonia* wafts the Fruits of *Troy*.

Great Jove at length my Arms to Conquest calls,
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden Walls: 345
Dar'st thou dispirit whom the Gods incite?
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his Flight:
To better Counsel then Attention lend;
Take due Refreshment, and the Watch attend.
If there be one whose Riches cost him Care,
Forth let him bring them, for the Troops to share; 350
'Tis better gen'rously bestow'd on those,
Than left the Plunder of our Country's Foes.
Soon as the Morn the rosie *Welkin* warms
Fierce on yon' Navy will we pour our Arms.
If great *Achilles* rise in all his Might, 355
His be the Danger: I shall stand the Fight.
Honor, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give;
And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live.
Mars is our common Lord, alike to all;
And oft' the Victor triumphs, but to fall. 360

The shouting Host in loud Applauses join'd;
So *Pallas* robb'd the Many of their Mind,
To their own Sense condemn'd! and left to chuse
The worse Advice, the better to refuse.

While

365 While the long Night extends her fable Reign,
Around *Patroclus* mourn'd the *Grecian* Train.

Stern in superior Grief *Pelides* stood;
Those slaughter'ring Arms, so us'd to bathe in Blood,
Now clasp his clay-cold Limbs: Then gushing start
370 The Tears, and Sighs burst from his swelling Heart.

The Lion thus, with dreadful Anguish stung,
Roars thro' the Desart, and demands his Young;
When the grim Savage to his rifled Den
Too late returning, snuffs the Track of Men,
375 And o'er the Vales, and o'er the Forrest bounds;
His clam'rous Grief the bellowing Wood resounds.
So grieves *Achilles*; and impetuous, vents
To all his *Myrmidons*, his loud Laments.

In what vain Promise, Gods! did I engage?

380 When to console *Menætius*' feeble Age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd Offspring to restore,
Charg'd with rich Spoils, to fair *Opuntia*'s Shore!
But mighty *Jove* cuts short, with just Disdain,
The long, long Views of poor, designing Man!
385 One Fate the Warrior and the Friend shall strike,
And *Troy*'s black Sands must drink our Blood alike:

Me

Me too, a wretched Mother shall deplore,
 An aged Father never see me more!
 Yet, my *Patroclus*! yet a space I stay,
 Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way. 390
 E'er thy dear Relicks in the Grave are laid,
 Shall *Hector's* Head be offer'd to thy Shade;
 That, with his Arms, shall hang before thy Shrine,
 And twelve, the noblest of the *Trojan* Line,
 Slain by this Hand, sad Sacrifice! expire; 395
 Their Lives effus'd around thy flaming Pyre.
 Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
 Bathe thy cold Face, and sob upon thy Breast!
 While *Trojan* Captives here thy Mourners stay,
 Weep all the Night, and murmur all the Day: 400
 Spoils of my Arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,
 Our Swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke, and bid the sad Attendants round
 Cleanse the pale Corse, and wash each honour'd Wound.
 A massy Caldron of stupendous Frame 405
 They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising Flame:
 Then heap the lighted Wood; the Flame divides
 Beneath the Vase, and climbs around the Sides:

In its wide Womb they pour the rushing Stream;
 410 The boiling Water bubbles to the Brim:
 The Body then they bathe with pious Toil,
 Embalm the Wounds, anoint the Limbs with Oyl;
 High on a Bed of State extended laid,
 And decent cover'd with a linen Shade;
 415 Last o'er the Dead the milkwhite Linen threw;
 That done, their Sorrows and their Sighs renew.

Meanwhile to *Juno*, in the Realms above,
 (His Wife and Sister) spoke almighty *Jove*.
 At last thy Will prevails: Great *Peleus'* Son
 420 Rises in Arms: Such Grace thy *Greeks* have won.

Say (for I know not) is their Race divine,
 And thou the Mother of that martial Line?
 What Words are these (th'Imperial Dame replies,
 While Anger flash'd from her majestick Eyes)
 425 Succour like this a mortal Arm might lend,
 And such Success mere human Wit attend:
 And shall not I, the second Pow'r above,
 Heav'n's Queen, and Consort of the thund'ring *Jove*,
 Say, shall not I one Nation's Fate command,
 430 Not wreak my Vengeance on one guilty Land?

So

So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed Dame
 Reach'd the *Vulcanian* Dome, Eternal Frame! 435
 High eminent amid the Works divine,
 Where Heav'n's far-beaming, brazen Mansions shine.
 There the lame Architect the Goddess found,
 Obscure in Smoak, his Forges flaming round,
 While bath'd in Sweat from Fire to Fire he flew,
 And puffing loud, the roaring Bellows blew:
 That Day, no common Task his Labour claim'd:
 Full twenty Tripods for his Hall he fram'd, 440
 That plac'd on living Wheels of massy Gold,
 (Wond'rous to tell) instinct with Spirit roll'd
 From Place to Place, around the blest Abodes,
 Self-mov'd, obedient to the Beck of Gods:
 For their fair Handles now, o'erwrought with Flow'rs, 445
 In Molds prepar'd, the glowing Ore he pours:
 Just as responsive to his Thought, the Frame
 Stood prompt to move, the Azure Goddess came:
Charis, his Spouse, a Grace divinely fair;
 (With purple Fillets round her braided Hair); 450
 Observ'd her ent'ring; her soft Hand she press'd,
 And smiling, thus the wat'ry Queen address'd.

What

What, Goddess! this unusual Favour draws?

All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the Cause:

455 Till now a Stranger, in a happy Hour

Approach, and taste the Dainties of the Bow'r.

High on a Throne, with Stars of silver grac'd

And various Artifice, the Queen she plac'd;

A Footstool at her Feet: then calling, said,

460 *Vulcan* draw near, 'tis *Thetis* asks your Aid.

Thetis (reply'd the God) our Pow'rs may claim,

An ever dear, and ever honour'd Name!

When my proud Mother hurl'd me from the Sky,

(My awkward Form, it seems, displeas'd her Eye)

465 She, and *Eurynome*, my Griefs redrest,

Tnd soft receiv'd me on their silver Breast.

Ey'n then, these Arts employ'd my infant Thought;

Chains, Bracelets, Pendants, all their Toys I wrought.

470 Nine Years kept secret in the dark Abode,

Secure I lay, conceal'd from Man and God:

Deep in a cavern'd Rock my Days were led;

The rushing Ocean murmur'd o'er my Head.

Now since her Presence glads our Mansion, say,

475 For such Desert what Service can I pay?

Vouchsafe,

Vouchsafe, O *Thetis*! at our Board to share
The genial Rites, and hospitable Fare;
While I my Labours of the Forge forego,
And bid the roaring Bellows cease to blow.

Then from his Anvil the lame Artist rose; 480
Wide with distorted Legs, oblique he goes,
And stills the Bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their Chest his Instruments of Trade.
Then with a Sponge the footy Workman drest
His brawny Arms imbrown'd, and hairy Breast. 485
With his huge Scepter grac'd, and red Attire,
Came halting forth the Sov'reign of the Fire:
The Monarch's Steps two Female Forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated Gold;
To whom was Voice, and Sense, and Science given 490
Of Works divine (such Wonders are in Heav'n!)
On these supported, with unequal Gait,
He reach'd the Throne where pensive *Thetis* fate;
There plac'd beside her on the shining Frame,
He thus address'd the silver-footed Dame. 495

Thee, welcome Goddess! what Occasion calls,
(So long a Stranger) to these honour'd Walls?

A a

'Tis

'Tis thine, fair *Thetis*, the Command to lay,
And *Vulcan*'s Joy, and Duty, to obey,

500 To whom the mournful Mother thus replies,

(The crystal Drops stood trembling in her Eyes)

Oh *Vulcan*! fay, was ever Breast divine

So pierc'd with Sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine?

Of all the Goddesses, did *Jove* prepare

505 For *Thetis* only such a Weight of Care?

I, only I, of all the wat'ry Race,

By Force subjected to a Man's Embrace,

Who, sinking now with Age, and Sorrow, pays

The mighty Fine impos'd on length of Days.

510 Sprung from my Bed a god-like Hero came,

The bravest sure that ever bore the Name;

Like some fair Plant beneath my careful Hand

He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the Land;

To *Troy* I sent him! but his native Shore

515 Never, ah never, shall receive him more;

(Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret Woe)

Nor I, a Goddess, can retard the Blow!

Robb'd of the Prize the *Grecian* Suffrage gave,

The King of Nations forc'd his royal Slave:

For

For this he griev'd; and till the Greeks opprest
 Requir'd his Arm, he sorrow'd unredrest. 520
 Large Gifts they promise, and their Elders send;
 In vain----He arms not, but permits his Friend
 His Arms, his Steeds, his Forces to employ;
 He marches, combates, almost conquers Troy:
 Then slain by *Phœbus* (*Hector* had the Name)
 At once resigns his Armour, Life, and Fame.
 But thou, in Pity, by my Pray'r be won;
 Grace with immortal Arms this short-liv'd Son,
 And to the Field in martial Pomp restore,
 To shine with Glory, till he shines no more! 530

To her the Artist-God. Thy Griefs resign,
 Secure, what *Vulcan* can, is ever thine.
 O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
 Or with these Hands the cruel Stroke repell,
 As I shall forge most envy'd Arms, the Gaze
 Of wond'ring Ages, and the World's Amaze! 535

Thus having said, the Father of the Fires
 To the black Labours of his Forge retires.
 Soon as he bade them blow, the Bellows turn'd
 Their iron Mouths; and where the Furnace burn'd,
 Resounding 540

Resounding breath'd: At once the Blast expires,
 And twenty Forges catch at once the Fires;
 Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,
 They raise a Tempest, or they gently blow.

545 In hissing Flames huge silver Bars are roll'd,
 And stubborn Brafs, and Tin, and solid Gold:
 Before, deep fix'd, th'eternal Anvils stand;

The pond'rous Hammer loads his better Hand,
 His left with Tongs turns the vex'd Metal round;

550 And thick, strong Strokes, the doubling Vaults rebound;

Then first he form'd th'immense and solid *Shield*;
 Rich, various Artifice emblaz'd the Field;
 Its utmost Verge a threefold Circle bound;
 A silver Chain suspends the massy Round,

555 Five ample Plates the broad Expanse compose,
 And god-like Labours on the Surface rose.

There shone the Image of the Master Mind:

There Earth, there Heav'n, there Ocean he design'd;
 Th'unweary'd Sun, the Moon compleatly round;

560 The starry Lights that Heav'n's high Convex crown'd;
 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, with the Northern Team;
 And great *Orion*'s more resplendent Beam;

To which, around the Axle of the Sky,
The *Bear* revolving, points his golden Eye,
Still shines exalted on th'ætherial Plain,
Nor bends his blazing Forehead to the Main.

565

Two Cities radiant on the Shield appear,
The Image one of Peace, and one of War.
Here sacred Pomp, and genial Feast delight,
And solemn Dance, and *Hymenæal* Rite;
Along the Street the new-made Brides are led,
With Torches flaming, to the nuptial Bed;
The youthful Dancers in a Circle bound
To the soft Flute, and Cittern's silver Sound:
Thro' the fair Streets, the Matrons in a Row,
Stand in their Porches, and enjoy the Show.

570

575

There, in the *Forum* swarm a num'rous Train;
The Subject of Debate, a Townsman slain:
One pleads the Fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the Publick and the Laws decide:
The Witness is produc'd on either Hand;
For this, or that, the partial People stand:
Th'appointed Heralds still the noisy Bands,
And form a Ring, with Scepters in their Hands;

580

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585 On Seats of Stone, within the sacred Place,
 The rev'rend Elders nodded o'er the Case;
 Alternate, each th'attesting Scepter took,
 And rising solemn, each his Sentence spoke.

Two golden Talents lay amidst, in sight,
 590 The Prize of him who best adjug'd the Right.

Another Part (a Prospect diff'ring far)
 Glow'd with resplendent Arms, and horrid War.

Two mighty Hosts a leaguer'd Town embrace,
 And one would pillage, one wou'd burn the Place.

595 Meantime the Townsmen, arm'd with silent Care,
 A secret Ambush on the Foe prepare:
 Their Wives, their Children, and the watchful Band,
 Of trembling Parents on the Turrets stand.

They march; by *Pallas* and by *Mars* made bold;

600 Gold were the Gods, their radiant Garments Gold,
 And Gold their Armour: These the Squadron led,
 August, Divine, Superior by the Head!

A Place for Ambush fit, they found, and stood
 Cover'd with Shields, beside a silver Flood.

605 Two Spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
 If Sheep or Oxen seek the winding Stream.

Soon

Soon the white Flocks proceeded o'er the Plains,
And Steers flow-moving, and two Shepherd Swains;
Behind them, piping on their Reeds, they go,
Nor fear an Ambush, nor suspect a Foe. 610

In Arms the glitt'ring Squadron rising round
Rush sudden; Hills of Slaughter heap the Ground,
Whole Flocks and Herds lye bleeding on the Plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the Shepherd wains!

The bellowing Oxen the Besiegers hear; 615

They rise, take Horse, approach, and meet the War;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver Flood;
The waving Silver seem'd to blush with Blood.

There Tumult, there Contention stood confest;

One rear'd a Dagger at a Captive's Breast, 620

One held a living Foe, that freshly bled
With new-made Wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the Carcasses they tore:
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human Gore.

And the whole War came out, and met the Eye; 625
And each bold Figure seem'd to live, or die.

A Field deep-furrow'd, next the God design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating Hind;

The

The shining Shares full many Plowmen guide,
 630 And turn their crooked Yokes on ev'ry side.

Still as at either End they wheel around,
 The Master meets 'em with his Goblet crown'd;
 The hearty Draught rewards, renews their Toil;
 Then back the turning Plow-shares cleave the Soil:
 635 The new-ear'd Earth in blacker Ridges roll'd;
 Sable it look'd, tho form'd of molten Gold.

Another Field rose high with waving Grain;
 With bended Sickles stand the Reaper-Train:
 Here stretch'd in Ranks the level'd Swarths are found,
 640 Sheaves heap'd on Sheaves, here thicken up the Ground.
 With sweeping Stroke the Mowers strow the Lands;
 The Gath'lers follow, and collect in Bands;
 And last the Children, in whose Arms are born
 (Too short to grieve them) the brown Sheaves of Corn.
 645 The rustic Monarch of the Field descries
 With silent Glee, the Heaps around him rise.
 A ready Banquet on the Turf is laid,
 Beneath an ample Oak's expanded Shade.
 The Victim-Ox the sturdy Youth prepare;
 650 The Reaper's due Repast, the Women's Care.

Next,

Next, ripe in yellow Gold, a Vineyard shines,
 Bent with the pond'rous Harvest of its Vines;
 A deeper Dye the dangling Clusters show,
 And curl'd on silver Props, in order glow:
 A darker Metal mixt, intrench'd the Place; 655
 And Pales of glitt'ring Tin th'Enclosure grace.
 To this, one Pathway gently winding leads,
 Where march a Train with Baskets on their Heads,
 (Fair Maids, and blooming Youths) that smiling bear
 The purple Product of th'Autumnal Year. 660
 To these a Youth awakes the warbling Strings,
 Whose tender Lay the Fate of *Linus* sings;
 In measur'd Dance behind him move the Train,
 Tune soft the Voice, and answer to the Strain.

Here, Herds of Oxen march, erect and bold, 665
 Rear high their Horns, and seem to lowe in Gold,
 And speed to Meadows on whose sounding Shores
 A rapid Torrent thro' the Rushes roars:
 Four golden Herdsmen as their Guardians stand,
 And nine four Dogs compleat the rustic Band. 670
 Two Lions rushing from the Wood appear'd;
 And seiz'd a Bull, the Master of the Herd:

Cc

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He roar'd: in vain the Dogs, the Men withstood,
 They tore his Flesh, and drank the sable Blood.
 675 The Dogs (oft' shear'd in vain) desert the Prey,
 Dread the grim Terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the Eye the Art of *Vulcan* leads
 Deep thro' fair Forests, and a Length of Meads;
 And Stalls, and Folds, and scatter'd Cotts between;
 680 And fleecy Flocks, that whiten all the Scene.

A figur'd Dance succeeds: Such once was seen
 In lofty *Gnossus*, for the *Cretan* Queen,
 Form'd by *Dædalean* Art. A comely Band
 Of Youths and Maidens, bounding Hand in Hand;
 685 The Maids in soft Cymarrs of Linen drest;
 The Youths all graceful in the glossy Vest;
 Of those the Locks with flow'ry Wreaths inroll'd,
 Of these the Sides adorn'd with Swords of Gold,
 That glitt'ring gay, from silver Belts depend.
 690 Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
 With well-taught Feet: Now shape, in oblique ways,
 Confus'dly regular, the moving Maze:
 Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
 And undistinguish'd blend the flying Ring:

So

So whirls a Wheel, in giddy Circle tost, 695

And rapid as it runs, the single Spokes are lost.

The gazing Multitudes admire around;

Two active Tumblers in the Center bound;

Now high, now low, their pliant Limbs they bend;

And gen'ral Songs the sprightly Revel end. 700

Thus the broad Shield complete the Artist crown'd
With his last Hand, and pour'd the Ocean round:
In living Silver seem'd the Waves to roll,
And beat the Buckler's Verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a Warrior's Use requires 705
He forg'd; the Cuirass that outshone the Fires;
The Greaves of ductile Tin, the Helm imprest
With various Sculpture, and the golden Crest.

At *Thetis'* Feet the finish'd Labour lay;
She, as a Falcon cuts th'Aerial way, 710
Swift from *Olympus'* snowy Summit flies,
And bears the blazing Present through the Skies.

O B S E R-

O B S E R V A T I O N S

O N T H E

Eighteenth Book.

D d

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 1. *Thus like the Rage of Fire, &c.]* This Phrase is usual in our Author, to signify a sharp Bartel fought with Heat and Fury on both parts; such an Engagement like a Flame, preying upon all sides, and dying the sooner, the fiercer it burns. *Eusebius.*

II.

VERSE 6. *On hoisted Yards.]* The Epithet ὁθονεαγέων in this Place has a more than ordinary Signification. It implies that the Sail-yards were hoisted up, and Achilles's Ships on the point to set sail. This shews that it was purely in Compliance to his Friend that he permitted him to succour the Greeks; he meant to leave 'em as soon as Patroclus return'd; he still remember'd what he told the Embassadors in the ninth Book; v. 360. *To morrow you shall see my Fleet set sail.* Accordingly this is the Day appointed, and he is fix'd to his Resolution; This Circumstance wonderfully strengthens his implacable Character.

III.

III.

VERSE 7. *Penfive he sate.] Homer* in this artful manner prepares *Achilles* for the fatal Message, and gives him these Forebodings of his Misfortunes, that they might be no less than he expected.

His Expressions are suitable to his Concerns, and deliver'd confusedly. "I bad him (says he) after he had sav'd the Ships, and repuls'd the *Trojans*, to return back, and not engage himself too far." Here he breaks off, when he should have added; "But he was so unfortunate as to forget my Advice." As he is reasoning with himself, *Antilochus* comes in, which makes him leave the Sense imperfect. *Eustathius.*

IV.

VERSE 15. *Fulfil'd is that Decree?*

Slain is the Warrior? and Patroclus be!

It may be objected, that *Achilles* seems to contradict what had been said in the foregoing Book, that *Thetis* conceal'd from her Son the Death of *Patroclus* in her Prediction. Whereas here he says, that she had foretold he should lose the bravest of the *Thessalians*. There is nothing in this but what is natural and common among Mankind: And it is still more agreeable to the hasty and inconsiderate Temper of *Achilles*, not to have made that Reflection till it was too late. Prophecies are only Marks of divine Pre-science, not Warnings to prevent human Misfortunes; for if they were, they must hinder their own Accomplishment.

V.

VERSE 21. *Sad Tydings, Son of Peleus!*

This Speech of *Antilochus* ought to serve as a Model for the Brevity with which so dreadful a piece of News ought to be deliver'd; for in two Verses it comprehends the

the whole Affair, the Death of *Patroclus*, the Person that kill'd him, the Contest for his Body, and his Arms in the Possession of the Enemy. Besides, it shou'd be observ'd that Grief has so crowded his Words, that in these two Verses he leaves the Verb ἀμφιμάχονται, they fight, without its Nominative, the Greeks or *Trojans*. Homer observes this Brevity upon all the like Occasions. The Greek Tragic Poets have not always imitated this Discretion. In great Distresses there is nothing more ridiculous than a Messenger who begins a long Story with pathetic Descriptions; he speaks without being heard; for the Person to whom he addresses himself has no time to attend him: The first Word, which discovers to him his Misfortune, has made him deaf to all the rest. *Eustathius.*

VI.

VERSE 25. *A sudden Horrour, &c.]* A modern French Writer has drawn a Parallel of the Conduct of Homer and *Virgil*, in relation to the Deaths of *Patroclus* and of *Pallas*. The latter is kill'd by *Turnus*, as the former by *Hector*; *Turnus* triumphs in the Spoils of the one, as *Hector* is clad in the Arms of the other; *Æneas* revenges the Death of *Pallas* by that of *Turnus*, as *Achilles* the Death of *Patroclus* by that of *Hector*. The Grief of *Achilles* in Homer on the score of *Patroclus*, is much greater than that of *Æneas* in *Virgil*, for the sake of *Pallas*. *Achilles* gives himself up to Despair with a Weakness which *Plato* could not pardon in him, and which can only be excus'd on account of the long and close Friendship between 'em: That of *Æneas* is more discreet, and seems more worthy of a Hero. It was not possible that *Æneas* could be so deeply interested for any Man, as *Achilles* was interested for *Patroclus*: For *Virgil* had no Colour to kill *Ascanius*, who was little more than a Child; besides, that his Hero's Interest in the War of *Italy* was great enough of itself, not to need to be animated by so touching a Concern as the fear of losing his Son. On the other hand, *Achilles* having but very little personal Concern in the War of

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Troy (as he had told *Agamemnon* in the beginning of the Poem) and knowing, besides, that he was to perish there, required some very pressing Motive to engage him to persist in it, after such Disgusts and Insults as he had received. It was this which made it necessary for these two great Poets to treat a Subject so much in their own Nature alike, in a manner so different. But as *Virgil* found it admirable in *Homer*, he was willing to approach it, as near as the Oeconomy of his Work would permit.

VII.

VERSE 27. *Cast on the Ground, &c.]* This is a fine Picture of the Grief of *Achilles*: We see on the one hand, the Posture in which the Hero receives the News of his Friend's Death; he falls upon the Ground, he rends his Hair, he snatches the Ashes and casts them on his Head, according to the manner of those Times; (but what much enlivens it in this place, is his sprinkling Embers instead of Ashes in the Violence of his Passion.) On the other side, the Captives are running from their Tents, ranging themselves about him, and answering to his Groans: Beside him stands *Antilochus*, fetching deep Sighs, and hanging on the Arms of the Hero, for fear his Despair and Rage should cause some desperate Attempt upon his own Life: There is no Painter but will be touch'd with this Image.

VIII.

VERSE 33. *The Virgin Captives.]* The captive Maids lamented either in Pity for their Lord, or in Gratitude to the Memory of *Patroclus*, who was remarkable for his Goodness and Affability; or under these Pretences mourn'd for their own Misfortunes and Slavery. *Eustathius.*

IX.

IX.

VERSE 75. *Like some fair Plant, beneath my careful Hand.]* This Passage, where the Mother compares her Son to a tender Plant, rais'd and preserv'd with Care; has a most remarkable Resemblance to that in the Psalms, *Thy Children like Branches of Olive Trees round thy Table.* Psal. 127.

X.

VERSE 100, 125. *The two Speeches of Achilles to Thetis.]* It is not possible to imagine more lively and beautiful Strokes of Nature and Passion, than those which our Author ascribes to *Achilles* throughout these admirable Speeches. They contain all, that the truest Friend, the most tender Son; and the most generous Hero, could think or express in this delicate and affecting Circumstance. He shews his Excess of Love to his Mother, by wishing he had never been born or known to the World, rather than she should have endur'd so many Sufferings on his account: He shews no less Love for his Friend, in resolving to revenge his Death upon *Hector*, tho' his own would immediately follow. We see him here ready to meet his Fate for the sake of his Friend, and in the *Odyssēis* we find him wishing to live again only to maintain his Father's Honour against his Enemies: Thus he values neither Life nor Death, but as they conduce to the Good of his Friend and Parents, or the Increase of his Glory.

After having calmly consider'd the present State of his Life, he deliberately embraces his approaching Fate; and comforts himself under it, by a Reflection on those great Men, whom neither their illustrious Actions, nor their Affinity to Heaven, could save from the general Doom. A Thought very natural to him, whose Businesse it was in Peace to sing their Praises, and in War to imitate their Actions. *Achilles*, like a Man passionate of Glory, takes none but the finest Models; he thinks of *Hercules*, who was the

Son

Son of Jupiter, and who had fill'd the Universe with the Noise of his immortal Actions: These are the Sentiments of a real Hero. *Eustathius.*

XI.

V E R S E 137. *Let me—But oh ye gracious Powers &c.]* Achilles's Words are these; “ Now since I am never to return home, and since I lie here an useless Person, losing my best Friend, and exposing the Greeks to so many Dangers by my own Folly ; I who am superior to them all in Battel—Here he breaks off, and says—May Contention perish everlastingly, &c. Achilles leaves the Sentence thus suspended, either because in his Heat he had forgot what he was speaking of, or because he did not know how to end it; for he should have said,—“ Since I have done all this, I'll perish to revenge him :” Nothing can be finer than this sudden Execration against Discord and Revenge, which breaks from the Hero in the deep Sense of the Miseries those Passions had occasion'd him.

Achilles could not be ignorant that he was superior to others in Battel; and it was therefore no Fault in him to say so. But he is so ingenuous as to give himself no farther Commendation than what he undoubtedly merited; confessing at the same time, that many exceeded him in Speaking: Unless one may take this as said in contempt of Oration, not unlike that of Virgil,

Orabunt caussas melius—&c.

XII.

V E R S E 153. *Let me this instant.]* I shall have time enough for inglorious Rest when I am in the Grave, but now I must act like a living Hero: I shall indeed lie down in Death, but at the same time rise higher in Glory. *Eustathius.*

XIII.

XIII.

VERSE 162. *That all shall know, Achilles.]* There is a great Stress on ὅποι and εἴη. They shall soon find that their Victories have been owing to the long Absence of a Hero, and that Hero Achilles. Upon which the Ancients have observ'd, that since Achilles's Anger there past in reality but a few Days: To which it may be reply'd, that so short a Time as this might well seem long to Achilles, who thought all unactive Hours tedious and insupportable; and if the Poet himself had said that Achilles was long absent, he had not said it because a great many Days had past, but because so great a Variety of Incidents had happen'd in that Time. *Eustathius.*

XIV.

VERSE 217.—This Promise of *Thetis* to present her Son with a new Suit of Armour, was the most artful Method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his Resolutions of fighting, which according to his violent Manners, he must have done: Therefore the Interposition of *Thetis* here was absolutely necessary; it was *Dignus vindice nodus.*

XV.

VERSE 219. *Who sends thee Goddess, &c.]* Achilles is amazed, that a Moment after the Goddess his Mother had forbid him fighting, he shou'd receive a contrary Order from the Gods: Therefore he asks what God sent her? *Dacier.*

XVI.

VERSE 226. *Arms I have none.]* It is here objected against Homer, that since *Patroclus* took Achilles' Armour, Achilles could not want Arms while he had those of *Patroclus*; but

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(besides that *Patroclus* might have given his Armour to his Squire *Automedon*, the better to deceive the *Trojans* by making them take *Automedon* for *Patroclus*, as they took *Patroclus* for *Achilles*) this Objection may be very solidly answer'd by saying that *Homer* has prevented it, since he made *Achilles's* Armour fit *Patroclus's* Body not without a Miracle, which the Gods wrought in his Favour. Furthermore, it does not follow that because the Armour of a large Man fits one that is smaller, the Armour of a little Man shou'd fit one that is larger. *Eustathius.*

XVII.

VERSE 230. *Except the mighty Telamonian Shield.] Achilles* seems not to have been of so large a Stature as *Ajax*: Yet his Shield 'tis likely might be fit enough for him, because his great Strength was sufficient to wield it. This Passage, I think, might have been made use of by the Defenders of the Shield of *Achilles* against the Criticks, to shew that *Homer* intended the Buckler of his Hero for a very large one: And one would think he put it into this place, just a little before the Description of that Shield, on purpose to obviate that Objection.

XVIII.

VERSE 236. *But as thou art, unarm'd]* A Hero so violent and so outragious as *Achilles*, and who had just lost the Man he lov'd best in the World, is not likely to refuse shewing himself to the Enemy, for the single Reason of having no Armour. Grief and Despair in a great Soul are not so prudent and reserv'd; but then on the other side, he is not to throw himself in the midst of so many Enemies arm'd and flush'd with Victory. *Homer* gets out of this nice Circumstance with great Dexterity, and gives to *Achilles's* Character every thing he ought to give it, without offending either against Reason or Probability. He judiciously feigns, that *Juno* sent this Order to *Achilles*, for *Juno* is the

the EIGHTEENTH BOOK. III

the Goddess of Royalty, who has the Care of Princes and Kings; and who inspires them with the Sense of what they owe to their Dignity and Character. *Dacier.*

XIX.

VERSE 237. *Let but Achilles o'er yon' Trench appear.]* There cannot be a greater Instance, how constantly *Homer* carry'd his whole Design in his Head, as well as with what admirable Art he raises one great Idea upon another, to the highest Sublime, than this Passage of *Achilles's* Appearance to the Army, and the Preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth Book, when the *Trojans* have the Victory, they check their Pursuit of it, in the mere Thought that *Achilles sees them*: In the sixteenth, they are put into the utmost Consternation at the sight of his Armour and Chariot: In the seventeenth, *Menelaus* and *Ajax* are in Despair, on the Consideration that *Achilles* cannot succour them for want of Armour: In the present Book, beyond all Expectation he does but shew him unarm'd, and the very Sight of him gives the Victory to *Greece*: How extremely noble is this Gradation!

XX.

VERSE 245. *The Smokes high-curling.]* For Fires in the Day appear nothing but Smoak, and in the Night Flames are visible because of the Darkness. And thus it is said in *Exodus*, That God led his People in the Day with a Pillar of Smoak, and in the Night with a Pillar of Fire. *Per Diem in Columna nubis, & per Noctem in Columna ignis.* *Dacier.*

XXI.

VERSE 247. *Seen from some Island.]* Homer makes choice of a Town placed in an Island, because such a Place being besieg'd has no other Means of making its Distress known

known than by Signals of Fire; whereas a Town upon the Continent has other Means to make known to its Neighbours the Necessity it is in. *Dacier.*

XXII.

VERSE 259. *As the loud Trumpets, &c.]* I have already observ'd, that when the Poet speaks as from himself, he may be allow'd to take his Comparisons from things which were not known before his Time. Here he borrows a Comparison from the *Trumpet*, as he has elsewhere done from *Saddle-Horses*, tho' neither one nor the other were us'd in *Greece* at the time of the *Trojan War*. *Virgil* was less exact in this respect, for he describes the *Trumper* as used in the sacking of *Troy*,

Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.

And celebrates *Misenus* as the *Trumpeter of Æneas*. But as *Virgil* wrote at a time more remote from those heroic Ages, perhaps this Liberty may be excused. But a Poet had better confine himself to Customs and Manners, like a Painter; and it is equally a Fault in either of them to ascribe to Times and Nations any thing with which they were unacquainted.

One may add an Observation to this Note of M. *Dacier*, that the *Trumper's* not being in use at that time, makes very much for *Homer's* Purpose in this Place. The Terror rais'd by the Voice of his Hero, is much the more strongly imag'd by a Sound that was unusual, and capable of striking more from its very Novelty.

XXIII.

VERSE 315. *If but the Morrow's Sun, &c.]* *Polydamas* says in the Original, "If *Achilles* comes to morrow in his *Armour*. There seems to lye an Objection against this Passage,

sage, for *Polydamas* knew that *Achilles's* Armour was won by *Hector*, he must also know that no other Man's Armour would fit him; how then could he know that new Arms were made for him that very Night? Those who are resolv'd to defend *Homer*, may answer, it was by his Skill in Prophecy; but to me, this seems to be a Slip of our Author's Memory, and one of those little *Nods* which *Horace* speaks of.

XXIV.

VERSE 333. *The Speech of Hector.*] *Hector* in this severe Answer to *Polydamas*, takes up several of his Words and turns them another way.

Polydamas had said Πρωτὶ δ' ὅπ' ἥσοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες σησόμεθ' ἀν πύρες, “ To Morrow by break of Day let us put “ on our Arms, and defend the Castles and City-Walls,” to which *Hector* replies, Πρωτὶ δ' ὅπ' ἥσοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες Νησὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῆσιν ἔτείσομεν ὁξὺν Αἴγα, “ To Morrow by break “ of Day let us put on our Arms, not to defend our selves “ at home, but to fight the Greeks before their own Ships.

Polydamas, speaking of *Achilles*, had said τῷ δ' ἄλιον αἴκ' ἐθέλησιν, Θο. “ if he comes after we are within the Walls “ of our City, 'twill be the worse for him, for he may drive “ round the City long enough before he can hurt us.” To which, *Hector* answers; “ If *Achilles* should come”Αλιον, αἴκ’ ἐθέλησι, τῷ ἕσσειαι· ἢ μιν ἔτωτε Φεύχομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο, Θο. ”Twill be “ the worse for him, as you say, because I'll fight him: ἢ μιν ἔτωτε Φεύχομαι, says *Hector*, in reply to *Polydamas*'s Saying, ὅσ κε φύῃ. But *Hector* is not so far gone in Passion or Pride, as to forget himself; and accordingly in the next Lines he modestly puts it in doubt, which of them shall conquer. *Eustathius*.

XXV.

VERSE 340. *Sunk were her Treasures, and her Stores decay'd.]* As well by reason of the Convoys, which were necessarily to be sent for with ready Money; as by reason of the great

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Allowances which were to be given to the auxiliary Troops, who came from *Phrygia* and *Mæonia*. *Hector's* Meaning is, that since all the Riches of *Troy* are exhausted, it is no longer necessary to spare themselves, or shut themselves up within their Walls. *Dacier.*

XXVI.

VERSE 349. *If there be one, &c.]* This noble and generous Proposal is worthy of *Hector*, and at the same time very artful to ingratiate himself with the Soldiers. *Eustathius* farther observes that it is said with an Eye to *Polydamas*, as accusing him of being rich, and of not opening the Advice he had given, for any other End than to preserve his great Wealth; for Riches commonly make Men Cowards, and the Desire of saving them has often occasion'd Men to give Advice very contrary to the publick Welfare.

XXVII.

VERSE 379. *In what vain Promise.]* The Lamentation of *Achilles* over the Body of *Patroclus* is exquisitely touch'd: It is Sorrow in the extreme, but the Sorrow of *Achilles*. It is nobly usher'd in by that Simile of the Grief of the Lion: An Idea which is fully answer'd in the savage and bloody Conclusion of this Speech. One would think by the Beginning of it, that *Achilles* did not know his Fate, till after his Departure from *Opantium*; and yet how does that agree with what is said of his Choice of the short and active Life, rather than the long and inglorious one? Or did not he flatter himself sometimes, that his Fate might be changed? This may be conjectur'd from several other Passages, and is indeed the most natural Solution.

XXVIII.

VERSE 404. *Cleanse the pale Corſe, &c.]* This Custom of washing the Dead, is continu'd amongst the Greeks to this Day; and 'tis a pious Duty perform'd by the dearest Friend or

or Relation, to see it wash'd and anointed with a Perfume, after which they cover it with Linen exactly in the manner here related.

XXIX.

VERSE 417. *Jupiter and Juno.*] *Virgil* has copy'd the Speech of *Juno* to *Jupiter*. *Ast ego quæ divum incedo Regina, &c.* But it is exceeding remarkable, that *Homer* should upon every Occasion make Marriage and Discord inseperable: 'Tis an unalterable Rule with him, to introduce the Husband and Wife in a Quarrel.

XXX.

VERSE 440. *Full twenty Tripods.*] Tripods were Vessels supported on three Feet, with Handles on the Sides; they were of several Kinds, and for several Uses; some were consecrated to Sacrifices, some used as Tables, some as Seats, others hung up as Ornaments on Walls of Houses or Temples; these of *Vulcan* have an Addition of Wheels, which was not usual, which intimates them to be made with Clock-work. Mons. *Dacier* has commented very well on this Passage. If *Vulcan* (says he) had made ordinary Tripods, they had not answer'd the Greatness, Power, and Skill of a God. It was therefore necessary that his Work should be above that of Men: To effect this, the Tripods were animated, and in this *Homer* doth not deviate from the Probability; for every one is fully persuaded, that a God can do things more difficult than these, and that all Matter will obey him. What has not been said of the Statues of *Dædalus*? *Plato* writes, that they walked alone, and if they had not taken care to tie them, they would have got loose, and run from their Master. If a Writer in Prose can speak hyperbolically of a Man, may not *Homer* do it much more of a God? Nay, this Circumstance with which *Homer* has embellish'd his Poem, would have had nothing too surprizing tho' these Tripods had been made by a Man; for what may not be done in Clock-work by an exact Management of Springs?

This

This Criticism is then ill grounded, and *Homer* does not deserve the Ridicule they would cast on him.

The same Author applies to this Passage of *Homer* that Rule of Aristotle, *Poetic*. Chap. 26. which deserves to be alledged at large on this Occasion.

" When a Poet is accus'd of saying any thing that is impossible; we must examine that Impossibility, either with respect to Poetry, with respect to that which is best, or with respect to common Fame. First, with regard to Poetry, The Probable Impossible ought to be preferr'd to the Possible, which bath no Verisimilitude, and which would not be believ'd; and 'tis thus that *Zeuxis* painted his Pieces. Secondly, with respect to that which is best, We see that a thing is most excellent and more wonderful this way, and that the Originals ought always to surpass. Lastly, in respect to Fame, It is prov'd that the Poet need only follow common Opinion. All that appears absurd may be also justify'd by one of these three ways; or else by the Maxim we have already laid down, that it is probable, that a great many things may happen against Probability."

A late Critick has taken notice of the Conformity of this Passage of *Homer* with that in the first Chapter of *Ezekiel*. *The Spirit of the living Creatures was in the Wheels; when those went, these went, and when those stood, these stood; and when those were lifted up, the Wheels were lifted up over against them; for the Spirit of the living Creature was in the Wheels.*

XXXI.

V E R S E 450. *A Footstool at her Feet.]* It is at this Day the usual Honour paid amongst the Greeks, to a Visiter of superior Quality, to set them higher than the rest of the Company, and put a Footstool under their Feet. See Note 25. on Book 14. This, with innumerable other Customs, are still preserv'd in the Eastern Nations.

XXXII.

XXXII.

VERSE 460. Vulcan draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your Aid.] The Story the Ancients tell, of Plato's Application of this Verse is worth observing. That great Philosopher had in his Youth a strong Inclination to Poetry, and not being satisfy'd to compose little Pieces of Gallantry and Amour, he tried his Forces in Tragedy and Epic Poetry; but the Success was not answerable to his Hopes: He compared his Performance with that of Homer, and was very sensible of the Difference. He therefore abandon'd a sort of Writing wherein at best he could only be the second, and turn'd his Views to an other, wherein he despaired not to become the first. His Anger transported him so far, as to cast all his Verses into the Fire. But while he was burning them, he could not help citing a Verse of the very Poet who had caus'd his Chagrin. It was the present Line, which Homer has put into the Mouth of *Charis*, when *Thetis* demands Arms for *Achilles*.

"Ηφαῖε πρόμολ' ὁδε, Θέτις νῦ τι σεῖο χαῖζει.

Plato only inserted his own Name instead of that of *Thetis*.

Vulcan draw near, 'tis Plato asks your Aid.

If we credit the Ancients, it was the Discontentment his own Poetry gave him, that rais'd in him all the Indignation he afterwards express'd against the Art itself. In which (say they) he behaved like those Lovers, who speak ill of the Beauties whom they cannot prevail upon. *Fraguier, Parall. de Hom. & de Platon.*

XXXIII.

VERSE 461. Thetis (*reply'd the God*) our Pow'rs may claim, &c. Vulcan throws by his Work to perform *Thetis's* Request, who had laid former Obligations upon him; the Poet in this Example

Example giving us an excellent Precept, that Gratitude should take place of all other Concerns.

The Motives which should engage a God in a new Travel in the Night-time upon a Suit of Armour for a Mortal, ought to be strong; and therefore artfully enough put upon the foot of Gratitude: Besides, they afford at the same time a noble Occasion for *Homer* to retail his Theology, which he is always very fond of.

The Allegory of *Vulcan*, or Fire (according to *Heraclides*) is this. His Father is *Jupiter*, or the *Aether*, his Mother *Juno*, or the *Air*, from whence he fell to us, whether by Lightning, or otherwise. He is said to be lame, that is, to want Support, because he cannot subsist without the continual Subsistence of Fuel. The *Aetherial* Fire, *Homer* calls *Sol* or *Jupiter*, the inferior *Vulcan*; the one wants nothing of Perfection, the other is subject to Decay, and is restor'd by Accession of Materials. *Vulcan* is said to fall from Heaven, because at first, when the Opportunity of obtaining Fire was not so frequent, Men prepared Instruments of Brass, by which they collected the Beams of the Sun; or else they gain'd it from accidental Lightning, that set fire to some combustible Matter. *Vulcan* had perish'd when he fell from Heaven unless *Thetis* and *Eury nome* had received him; that is, unless he had been preserv'd by falling into some convenient Receptacle, or subterranean Place; and so was afterwards distributed for the common Necessities of Mankind. To understand these strange Explications, it must be known, that *Thetis* is deriv'd from *τίθημι* to lay up, and *Eury nome* from *εὐρύς* and *νομή*, a wide Distribution. They are call'd Daughters of the Ocean, because the Vapours and Exhalations of the Sea forming themselves into Clouds, find Nourishment for Lightnings.

XXXIV.

VERSE 488. Two female Forms,

That mov'd and breath'd in animated Gold.]

It is very probable, that *Homer* took the Idea of these from the Statues of *Dædalus*, which might be extant in his Time.

The

the EIGHTEENTH BOOK. 119

The Ancients tell us, they were made to imitate Life, in rolling their Eyes, and in all other Motions. From whence indeed it should seem, that the Excellency of *Dædalus* consisted in what we call Clock-work, or the Management of moving Figures by Springs, rather than in Sculpture or Image-ry: And accordingly, the Fable of his fitting Wings to himself and his Son, is form'd entirely upon the Foundation of the former.

XXXV.

VERSE 518. *Robb'd of the Prize, &c.]* *Thetis* to compass her Design, recounts every thing to the Advantage of her Son; she therefore suppresses the Episode of the Embassy, the Prayers that had been made use of to move him, and all that the *Greeks* had suffer'd after the Return of the Ambassadors; and artfully puts together two very distant things, as if they had follow'd each other in the same Moment. He declin'd, says she, to succour the *Greeks*, but he sent *Patroclus*. Now between his refusing to help the *Greeks*, and his sending *Patroclus*, terrible things had fallen out; but she suppresses them, for fear of offending *Vulcan* with the recital of *Achilles's* inflexible Obduracy, and thereby create in that God an Aversion to her Son. *Eustathius.*

XXXVI.

VERSE 526. *Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the Name)* It is a Passage worth taking notice of, that *Brutus* is said to have consulted the *Sortes Homericæ*, and to have drawn one of these Lines, wherein the Death of *Patroclus* is ascribed to *Apollo*: After which, unthinkingly, he gave the Name of that God for the Word of Battel. This is remarked as an unfortunate Omen by some of the Ancients, tho' I forget where I met with it.

XXXVII.

VERSE 537. *The Father of the Fires, &c.]* The Ancients (says *Eustathius*) have largely celebrated the philosophical Mysteries

steries which they imagined to be shadowed under these Descriptions, especially *Damo* (suppos'd the Daughter of *Pythagoras*) whose Explication is as follows. *Thetis*, who receives the Arms, means the apt Order and Disposition of all things in the Creation. By the Fire and the Wind rais'd by the Bellows, are meant *Air* and *Fire* the most active of all the Elements. The Emanations of the Fire are those *golden Maids*, that waited on *Vulcan*. The circular Shield is the *World*, being of a spherical Figure. The Gold, the Brass, the Silver, and the Tin are the *Elements*: Gold is Fire, the firm Brass is Earth, the Silver is Air, and the soft Tin, Water. And thus far (say they) *Homer* speaks a little obscurely, but afterwards he names 'em expressly, ἐν μὲν γαῖαιν ἔτευξ, ἐν δ' ἐργασίαις, ἐν δὲ θαλασσαῖς, to which, for the fourth Element, you must add *Vulcan*, who makes the Shield. The extreme Circle that run round the Shield which he calls *splendid* and *threefold*, is the *Zodiack*; three-fold for its Breadth, within which all the Planets move; splendid, because the Sun passes always thro' the midst of it. The silver Handle by which the Shield is fastened at both Extremities, is the *Axis* of the World, imagin'd to pass thro' it, and upon which it turns. The five folds are those parallel Circles that divide the World, the *Polar*, the *Tropicks*, and the *Æquator*.

Heraclides Ponticus thus pursues the Allegory. *Homer* (says he) makes the working of his Shield, that is the World, to be begun by *Night*, as indeed all Matter lay undistinguish'd in an original and universal *Night*; which is called *Chaos* by the Poets.

To bring the matter of the Shield to Separation and Form, *Vulcan* presides over the Work, or as we may say, an essential *Warmth*: All things, says *Heraclitus*, being made by the *Operation of Fire*.

And because the *Architect* is at this time to give a Form and Ornament to the World he is making, it is not rashly that he is said to be married to one of the Graces.

On the broad Shield the Maker's Hand engraves
The Earth and Seas beneath, the Pole above,
The Sun unweari'd, and the circled Moon.

Thus

Thus in the Beginning of the World, he first lays the Earth as the Foundation of a Building, whose Vacancies are fill'd up with the Flowings of the Sea. Then he spreads out the Sky for a kind of divine Roof over it, and lights the Elements, now separated from their former Confusion, with the *Sun*, the *Moon*,

And all those Stars that crown the Skies with Fire:

Where, by the Word *crown*, which gives the Idea of Roundness, he again hints at the Figure of the World; and tho' he cou'd not particularly name the Stars like *Aratus* (who profess'd to write upon them) yet he has not omitted to mention the principal. From hence he passes to represent two *Allegorical Cities*, one of *Peace*, the other of *War*; *Empedocles* seems to have taken from *Homer* his Assertion, that all Things had their Original from *Strife* and *Friendship*.

All these Refinements (not to call 'em absolute Whimsies) I leave just as I found 'em, to the Reader's Judgment or Mercy.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 566. *Nor bends his blazing Forehead to the Main.]*
The Criticks have made use of this Passage, to prove that *Homer* was ignorant of Astronomy; since he believ'd, that the *Bear* was the only Constellation which never bathed itself in the Ocean, that is to say that did not set, and was always visible; for say they, this is common to other Constellations of the Artick Circle, as the lesser Bear, the Dragon, the greatest part of *Cepheus*, &c. To salve *Homer*, Aristotle answers, That he calls it the only one, to shew that 'tis the only one of those Constellations he had spoken of, or that he has put the *only*, for the *principal* or the *most known*. *Strabo* justifies this after another manner, in the Beginning of his first Book, “ Under the Name of the *Bear* and “ the *Chariot*, *Homer* comprehends all the Artick Circle; “ for there being several other Stars in that Circle which “ never set, he could not say, that the *Bear* was the only

" one which did not bath itself in the Ocean; wherefore
 " those are deceived, who accuse the Poet of Ignorance,
 " as if he knew one Bear only when there are two; for
 " the lesser was not found out in his Time. The *Phœnicians*
 " were the first who observ'd it and made use of it in
 " their Navigation; and the Figure of that Sign pass'd from
 " them to the *Greeks*: The same thing happen'd in regard
 " to the Constellation of *Berenice's Hair*, and that of *Canopus*,
 " which receiv'd those Names very lately; and as
 " *Aratus* says well, there are several other Stars which have
 " no Names. *Crates* was then in the wrong to endeavour
 " to correct this Passage, in putting ὁλὸς for ὅη, for he tries
 " to avoid that which there is no occasion to avoid. *Heraclitus*
 " did better, who put the Bear for the Artick Circle
 " as *Homer* has done. *The Bear* (says he) *is the Limit of*
the rising and setting of the Stars." Now it is the *Artic Circle*, and not the *Bear* which is that Limit. "'Tis therefore
 " evident, that by the Word *Bear*, which he calls the *Wagon*, and which he says observes *Orion*, he understands the
 " Artick Circle; that by the Ocean he means the Horizon
 " where the Stars rise and set; and by those Words, *which turns in the same place, and doth not bath itself in the Ocean*,
 " he shews that the Artick Circle is the most Northern Part
 " of the Horizon, &c. *Dacier on Arift.*

Mons. *Teraffon* combates this Passage with great Warmth. But it will be a sufficient Vindication of our Author to say, that some other Constellations, which are likewise perpetually above the Horizon in the Latitude where *Homer* writ, were not at that time discovered; and that whether *Homer* knew that the Bear's not setting was occasion'd by the Latitude, and that in a smaller Latitude it would set, is of no consequence; for if he had known it, it was still more poetical not to take notice of it.

XXXIX.

VERSE 467. *Two Cities, &c.]* In one of these Cities are represented all the Advantages of *Peace*: And it was impossible

possible to have chosen two better Emblems of Peace, than *Marriages* and *Justice*. 'Tis said this City was *Athens*, for Marriages were first instituted there by *Cecrops*; and Judgment upon Murder was first founded there. The ancient State of *Attica* seems represented in the neighbouring Fields, where the Ploughers and Reapers are at work, and a King is overlooking them; for *Triptolemus* who reigned there, was the first who sowed Corn: This was the Imagination of *Agallias Cercyreus*, as we find him cited by *Eustathius*.

XL.

VERSE 579. *The Fine discharg'd.]* Murder was not always punish'd with Death, or so much as Banishment; but when some Fine was paid, the Criminal was suffer'd to remain in the City. So *Iliad 9.*

———Καὶ μὲν τίς τε καστιγνήτοιο Φόνοιο
Ποιηῆν, ἢ οὐ παιδὸς ἐδεξαλο τεθνειῶτος.
Καὶ β' ὁ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μένει αὐτῷ πόλλ' ἀποίσας.

—*If a Brother bleed,
On just Atonement, we remit the Deed;
A Sire the Slaughter of his Son forgives,
The Price of Blood discharg'd, the Murd'rer lives.*

XLI.

VERSE 590. *The Prize of him who best adjudg'd the Right.]* *Eustathius* informs us, that it was anciently the Custom to have a Reward given to that Judge who pronounced the best Sentence. *M. Dacier* opposes this Authority, and will have it, that this Reward was given to the Person who upon the Decision of the Suit appear'd to have the justest Cause. The Difference between these two Customs, in the Reason of the thing, is very great: For the one must have been an Encouragement to Justice, the other a Provocation to Dissension.

sion. It were to be wanting in a due Reverence to the Wisdom of the Ancients, and of *Homer* in particular, not to chuse the former Sense: And I have the Honour to be confirmed in this Opinion, by the ablest Judge, as well as the best Practiser, of Equity, my Lord *Harcourt*, at whose Seat I translated this Book.

XLII.

VERSE 591. *Another Part (a Prospect diff'rent far, &c.)*] The same *Agallias*, cited above, would have this City in War to be meant of *Eleusina*, but upon very slight Reasons. What is wonderful is, that all the Accidents and Events of *War* are set before our Eyes in this short Compas. The several Scenes are excellently dispos'd to represent the whole Affair. Here is in the space of thirty Lines a Siege, a Sally, an Ambush, the Surprize of a Convoy, and a Battel; with scarce a single Circumstance proper to any of these, omitted.

XLIII.

VERSE 627. *A Field deep-furrow'd, &c.)* Here begin the Descriptions of rural Life, in which *Homer* appears as great a Master as in the great and terrible Parts of Poetry. One wou'd think, he did this on purpose to rival his Contemporary *Hesiod*, on those very Subjects to which his Genius was particularly bent. Upon this Occasion, I must take notice of that Greek Poem, which is commonly ascribed to *Hesiod* under the Title of Ἀσπὶς Ἡρακλέος. Some of the Ancients mention such a Work as *Hesiod's*, but that amounts to no Proof that this is the same: Which indeed is not an express Poem upon the Shield of *Hercules*, but Fragment of the Story of that Hero. What regards the Shield is a manifest Copy from this of *Achilles*; and consequently it is not of *Hesiod*. For if he was not more Ancient, he was at least Contemporary with *Homer*: And neither of them could be supposed to borrow so shamelessly from the other, not only the Plan of entire Descriptions, (as those

those of the Marriage, the Harvest, the Vineyard, the Ocean round the Margin, &c.) but also whole Verses together: Those of the *Parca* in the Battel, are repeated Word for Word,

—ἐν δ' ὀλοῇ Κῆρε,
 "Αλλον ζωὸν ἔχοσα νεετάλον, ἄλλον ἄχιλον,
 "Αλλον τεθυειῶτα καὶ μόθον ἔλκε ποδοῖν.
 Εἶμα δ' ἔχ' ἀμφ' ὥμοιοι δαφοίνεον αἴματι φωτῶν.

And indeed half the Poem is but a sort of *Cento* compos'd out of *Homer's* Verses. The Reader needs only cast an Eye on these two Descriptions, to see the vast Difference of the Original and the Copy; and I dare say he will readily agree with the Sentiment of Monsieur *Dacier*, in applying to them that famous Verse of *Sannazarius*,

Illum hominem dices, hunc posuisse Deum.

XLIV.

VERSE id.] I ought not to forget the many apparent Allusions to the Descriptions on this Shield, which are to be found in those Pictures of Peace and War, the City and Countrey, in the eleventh Book of *Milton*: Who was doubtless fond of any Occasion to shew, how much he was charm'd with the Beauty of all these lively Images. He makes his Angel paint those Objects which he shews to *Adam*, in the Colours, and almost the very Strokes of *Homer*. Such is that Passage of the Harvest-field,

*His Eye he open'd, and beheld a Field
 Part Arable and Tith, whereon were Sheaves
 New-reap'd; the other Part Sheep-walks and Folds.
 In midst an Altar, as the Landmark, stood,
 Rustic, of grassy sord, &c.*

That of the Marriages,

*They light the nuptial Torch, and bid invoke
 Hymen (then first to marriage Rites invok'd)
 With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.*

K k

But

But more particularly, the following Lines are in a manner a Translation of our Author.

One way, a Band select from Forage drives
 A Herd of Beeves, fair Oxen, and fair Kine
 From a fat Meadow-ground; or fleecy Flock,
 Ewes and their bleating Lambs, across the Plain,
 Their Booty: Scarce with Life the Shepherds fly,
 But call in Aid, which makes a bloody Fray,
 With cruel Tournament the Squadrons join
 Where Cattel pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
 With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguin'd Field
 Deserted.—Others to a City strong
 Lay siege, encamp'd; by Battery, Scale, and Mine
 Assaulting; others from the Wall defend
 With Dart and Javlin, Stones, and sulph'rous Fire:
 On each hand Slaughter and gigantic Deeds.

In other part, the scepter'd Heralds call
 To Council in the City Gates: anon
 Grey-bearded Men and grave, with Warriors mixt,
 Assemble, and Harangues are heard—

XLV.

VERSE 645. *The rustic Monarch of the Field.*] Dacier takes this to be a piece of Ground given to a Hero in reward of his Services. It was in no respect unworthy such a Person, in those Days, to see his Harvest got in, and to overlook his Reapers: It is very conformable to the Manners of the ancient Patriarchs, such as they are describ'd to us in the Holy Scriptures.

XLVI.

VERSE 662. *The Fate of Linus.*] There are two Interpretations of this Verse in the Original: That which I have chosen is confirm'd by the Testimony of *Herodotus lib. 2.* and *Pausanias*.

Pausanias, Boëoticis. Linus was the most ancient Name in Poetry, the first upon Record who invented Verse and Measure among the Grecians: He past for the Son of Apollo or Mercury, and was Praeceptor to Hercules, Thamyris, and Orpheus. There was a solemn Custom among the Greeks of bewailing annually the Death of their first Poet: *Pausanias* informs us, that before the yearly Sacrifice to the Muses on Mount Helicon, the Obsequies of Linus were perform'd, who had a Statue and Altar erected to him, in that Place. Homer alludes to that Custom in this Passage, and was doubtless fond of paying this Respect to the old Father of Poetry. Virgil has done the same in that Fine Celebration of him, *Eclog. 6.*

*Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus affurrexit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi, divino carmine, pastor
(Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro)
Dixerit—&c.*

And again in the fourth Eclog.

*Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus; huic Mater, quamvis atq; huic Pater adsit,
Orpheo Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.*

XLVII.

VERSE 681. *A figur'd Dance.]* There were two sorts of Dances, the Pyrrhick, and the common Dance: Homer has joyn'd both in this Description. We see the Pyrrhick, or Military, is perform'd by the Youths who have Swords on, the other by the Virgins crown'd with Garlands.

Here the ancient Scholiasts say, that whereas before it was the Custom for Men and Women to dance separately, the contrary Practice was afterwards brought in, by seven Youths, and as many Virgins, who were sav'd by Theseus from the Labyrinth; and that this Dance was taught them by Dædalus:

To

To which Homer here alludes. See *Dion. Halic. Hist.* l. 7.
c. 68.

It is worth observing that the *Grecian Dance* is still perform'd in this manner in the *Oriental Nations*: The Youths and Maids dance in a Ring, beginning slowly; by Degrees the Mu-sick plays a quicker time, till at last they dance with the utmost Swiftneſſ: And towards the Conclusion, they ſing (as it is ſaid here) in a general Chorus.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SHIELD of ACHILLES.

THE Poet intending to shew in its full Lustre; his Genius for Description, makes choice of this Interval from Action and the Leisure of the Night, to display that Talent at large in the famous Buckler of *Achilles*. His Intention was no less, than to draw the Picture of the whole World in the Compas of this Shield. We first see the Universe in general; the Heavens are spread, the Stars are hung up, the Earth is stretched forth, the Seas are pour'd round: We next see the World in a nearer and more particular view; the Cities, delightful in Peace, or formidable in War; the Labours of the Countrey, and the Fruit of those Labours, in the Harvests and the Vintages; the Pastoral Life in its Pleasures and its Dangers: In a word, all the Occupations, all the Ambitions, and all the Diversions of Mankind. This noble and comprehensive Design he has executed in a manner that challeng'd the Admiration of all the Ancients: And how right an Idea they had of this grand Design, may be judg'd from that Verse of *Ovid, Met. 13.* where he calls it

—*Clypeus vasti cœlatus imagine mundi.*

It is indeed astonishing how, after this the Arrogance of some Moderns could unfortunately chuse the noblest Part of the noblest Poet for the Object of their blind Criticisms.

I design to give the Reader the Sum of what has been said on this Subject. First, a Reply to the loose and scatter'd Objections of the Criticks, by M. *Dacier*: Then the regular Plan and Distribution of the Shield, by Mons. *Boivin*: And lastly, I shall attempt what has not yet been done, to consider it as a Work of Painting, and prove it in all respects conformable to the most just Ideas and establish'd Rules of that Art.

I.

It is the Fate (says M. *Dacier*) of these Arms of *Achilles*, to be still the Occasion of Quarrels and Disputes. *Julius Scaliger* was the first who appear'd against this Part, and was follow'd by a whole Herd. These object in the first place, that 'tis impossible to represent the Movement of the Figures; and in condemning the manner, they take the Liberty to condemn also the Subject, which they say is trivial, and not well understood. 'Tis certain that *Homer* speaks of the Figures on this Buckler, as if they were alive: And some of the Ancients taking his Expressions to the Strictness of the Letter, did really believe that they had all sorts of Motion. *Eustathius* shewed the Absurdity of that Sentiment by a Passage of *Homer* himself, " That Poet, says he, to " shew that his Figures are not animated, as some have pre- " tended by an excessive Affection for the Prodigious, took " care to say that they moved and fought, as if they were li- " ving Men." The Ancients certainly founded this ridiculous Opinion on a Rule of *Aristotle*: For they thought the Poet could not make his Description more admirable and marvellous, than in making his Figures animated, since (as *Aristotle* says) the Original should always excel the Copy. That Shield is the Work of a God: 'Tis the Original, of which the Engraving and Painting of Men is but an imperfect Copy; and there is nothing impossible to the Gods. But they did not perceive, that by this *Homer* would have fallen

fallen into an extravagant Admirable which would not have been probable. Therefore, 'tis without any Necessity *Eustathius* adds, " That 'tis possible all those Figures did not " stick close to the Shield, but that they were detach'd " from it, and mov'd by Springs, in such a manner that " they appear'd to have Motion; as *Aeschylus* has feign'd " something like it, in his *seven Captains against Thebes*." But without having recourse to that Conjecture, we can shew that there is nothing more simple and natural than the Description of that Shield, and there is not one Word which *Homer* might not have said of it, if it had been the Work of a Man; for there is a great deal of difference between the Work itself, and the Description of it.

Let us examine the Particulars for which they blame *Homer*. They say he describes two Towns on his Shield which speak different Languages. 'Tis the Latin Translation, and not *Homer*, that says so; the Word *μεγόπων*, is a common Epithet of Men, and which signifies only, that they have an articulate Voice. These Towns could not speak different Languages, since, as the Ancients have remarked, they were *Athens* and *Eleusina*, both which spake the same Language. But tho' that Epithet should signify, which spake different Languages, there would be nothing very surprizing; for *Virgil* said what *Homer* it seems must not:

*Victæ longo ordine gentes,
Quam variae linguis.—*

AEn. 8.

If a Painter should put into a Picture one Town of *France* and another of *Flanders*, might not one say they were two Towns which spake different Languages?

Homer (they tell us) says in another place, that we hear the Harangues of two Pledgers. This is an unfair Exaggeration: He only says, Two Men pleaded, that is, were represented pleading. Was not the same said by *Pliny* of *Nicomachus*, that he had painted two Greeks, which spake one after another? Can we express ourselves otherwise of these two Arts, which tho' they are mute, yet have a Language?

Or

Or in explaining a Painting of *Raphael* or *Poussin*, can we prevent animating the Figures, in making them speak conformably to the Design of the Painter? But how could the Engraver represent those young Shepherds and Virgins that dance first in a Ring, and then in Sets? Or those Troops which were in Ambuscade? This would be difficult indeed if the Workman had not the Liberty to make his Persons appear in different Circumstances. All the Objections against the young Man who sings at the same time that he plays on the Harp, the Bull that roars whilst he is devoted by a Lion, and against the musical Consorts, are childish; for we can never speak of Painting if we banish those Expressions. Pliny says of *Apelles*, that he painted *Clytus* on Horseback going to Battel, and demanding his Helmet of his Squire: Of *Aristides*, that he drew a Beggar whom we could almost understand, *pene cum voce*: Of *Ctesilochus*, that he had painted *Jupiter* bringing forth *Bacchus*, and crying out like a Woman, *& muliebriter ingemiscerentem*: And of *Nicearchus*, that he had drawn a Piece, in which *Hercules* was seen very melancholy for having been a Fool, *Herculem tristem, Insanie pœnitentiâ*. No one sure will condemn those ways of Expression which are so common. The same Author has said much more of *Apelles*, he tells us, he painted those things which could not be painted, as Thunder; *Pinxit quæ pingi non possunt*: And of *Timanthus*, that in all his Works there was something more understood than was seen; and tho' there was all the Art imaginable, yet there was still more Ingenuity than Art: *Atque in omnibus ejus operibus, intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur; & cum Ars summa sit, Ingenium tamen ultra Artem est.* If we take the pains to compare these Expressions with those of *Homer*, we shall find him altogether excusable in his Manner of describing the Buckler.

We come now to the Matter. If this Shield (says a modern Critick) had been made in a wiser Age, it would have been more correct and less charg'd with Objects. There are two things which cause the Censurers to fall into this false Criticism: The first is, that they think the Shield was no broader than the brims of a Hat, whereas it was large enough

to

to cover a whole Man. The other is, that they did not know the Design of the Poet, and imagined this Description was only the Whimsy of an irregular Wit, who did it by chance, and not following Nature; for they never so much as enter'd into the Intention of the Poet, nor knew the Shield was design'd as a Representation of the Universe.

'Tis happy that *Virgil* has made a Buckler for *Aeneas*, as well as *Homer* for *Achilles*. The Latin Poet, who imitated the Greek one, always took care to accommodate those things which Time had chang'd, so as to render them agreeable to the Palate of his Readers; yet he hath not only charg'd his Shield with a great deal more Work, since he paints all the Actions of the *Romans* from *Ascanius* to *Augustus*; but has not avoided any of those manners of Expression which offend the Criticks. We see there the Wolf of *Romulus* and *Remus*, who gives them her Dugs one after another, *Mulcere alternos, & Corpora fingere Lingua*: The Rape of the *Sabines* and the War which follow'd it, *subitoque novum consurgere Bellum*: *Metius* torn by four Horses, and *Tullus* who draws his Entrails thro' the Forest: *Porsenna* commanding the *Romans* to receive *Tarquin*, and besieging *Rome*: The Geese flying to the Porches of the Capitol, and giving notice by their *Cries* of the Attack of the *Gauls*.

*Atq; bic auratis volitans argenteus Anser,
Porticibus, Gallos in Limine adesse canebat.*

We see the *Salian* Dance, Hell, and the Pains of the Damn'd; and farther off, the Place of the Blessed, where *Cato* presides: We see the famous Battel of *Actium*, where we may distinguish the Captains: *Agrippa* with the Gods, and the Winds favourable; and *Anthony* leading on all the Forces of the *East*, *Egypt*, and the *Bactrians*: The Fight begins, The Sea is red with Blood, *Cleopatra* gives the Signal for a Retreat, and calls her Troops with a *Systrum*. *Patrio vocat agmina Systro*. The Gods, or rather the Monsters of *Egypt*, fight against *Neptune*, *Venus*, *Minerva*, *Mars* and *Apollo*: We see *Anthony's* Fleet beaten, and the *Nile* sorrowfully open-

ing his Bosom to receive the Conquer'd: *Cleopatra* looks pale and almost dead at the Thought of that Death she had already determined; nay we see the very Wind *Iapis*, which hastens her Flight: We see the three Triumphs of *Augustus*; that Prince consecrates three hundred Temples, the Altars are fill'd with Ladies offering up Sacrifices, *Augustus* sitting at the Entrance of *Apollo's* Temple, receives Presents, and hangs them on the Pillars of the Temple; while all the conquer'd Nations pass by, who speak different Languages, and are differently equipp'd and arm'd.

—*Incedunt victæ longo ordine Gentes,
Quam varia Linguis, habitu tum vestis & armis.*

Nothing can better justify *Homer*, or shew the Wisdom and Judgment of *Virgil*: He was charm'd with *Achilles's* Shield, and therefore would give the same Ornament to his Poem. But as *Homer* had painted the Universe, he was sensible that nothing remain'd for him to do; he had no other way to take than that of Prophecy, and shew what the Descendant of his Hero should perform; and he was not afraid to go beyond *Homer*, because there is nothing improbable in the Hands of a God. If the Criticks say, that this is justifying one Fault by another; I desire they would agree among themselves; for *Scaliger*, who was the first that condemn'd *Homer's* Shield, admires *Virgil's*; but suppose they should agree, 'twould be foolish to endeavour to persuade us, that what *Homer* and *Virgil* have done by the Approbation of all Ages, is not good; and to make us think that their particular Taste should prevail over that of all other Men. Nothing is more ridiculous than to trouble one's self to answer Men, who shew so little Reason in their Criticisms, that we can do them no greater Favour, than to ascribe it to their Ignorance.

Thus far the Objections are answer'd by Mons. *Dacier*. Since when, some others have been started, as that the Objects represented on the Buckler have no reference to the Poem, no Agreement with *Thetis* who procur'd it, *Vulcan* who made it, or *Achilles* for whom it was made.

To

To this it is reply'd, that the Representation of the Sea was agreeable enough to *Thetis*; that the Spheres and celestial Fires were so to *Vulcan*; (tho' the truth is, any piece of Workmanship was equally fit to come from the Hands of this God) and that the Images of a Town besieг'd, a Battel, and an Ambuscade, were Objects sufficiently proper for *Achilles*. But after all, where was the Necessity that they should be so? They had at least been as fit for one Hero as for another; and *Æneas*, as *Virgil* tells us, knew not what to make of the Figures on his Shield.

Rerumque Ignarus, imagine gaudet.

II.

But still the main Objection, and that in which the Vanity of the Moderns has triumph'd the most, is, that the Shield is crowded with such a Multiplicity of Figures, as could not possibly be represented in the Compass of it. The late Dissertation of Mons^r. *Boivin* has put an end to this Cavil, and the Reader will have the Pleasure to be convinced of it by ocular Demonstration, in the Print annexed.

This Author supposes the Buckler to have been perfectly round: He divides the convex Surface into four concentrick Circles.

The Circle next the Center contains the Globe of the Earth and the Sea, in miniature; He gives this Circle the Dimension of three Inches.

The second Circle is allotted for the Heavens and the Stars: He allows the Space of ten Inches between this, and the former Circle.

The third shall be eight Inches distant from the second. The Space between these two Circles shall be divided into twelve Compartiments, each of which makes a Picture of ten or eleven Inches deep.

The fourth Circle makes the Margin of the Buckler: And the Interval between this and the former, being of three Inches, is sufficient to represent the Waves and Currents of the Ocean.

All

All these together make but four Foot in the whole in Diameter. The Print of these Circles and Divisions will serve to prove, that the Figures will neither be crowded nor confused, if disposed in the proper Place and Order.

As to the Size and Figure of the Shield, it is evident from the Poets, that in the time of the *Trojan War* there were Shields of an extraordinary Magnitude. The Buckler of *Ajax* is often compar'd by *Homer* to a Tower, and in the sixth *Iliad* that of *Hector* is described to cover him from the Shoulders to the Ankles.

Ἄμφι δὲ οἱ σφυρὰ τύπει καὶ αὐχένα δέρμα κελαῖνον

Ἄντες τὴν πυράτη θέεν ἀσπίδος ὄμφαλοέσσης. V. 117.

In the second Verse of the Description of this Buckler of *Achilles*, it is said that *Vulcan* cast round it a radiant Circle.

Περὶ δὲ ἄντεια βάλλε φαεινήν. V. 479.

Which proves the Figure to have been round. But if it be alledg'd that ἄντεια as well signifies *oval* as *circular*, it may be answer'd, that the circular Figure better agrees to the Spheres represented in the Center, and to the Course of the Ocean at the Circumference.

We may very well allow four Foot Diameter to this Buckler: As one may suppose a larger Size would have been too unwieldy, so a less would not have been sufficient to cover the Breast and Arm of a Man of a Stature so large as *Achilles*.

In allowing four Foot Diameter to the whole each of the twelve Compartments may be of ten or eleven Inches in Depth, which will be enough to contain, without any Confusion, all the Objects which *Homer* mentions. Indeed in this Print, each Compartment being but of one Inch, the principal Figures only are represented; but the Reader may easily imagine the Advantage of nine or ten Inches more. However, if the Criticks are not yet satisfy'd there is room enough, it is but taking in the literal Sense the Words πάντοσε δαιδάλων, with which *Homer* begins his Descri-

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Description, and the Buckler may be suppos'd engraven on both Sides, which Supposition will double the Size of each Piece: The one side may serve for the general Description of Heaven and Earth, and the other for all the Particulars.

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It

III.

IT having been now shewn, that the Shield of *Homer* is blameless as to its Design and Disposition, and that the Subject (so extensive as it is) may be contracted within the due Limits; not being one vast unproportion'd Heap of Figures, but divided into twelve regular Compartiments. What remains, is to consider this Piece as a complete *Idea of Painting*, and a Sketch for what one may call an *universal Picture*. This is certainly the Light in which it is chiefly to be admired, and in which alone the Criticks have neglected to place it.

There is reason to believe that *Homer* did in this, as he has done in other Arts; (even in Mechanicks) that is, comprehend whatever was known of it in his Time; if not (as is highly probable) from thence extend his Ideas yet farther, and give a more enlarged Notion of it. Accordingly it is very observable, that there is scarce a Species or Branch of this Art which is not here to be found, whether History, Battel-Painting, Landskip, Architecture, Fruits, Flowers, Animals, &c.

I think it possible that Painting was arrived to a greater Degree of Perfection, even at that early Period, than is generally supposed by those who have written upon it. *Pliny* expressly says, that it was not known in the time of the Trojan War. The same Author, and others, represent it in a very imperfect State in *Greece*, in, or near the Days of *Homer*. They tell us of one Painter, that he was the first who begun to shadow; and of another, that he fill'd his Outlines only with a single Colour, and that laid on every where alike: But we may have a higher Notion of the Art, from those Descriptions of Statues, Carvings, Tapestry's, Sculptures upon Armour, and Ornaments of all kinds, which every where occur in our Author; as well as from what he says of their Beauty, the Relievo, and their Emulation of Life itself. If we consider how much it is his constant Practice to confine himself to the Custom of the Times whereof he writ, it will be hard to doubt but that Painting and Sculpture must have been then in great Practice and Repute.

The

The Shield is not only describ'd as a Piece of Sculpture but of Painting; the Outlines may be suppos'd engraved, and the rest enamel'd, or inlaid with various-colour'd Metals. The Variety of Colours is plainly distinguish'd by *Homer*, where he speaks of the *Blackness* of the new-open'd Earth, of the several Colours of the Grapes and Vines; and in other Places. The different Metals that *Vulcan* is feign'd to cast into the Furnace, were sufficient to afford all the necessary Colours: But if to those which are natural to the Metals, we add also those which they are capable of receiving from the Operation of Fire, we shall find, that *Vulcan* had as great a Variety of Colours to make use of as any modern Painter. That Enamelling, or fixing Colours by Fire, was practised very anciently, may be conjectur'd from what *Diodorus* reports of one of the Walls of *Babylon*, built by *Semiramis*, that the Bricks of it were painted before they were burn'd, so as to represent all sorts of Animals. lib. 2. chap. 4. Now it is but natural to infer, that Men had made use of ordinary Colours for the Representation of Objects, before they learnt to represent them by such as are given by the Operation of Fire; one being much more easy and obvious than the other, and that sort of Painting by means of Fire being but an Imitation of the Painting with a Pencil and Colours. The same Inference will be farther enforc'd from the Works of Tapestry, which the Women of those Times interweaved with many Colours; as appears from the Description of that Veil which *Hecuba* offers to *Minerva* in the sixth *Iliad*, and from a Passage in the twenty second where *Andromache* is represented working Flowers in a Piece of this kind. They must certainly have known the Use of the Colours themselves for Painting, before they could think of dying Threads with those Colours, and weaving those Threads close to one another, in order only to a more laborious Imitation of a thing so much more easily perform'd by a Pencil. This Observation I owe to the *Abbè Fraguier*.

It may indeed be thought, that a Genius so vast and comprehensive as that of *Homer* might carry his Views beyond the rest of Mankind, and that in this Buckler of *Achilles* he rather design'd to give a Scheme of what might be perform'd,

form'd, than a Description of what really was so: And since he made a God the Artist, he might excuse himself from a strict Confinement to what was known and practised in the Time of the *Trojan War*. Let this be as it will, it is certain that he had, whether by Learning, or by Strength of Genius, (tho' the latter be more glorious for *Homer*) a full and exact Idea of Painting in all its Parts; that is to say, in the *Invention*, the *Composition*, the *Expression*, &c.

The *Invention* is shewn in finding and introducing, in every Subject, the *greatest*, the most *significant*, and most *suitable* Objects. Accordingly in every single Picture of the Shield, *Homer* constantly finds out either those Objects which are naturally the Principal, those which most conduce to shew the Subject, or those which set it in the liveliest and most agreeable Light: These he never fails to dispose in the most advantagious Manners, Situations, and Oppositions.

Next, we find all his Figures differently *characterized*, in their Expressions and Attitudes, according to their several Natures: The Gods (for instance) are distinguish'd in Air, Habit, and Proportion, from Men, in the fourth Picture; Masters from Servants, in the eighth; and so of the rest.

Nothing is more wonderful than his exact Observation of the *Contrast*, not only between Figure and Figure, but between Subject and Subject. The City in Peace is a Contrast to the City in War: Between the Siege in the fourth Picture, and the Battel in the sixth, a piece of Paisage is introduced, and rural Scenes follow after. The Country too is represented in War in the fifth, as well as in Peace in the seventh, eighth, and ninth. The very Animals are shewn in these two different States, in the tenth and the eleventh. Where the Subjects appear the same, he contrastes them some other way: Thus the first Picture of the Town in Peace having a predominant Air of Gaiety, in the Dances and Pomps of the Marriage; the second has a Character of Earnestness and Sollicitude, in the Dispute and Pleadings. In the Pieces of rural Life, that of the Plowing is of a different Character from the Harvest, and that of the Harvest from the Vintage. In each of these there is a Contrast of the *Labour* and

and *Mirth* of the country People: In the first, some are plowing, others taking a Cup of good Liquor; in the next, we see the Reapers working in one part, and the Banquet prepar'd in another; in the last, the Labour of the Vineyard is reliev'd with Musick and a Dance. The Persons are no less varied, Old and Young, Men and Women: There being Women in two Pictures together, namely the eighth and ninth, it is remarkable that those in the latter are of a different Character from the former; they who dress the Supper being ordinary Women, the others who carry Baskets in the Vineyard, young and beautiful Virgins: And these again are of an inferior Character to those in the twelfth Piece, who are distinguish'd as People of Condition by a more elegant Dress. There are three Dances in the Buckler; and these too are varied: That at the Wedding is in a circular Figure, that of the Vineyard in a Row, that in the last Picture, a mingled one. Lastly, there is a manifest Contrast in the Colours; nay, ev'n in the Back-Grounds of the several Pieces: For Example, that of the Plowing is of a dark Tinct, that of the Harvest yellow, that of the Pasture green, and the rest in like manner.

That he was not a Stranger to Aerial Perspective, appears in his expressly marking the Distance of Object from Object: He tells us, for instance, that the two Spies lay a little remote from the other Figures; and that the Oak under which was spread the Banquet of the Reapers, stood apart. What he says of the Valley sprinkled all over with Cottages and Flocks, appears to be a Description of a large Country in Perspective. And indeed a general Argument for this may be drawn from the Number of Figures on the Shield; which could not be all express'd in their full Magnitude: And this is therefore a sort of Proof that the Art of lessening them according to Perspective was known at that Time.

What the Critics call the *three Unities*, ought in reason as much to be observed in a Picture as in a Play; each should have only *one principal Action*, *one Instant of Time*, and *one Point of View*. In this Method of Examination also, the Shield of Homer will bear the Test: He has been more exact than the greatest Painters, who have often deviated from one or

other of these Rules; whereas (when we examine the detail of each Compartment) it will appear,

First, that there is but one principal Action in each Picture, and that no supernumerary Figures or Actions are introduced. This will answer all that has been said of the Confusion and Crowd of Figures on the Shield, by those who never comprehended the Plan of it.

Secondly, that no Action is represented in one Peice, which could not happen in the same Instant of Time. This will overthrow the Objection against so many different Actions appearing in one Shield; which, in this Case, is much as absurd as to object against so many of *Raphael's* Cartons appearing in one Gallery.

Thirdly, It will be manifest that there are no Objects in any one Picture which could not be seen in one Point of View. Hereby the *Abbé Terasson's* whole Criticism will fall to the Ground, which amounts but to this, that the general Objects of the Heavens, Stars and Sea, with the particular Prospects of Towns, Fields, &c. could never be seen all at once. *Homer* was incapable of so absurd a Thought, nor could these heavenly Bodies (had he intended them for a Picture) have ever been seen together from one Point; for the Constellations and the Full Moon, for example, could never be seen at once with the Sun. But the celestial Bodies were placed on the Boss, as the Ocean at the Margin of the Shield: These were no Parts of the Painting, but the former was only an Ornament to the Projection in the middle, and the latter a Frame round about it: In the same manner as the Divisions, Projections, or Angles of a Roof are left to be ornamented at the Discretion of the Painter, with Foliage, Architecture, Grotesque, or what he pleases: However his Judgment will be still more commendable, if he contrives to make even these extrinsical Parts, to bear some Allusion to the main Design: It is this which *Homer* has done, in placing a sort of Sphere in the middle, and the Ocean at the Border, of a Work, which was expressly intended to represent the Universe.

I proceed

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I proceed now to the Detail of the Shield; in which the Words of *Homer* being first translated, an Attempt will be made to shew with what exact Order all that he describes may enter into the Composition, according to the Rules of Painting.

THE

OBSERVATIONS ON
THE
SHIELD OF ACHILLES
Divided into its several Parts.

The Boss of the Shield.

VERSE 483. [Ἐν μὲν γάρ, &c.] Here Vulcan represented the Earth, the Heaven, the Sea, the indefatigable Course of the Sun, the Moon in her full, all the celestial Signs that crown Olympus, the Pleiades, the Hyades, the great Orion, and the Bear, commonly call'd the Wain, the only Constellation which never bathes itself in the Ocean, turns about the Pole, and observes the Course of Orion.

The Sculpture of these resembled somewhat of our terrestrial and celestial Globes, and took up the Center of the Shield: 'Tis plain by the huddle in which Homer expresses this, that he did not describe it as a Picture for a point of Sight.

The Circumference is divided into twelve Compartiments, each being a separate Picture: As follow,

First Compartment A Town in Peace,

[Ἐν δέ δύω πόμπε πόλεις, &c.] He engraved two Cities; in one of them were represented Nuptials and Festivals. The Spouses from their bridal Chambers, were conducted thro' the Town by the Light of Torches. Every Mouth sung the Hymeneal Song: The Youths turn'd rapidly about in a circular Dance: The Flute and the Lyre resounded: The Women, every one in the Street, standing in the Porches, beheld and admired.

In

In this Picture, the Brides preceded by Torch-bearers are on the Fore-ground: The Dance in Circles, and Musicians behind them: The Street in Perspective on either side, the Women and Spectators, in the Porches, &c. dispers'd thro' all the Architecture.

Second Compartment. *An Assembly of People.*

Λαοὶ δὲ εἰν ἀλογῆ, &c.] There was seen a Number of People in the Market-place, and two Men disputing warmly: The Occasion was the Payment of a Fine for a Murder, which one affirm'd before the People he had paid, the other deny'd to have receiv'd; both demanded, that the Affair should be determined by the Judgment of an Arbitrator: The Acclamations of the Multitude favour'd sometimes the one Party, sometimes the other.

Here is a fine Plan for a Master-piece of Expression; any Judge of Painting will see our Author has chosen that Cause which of all others, wou'd give occasion to the greatest Variety of expression: The Father, the Murderer, the Witnesses, and the different Passions of the Assembly, would afford an ample Field for this Talent even to *Raphael* himself.

Third Compartment. *The Senate.*

Κήρυκες δὲ ἄρχα λαὸν ἐρήτουν, &c.] The Heralds rang'd the People in order: The reverend Elders were seated on Seats of polish'd Stone, in the sacred Circle; they rose up and declared their Judgment, each in his Turn, with the Scepter in his Hand: Two Talents of Gold were laid in the middle of the Circle, to be given to him who should pronounce the most equitable Judgment.

The Judges are seated in the Center of the Picture; one (who is the principal Figure) standing up as speaking, another in an Action of rising, as in order to speak: The Ground about 'em a Prospect of the *Forum*, fill'd with Auditors and Spectators.

Fourth Compartment. *ATown in War.*

Τὴν δ' ἑτέρην πόλιν, &c.] The other City was besieged by two glittering Armies: They were not agreed, whether to sack the Town, or divide all the Booty of it into two equal Parts, to be shared between them: Meantime the besieged secretly armed themselves for an Ambuscade. Their Wives, Children, and old Men were posted to defend the Walls: The Warriors march'd from the Town with Pallas and Mars at their Head: The Deities were of Gold, and had golden Armours, by the Glory of which they were distinguish'd above the Men, as well as by their superior Stature, and more elegant Proportions.

This Subject may be thus disposed: The Town pretty near the Eye, a-cross the whole Picture, with the old Men on the Walls: The Chiefs of each Army on the Fore-ground: Their different Opinions for putting the Town to the Sword, or sparing it on account of the Booty, may be express'd by some having their Hands on their Swords, and looking up to the City, others stopping them, or in an Action of persuading against it. Behind, in Prospect, the Townsmen may be seen going out from the back Gates, with the two Deities at their Head.

Homer here gives a clear Instance of what the Ancients always practised; the distinguishing the Gods and Goddesses by Characters of Majesty or Beauty somewhat superior to Nature; we constantly find this in their Statues, and to this the modern Masters owe the grand Taste in the Perfection of their Figures.

Fifth Compartment. *An Ambuscade.*

Οἱ δ' ὅτε ḍὲ πὶ τίξον, &c.] Being arrived at the River where they design'd their Ambush (the Place where the Cattel were water'd) they dispos'd themselves along the Bank, cover'd with their Arms: Two Spies lay at a distance from them, observing when the Oxen and Sheep should come to drink. They came immediately, followed by two Shepherds, who were playing on their Pipes, without any Apprehension of their Danger.

This

This quiet Picture is a kind of *Repose* between the last, and the following, active Pieces. Here is a Scene of a River and Trees, under which lye the Soldiers, next the Eye of the Spectator; on the farther Bank are placed the two Spies on one Hand, and the Flocks and Shepherds appear coming at a greater Distance on the other.

Sixth Compartment. *The Battel.*

Oι μὲν τὰ προϊδόντες, &c.] The People of the Town rush'd upon them, carried off the Oxen and Sheep, and kill'd the Shepherds. The Besiegers sitting before the Town, heard the Outcry, and mounting their Horses, arriv'd at the Bank of the River; where they stopp'd, and encounter'd each other with their Spears. Discord, Tumult, and Fate rag'd in the midst of them. There might you see cruel Destiny dragging a dead Soldier thro' the Battel; two others she seiz'd alive; one of which was mortally wounded; the other not yet hurt: The Garment on her Shoulders was stain'd with human Blood: The Figures appear'd as if they lived, moved, and fought, you would think they really dragg'd off their Dead.

The Sheep and two Shepherds lying dead upon the Fore-ground. A Battel-piece fills the Picture. The Allegorical Figure of the *Parca* or *Destiny* is the Principal. This had been a noble Occasion for such a Painter as *Rubens*, who has with most Happiness and Learning, imitated the Ancients in these fictitious and symbolical Persons.

Seventh Compartment. *Tillage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει νειὸν μαλακῆν.] The next Piece represented a large Field, a deep and fruitful Soil, which seem'd to have been three times plow'd; the Labourers appear'd turning their Plows on every side. As soon as they came to a Land's end, a Man presented them a Bowl of Wine; cheared with this, they return'd, and worked down a new furrow, desirous to hasten to the next Land's end. The Field was of Gold, but look'd black behind

behind the Plows, as if it had really been turn'd up; the surprizing Effect of the Art of Vulcan.

The Plowmen must be represented on the Fore-ground, in the Action of turning at the End of the Furrow. The Invention of *Homer* is not content with barely putting down the Figures, but enlivens them prodigiously with some remarkable Circumstance: The giving a Cup of Wine to the Plowmen must occasion a fine Expression in the Faces.

Eighth Compartment. *The Harvest.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τέμενος, &c.] Next he represented a Field of Corn, in which the Reapers worked with Sharp Sickles in their Hands; the Corn fell thick along the Furrows in equal Rows: Three Binders were employed in making up the Sheaves: The Boys attending them, gather'd up the loose Swarths, and carried them in their Arms to be bound: The Lord of the Field standing in the midst of the Heaps, with a Scepter in his Hand, rejoices in Silence: His Officers, at a Distance, prepare a Feast under the Shade of an Oak, and hold an Ox ready to be sacrificed; while the Women mix the Flower of Wheat for the Reaper's Supper.

The Reapers on the Fore-ground, with their Faces towards the Spectators; the Gatherers behind, and the Children on the farther Ground. The Master of the Field, who is the chief Figure, may be set in the middle of the Picture with a strong Light upon him, in the Action of directing and pointing with his Scepter: The Oak, with the Servants under it, the Sacrifice, &c. on a distant Ground, would altogether make a beautiful Grouppe of great Variety.

Ninth Compartment. *The Vintage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει σαφυλῆσι, &c.] He then engraved a Vineyard loaden with its Grapes: The Vineyard was Gold, but the Grapes black, and the Props of them Silver. A Trench of a dark Metal, and a Palisade of Tin encompass'd the whole Vineyard. There

There was one Path in it, by which the Labourers in the Vineyard pass'd: Young Men and Maids carried the Fruit in woven Baskets: In the middle of them a Youth play'd on the Lyre and charmed them with his tender Voice, as he sung to the Strings (or as he sung the Song of Linus:) The rest striking the Ground with their Feet in exact time, follow'd him in a Dance, and accompanied his Voice with their own.

The Vintage scarce needs to be painted in any Colours but Homer's. The Youths and Maids toward the Eye, as coming out of the Vineyard: The Enclosure, Pales, Gate, &c. on the Fore-ground. There is something inexpressibly riant in this Piece, above all the rest.

Tenth Compartment. *Animals.*

Εν δ' ἀγέλην ποιησε Βῶν, &c.] He graved a Herd of Oxen, marching with their Heads erected; These Oxen (inlaid with Gold and Tin) seem'd to bellow as they quitted their Stall, and run in haste to the Meadows, through which a rapid River roll'd with resounding Streams amongst the Rushes: Four Herdsman of Gold attended them, follow'd by nine large Dogs: Two terrible Lions seized a Bull by the Throat, who roar'd as they dragg'd him along; the Dogs and the Herdsman ran to his Rescue, but the Lions having torn the Bull, devour'd his Entrails, and drank his Blood, the Herdsman came up with their Dogs and hearten'd them in vain; they durst not attack the Lions, but standing at some Distance, barked at them and shunn'd them.

We have next a fine Piece of Animals, tame and savage: But what is remarkable, is, that these Animals are not coldly brought in to be gazed upon: The Herds, Dogs, and Lions are put into Action, enough to exercise the Warmth and Spirit of Rubens, or the great Taste of Julio Romano.

The Lions may be next the Eye, one holding the Bull by the Throat, the other tearing out his Entrails: A Herdsman or two heartening the Dogs: All these on the Fore-ground. On the second Ground another Groupe of Oxen, that seem to have been gone before, tossing their Heads and running; other Herdsman and Dogs after 'em: And beyond them, a Prospect of the River.

Eleventh Compartment. Sheep.

'Εν δὲ νομὸν, &c. The divine Artist then engraved a large Flock of white Sheep, feeding along a beautiful Valley. Innumerable Folds, Cottages, and enclos'd Shelters, were scatter'd thro' the Prospect.

This is an entire Landscape without human Figures, an Image of Nature solitary and undisturb'd: The deepest Repose and Tranquillity is that which distinguishes it from the others.

Twelfth Compartment. The Dance.

'Εν δὲ χροὴν, &c.] The skilful Vulcan then design'd the Figure and various Motions of a Dance, like that which Dædalus of old contrived in Gnoſſus for the fair Ariadne. There the young Men and Maidens danced Hand in Hand; the Maids were dress'd in linen Garments, the Men in rich and shining Stuffs: The Maids had flowery Crowns on their Heads; the Men had Swords of Gold hanging from their Sides in Belts of Silver. Here they seem'd to run in a Ring with active Feet, as swiftly as a Wheel runs round when tried by the Hand of the Potter. There, they appear'd to move in many Figures, and sometimes to meet, sometimes to wind from each other. A Multitude of Spectators stood round, delighted with the Dance. In the middle, two nimble Tumblers exercised themselves in Feats of Activity, while the Song was carried on by the whole Circle.

This Picture includes the greatest Number of Persons: Homer himself has group'd them, and marked the manner of the Composition. This Piece would excel in the different Airs of Beauty which might be given to the young Men and Women, and the graceful Attitudes in the various manners of Dancing: On which account the Subject might be fit for Guido, or perhaps cou'd be no where better executed than in our own Countrey.

The BORDER of the SHIELD.

'Εν δὲ ἐτίθει πολαμῷο, &c.] Then lastly, he represented the rapid Course of the great Ocean, which he made to roll its Waves round the Extremity of the whole Circumference.

This (as has been said before) was only the Frame to the whole

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whole Shield; and is therefore but slightly touch'd upon, without any mention of particular Objects.

I ought not to end this Essay, without vindicating myself from the Vanity of treating of an Art, which I love so much better than I understand: But I have been very careful to consult both the best Performers and Judges in Painting. I can't neglect this occasion of saying, how happy I think myself in the Favour of the most distinguish'd Masters of that Art. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* in particular allows me to tell the World, that he entirely agrees with my Sentiments on this Subject: And I can't help wishing, that he who gives this Testimony to *Homer*, would enoble so great a Design by his own Execution of it. *Vulcan* never wrought for *Thetis* with more Readiness and Affection than Sir *Godfrey* has done for me: And so admirable a Picture of the whole Universe could not be a more agreeable Present than he has oblig'd me with, in the Portraits of some of those Persons who are to me the dearest Objects in it.

THE

THE
NINETEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.

R r

The ARGUMENT.

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

THETIS brings to her Son the Armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the Body of his Friend from Corruption, and commands him to assemble the Army, to declare his Resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconcil'd: The Speeches, Presents, and Ceremonies on that Occasion. Achilles is with great Difficulty persuaded to refrain from the Battel till the Troops have refresh'd themselves, by the Advice of Ulysses. The Presents are convey'd to the Tent of Achilles; where Briseis laments over the Body of Patroclus. The Hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to Lamentations for his Friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the Order of Jupiter. He arms for the Fight; his Appearance described. He addresses himself to his Horses, and reproaches them with the Death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with Voice, and inspir'd to prophecy his Fate; but the Hero, not astonish'd by that Prodigy, rushes with Fury to the Combate.

The thirtieth Day. The Scene is on the Sea-shore.

THE

THE
NINETEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.

Soon as *Aurora* heav'd her orient Head
Above the Waves that blush'd with early Red,
(With new-born Day to gladden mortal Sight,
And gild the Courts of Heav'n with sacred Light.)
Th'immortal Arms the Goddess-Mother bears 5
Swift to her Son: Her Son she finds in Tears,
Stretch'd o'er *Patroclus'* Corse; while all the rest
Their Sov'reign's Sorrows in their own exprest.
A Ray divine her heav'nly Presence shed,
And thus, his Hand soft-touching, *Thetis* said. 10
 Suppress (my Son) this Rage of Grief, and know
It was not Man, but Heav'n that gave the Blow;

Behold what Arms by *Vulcan* are bestow'd,

Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.

15 Then drops the radiant Burden on the Ground;

Clang the strong Arms, and ring the Shores around:

Back shrink the *Myrmidons* with dread Surprize,

And from the broad Effulgence turn their Eyes.

Unmov'd, the Hero kindles at the Show,

20 And feels with Rage divine his Bosom glow

From his fierce Eye-balls living Flames expire,

And flash incessant like a Stream of Fire:

He turns the radiant Gift; and feeds his Mind

On all th'immortal Artist had design'd.

25 Goddess (he cry'd) these glorious Arms that shine

With matchless Art, confess the Hand divine.

Now to the bloody Batt'l let me bend:

But ah! the Relicks of my slaughter'd Friend!

In those wide Wounds thro' which his Spirit fled,

30 Shall Flies and Worms obscene, pollute the Dead?

That unavailing Care be laid aside,

(The Azure Goddess to her Son reply'd)

Whole Years untouch'd, uninjur'd shall remain

Fresh as in Life, the Carcase of the Slain.

111

But

But go, *Achilles*, (as Affairs require) 35
 Before the *Grecian* Peers renounce thine Ire:
 Then uncontroll'd in boundless War engage,
 And Heav'n with Strength supply the mighty Rage!

Then in the Nostrils of the Slain she pour'd
 Nectareous Drops, and rich Ambrosia showr'd 40
 O'er all the Corse: The Flies forbid their Prey,
 Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from Decay.

Achilles to the Strand obedient went;
 The Shores resounded with the Voice he sent.
 The Heroes heard, and all the Naval Train 45
 That tend the Ships, or guide them o'er the Main,
 Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known Sound,
 Frequent and full, the great Assembly crown'd;
 Studious to see that Terror of the Plain,
 Long lost to Battel, shine in Arms again. 50

Tydides and *Ulysses* first appear,
 Lame with their Wounds, and leaning on the Spear;
 These on the sacred Seats of Council plac'd,
 The King of Men, *Atrides*, came the last:
 He too sore wounded by *Agenor's* Son. 55

Achilles (rising in the midst) begun.

S f

Oh

Oh Monarch! better far had been the Fate
 Of thee, of me, of all the *Grecian* State,
 If, (e'er the Day when by mad Passion sway'd,
 60 Rash we contended for the black-ey'd Maid)
 Preventing *Dian* had dispatch'd her Dart,
 And shot the shining Mischief to the Heart!
 Then many a Hero had not press'd the Shore,
 Nor *Troy*'s glad Fields been fatten'd with our Gore:
 65 Long, long shall *Greece* the Woes we caus'd, bewail,
 And sad Posterity repeat the Tale.
 But this, no more the Subject of Debate,
 Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to Fate:
 Why should (alas) a mortal Man, as I,
 70 Burn with a Fury that can never die?
 Here then my Anger ends: Let War succeed,
 And ev'n as *Greece* has bled, let *Ilion* bleed.
 Now call the Hosts, and try, if in our Sight,
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second Night?
 75 I deem, their Mightiest, when this Arm he knows,
 Shall 'scape with Transport, and with Joy repose.
 He said: His finish'd Wrath with loud Acclaim
 The *Greeks* accept, and shout *Pelides'* Name.

When

When thus, not rising from his lofty Throne,
In State unmov'd, the King of Men begun.

80

Hear me ye Sons of *Greece*! with Silence hear!

And grant your Monarch an impartial Ear;

Awhile your loud, untimely Joy suspend,

And let your rash, injurious Clamours end:

Unruly Murmurs, or ill-tim'd Applause,

85

Wrong the best Speaker, and the justest Cause.

Nor charge on me, ye *Greeks*, the dire Debate;

Know, angry *Jove*, and all-compelling *Fate*,

With fell *Erynnis*, urg'd my Wrath that Day

When from *Achilles'* Arms I forc'd the Prey.

90

What then cou'd I, against the Will of Heaven?

Not by my self, but vengeful *Ate* driv'n;

She, *Jove*'s dread Daughter, fated to infest

The Race of Mortals, enter'd in my Breast.

Not on the Ground that haughty Fury treads,

95

But prints her lofty Footsteps on the Heads

Of mighty Men; inflicting as she goes

Long-fest'ring Wounds, inextricable Woes!

Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright Abodes;

And *Jove* himself, the Sire of Men and Gods,

100

The

The World's great Ruler, felt her venom'd Dart;
 Deceiv'd by *Juno*'s Wiles, and female Art.

For when *Alcmena*'s nine long Months were run,
 And *Jove* expected his immortal Son;

¹⁰⁵ To Gods and Goddesses th'unruly Joy

He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless Boy:
 From us (he said) this Day an Infant springs,
 Fated to rule, and born a King of Kings.

Saturnia ask'd an Oath, to vouch the Truth,

¹¹⁰ And fix Dominion on the favour'd Youth.

The Thund'rer, unsuspicuous of the Fraud,
 Pronounc'd those solemn Words that bind a God.

The joyful Goddess, from *Olympus*' Height,
 Swift to *Achaian Argos* bent her Flight;

¹¹⁵ Scarce sev'n Moons gone, lay *Sthenelus* his Wife;

She push'd her ling'ring Infant into Life:

Her Charms *Alcmena*'s coming Labours stay;

And stop the Babe, just issuing to the Day.

Then bids *Saturnius* bear his Oath in mind;

¹²⁰ A Youth (said she) of *Jove*'s immortal Kind

Is this Day born: From *Sthenelus* he springs,

And claims thy Promise to be King of Kings.

Grief

Grief seiz'd the Thund'rer, by his Oath engag'd;
Stung to the Soul, he sorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his Ambrosial Head, where perch'd she fate,¹²⁵
He snatch'd the Fury-Goddess of Debate,
The dread, th'irrevocable Oath he swore,
Th'immortal Seats should ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
From bright *Olympus* and the starry Heav'n:¹³⁰
Thence on the nether World the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with Man's contentious Race to dwell.
Full oft' the God his Son's hard Toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in secret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like *Jove* himself, was I misled,¹³⁵
While raging *Hector* heap'd our Camps with Dead.
What can the Errors of my Rage attone?
My martial Troops, my Treasures, are thy own:
This Instant from the Navy shall be sent
Whate'er *Ulysses* promis'd at thy Tent:¹⁴⁰
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our Pray'r,
Resume thy Arms, and shine again in War.
O King of Nations! whose superiour Sway
(Returns *Achilles*) all our Hosts obey !

T t

To

145 To keep, or send the Presents, be thy Care;
 To us, 'tis equal: All we ask is War.
 While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
 The Fight, our glorious Work remains undone.
 Let ev'ry Greek who sees my Spear confound
 150 The Trojan Ranks, and deal Destruction round,
 With Emulation, what I act, survey,
 And learn from thence the Busines of the Day.

The Son of *Peleus* thus: And thus replies
 The great in Councils, *Ithacus* the Wise.
 155 Tho' god-like Thou art by no Toils opprest,
 At least our Armies claim Repast and Rest:
 Long and laborious must the Combate be,
 When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
 Strength is deriv'd from Spirits and from Blood,
 160 And those augment by gen'rous Wine and Food;
 What boastful Son of War, without that Stay,
 Can last a Hero thro' a single Day?
 Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his Strength,
 Mere unsupported Man must yield at length;
 165 Shrunk with dry Famine, and with Toils declin'd,
 The dropping Body will desert the Mind:

But

But built anew with Strength-conferring Fare,
With Limbs and Soul untam'd, he tires a War.
Dismiss the People then, and give command,
With strong Repast to hearten ev'ry Band ; 170
But let the Presents, to *Achilles* made,
In full Assembly of all *Greece* be laid.
The King of Men shall rise in publick Sight,
And solemn swear, (observant of the Rite)
That spotless as she came, the Maid removes, 175
Pure from his Arms, and guiltless of his Loves.
That done, a sumptuous Banquet shall be made,
And the full Price of injur'd Honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O Prince ! thy sov'reign Might,
Beyond the Bounds of Reason and of Right ; 180
'Tis the chief Praise that e'er to Kings belong'd,
To right with Justice, whom with Pow'r they wrong'd.
To him the Monarch Just is thy Decree,
Thy Words give Joy, and Wisdom breathes in thee.
Each due Atonement gladly I prepare; 185
And Heav'n regard me as I justly swear !
Here then awhile let *Greece* assembled stay,
Nor great *Achilles* grudge this short Delay ;
Till

Till from the Fleet our Presents be convey'd,
 190 And, *Jove* attesting, the firm Compact made.
 A Train of noble Youth the Charge shall bear;
 These to select, *Ulysses*, be thy Care:
 In order rank'd let all our Gifts appear,
 And the fair Train of Captives close the Rear:
 195 *Talthybius* shall the Victim Boar convey,
 Sacred to *Jove*, and yon' bright Orb of Day.

For this (the stern *Aeacides* replies)
 Some less important Season may suffice,
 When the stern Fury of the War is o'er,
 200 And Wrath extinguish'd burns my Breast no more.
 By *Hector* slain, their Faces to the Sky,
 All grim with gaping Wounds, our Heroes lye:
 Those call to War! and might my Voice incite,
 Now, now, this Instant, shou'd commence the Fight.
 205 Then, when the Days' complete, let gen'rous Bowls
 And copious Banquets, glad your weary Souls.
 Let not my Palate know the Taste of Food,
 Till my infatiate Rage be cloy'd with Blood:
 Pale lyes my Friend, with Wounds disfigur'd o'er,
 And his cold Feet are pointed to the Door.

Revenge

Revenge is all my Soul! no meaner Care,
 Int'rest, or Thought, has room to harbour there;
 Destruction be my Feast, and mortal Wounds,
 And Scenes of Blood, and agonizing Sounds.

O first of *Greeks* (*Ulysses* thus rejoin'd) 215
 The best and bravest of the Warrior-Kind!
 Thy Praife it is in dreadful Camps to shine,
 But old Experience and calm Wisdom, mine.
 Then hear my Counsel, and to Reason yield,
 The bravest soon are satiate of the Field; 220
 Tho' vast the Heaps that strow the crimson Plain,
 The bloody Harvest brings but little Gain:
 The Scale of Conquest ever wav'ring lies,
 Great *Jove* but turns it, and the Victor dies!
 The Great, the Bold, by Thousands daily fall, 225
 And endlesſ were the Grief, to weep for all.
 Eternal Sorrows what avails to ſhed?
Greece honours not with solemn Faſts the Dead:
 Enough, when Death demands the Brave, to pay
 The Tribute of a melancholy Day. 230
 One Chief with Patience to the Grave resign'd,
 Our Care devolves on others left behind.

U u

Let

Let gen'rous Food Supplies of Strength produce,

Let rising Spirits flow from sprightly Juice,

²³⁵ Let their warm Heads with Scenes of Battle glow,

And pour new Furies on the feebler Foe.

Yet a short Interval, and none shall dare

Expect a second Summons to the War;

Who waits for that, the dire Effect shall find,

²⁴⁰ If trembling in the Ships he lags behind.

Embodyed, to the Battel let us bend,

And all at once on haughty *Troy* descend.

And now the Delegates *Ulysses* sent,

To bear the Presents from the royal Tent.

²⁴⁵ The Sons of *Nestor*, *Phyleus'* valiant Heir,

Thias and *Merion*, Thunderbolts of War,

With *Lycomedes* of *Creionian* Strain,

And *Melanippas*; form'd the chosen Train.

Swift as the Word was giv'n, the Youths obey'd;

²⁵⁰ Twice ten bright Vases in the midst they laid;

A Row of six fair Tripods then succeeds;

And twice the Number of high-bounding Steeds:

Sev'n Captives next a lovely Line compose;

The eighth *Briseis*, like the blooming Rose,

Clos'd

Clos'd the bright Band: Great *Ithacus*, before, 255
 First of the Train, the golden Talents bore:
 The rest in publick View the Chiefs dispose,
 A splendid Scene! Then *Agamemnon* rose:
 The Boar *Talthybius* held: The *Grecian* Lord
 Drew the broad Cutlace sheath'd beside his Sword; 260
 The stubborn Bristles from the Victim's Brow
 He crops, and off'ring meditates his Vow.
 His Hands uplifted to th'attesting Skies,
 On Heav'n's broad marble Roof were fix'd his Eyes,
 The solemn Words a deep Attention draw, 265
 And *Greece* around fate thrill'd with sacred Awe.

Witness thou First! thou greatest Pow'r above!
 All good, all-wife, and all-surveying *Jove*!
 And Mother Earth, and Heav'n's revolving Light,
 And ye, fell Furies of the Realms of Night, 270
 Who rule the Dead, and horrid Woes prepare
 For perjur'd Kings, and all who falsely swear!
 The black-ey'd Maid inviolate removes,
 Pure and unconscious of my manly Loves.
 If this be false, Heav'n all its Vengeance shed, 275
 And level'd Thunder strike my guilty Head!

With

With that, his Weapon deep inflicts the Wound;
 The bleeding Savage tumbles to the Ground:
 The sacred Herald rolls the Victim slain
 280 (A Feast for Fish) into the foaming Main.

Then thus *Achilles*. Hear, ye *Greeks!* and know
 Whate'er we feel, 'tis *Jove* inflicts the Woe:

Not else *Atrides* could our Rage inflame,

Nor from my Arms, unwilling, force the Dame.

285 'Twas *Jove's* high Will alone, o'eruling all,

That doom'd our Strife, and doom'd the *Greeks* to fall.

Go then ye Chiefs! indulge the genial Rite;

Achilles waits ye, and expects the Fight.

The speedy Council at his Word adjourn'd;

290 To their black Vessels all the *Greeks* return'd.

Achilles fought his Tent. His Train before

March'd onward, bending with the Gifts they bore.

Those in the Tents the Squires industrious spread;

The foaming Coursers to the Stalls they led.

295 To their new Seats the Female Captives move;

Briseis, radiant as the Queen of Love,

Slow as the past, beheld with sad survey

Where gash'd with cruel Wounds, *Patroclus* lay.

Prone

Prone on the Body fell the heav'nly Fair,
 Beat her sad Breast, and tore her golden Hair; 300
 All-beautiful in Grief, her humid Eyes
 Shining with Tears, she lifts, and thus she cries.

Ah Youth! for ever dear, for ever kind,
 Once tender Friend of my distracted Mind!
 I left thee fresh in Life, in Beauty gay; 305
 Now find thee cold, inanimated Clay!
 What Woes my wretched Race of Life attend?
 Sorrows on Sorrows, never doom'd to end!
 The first lov'd Comfort of my virgin Bed
 Before these Eyes in fatal Battel bled: 310
 My three brave Brothers in one mournful Day
 All trod the dark, irremovable Way:
 Thy friendly Hand uprear'd me from the Plain,
 And dry'd my Sorrows for a Husband slain;
 Achilles' Care you promis'd I shou'd prove, 315
 The first, the dearest Partner of his Love,
 That Rites divine should ratify the Band,
 And make me Empress in his native Land.
 Accept these grateful Tears! For thee they flow,
 For thee, that ever felt another's Woe! 320

Her Sister Captives echo'd Groan for Groan,
 Nor mourn'd *Patroclus'* Fortunes, but their own.
 The Leaders press'd the Chief on ev'ry side;
 Unmov'd, he heard them, and with Sighs deny'd.

325 If yet *Achilles* have a Friend, whose Care
 Is bent to please him; this Request forbear:
 Till yonder Sun descend, ah let me pay
 To Grief and Anguish one abstemious Day.

He spoke, and from the Warriors turn'd his Face:

330 Yet still the Brother-Kings of *Atreus'* Race:
Nestor, *Idomeneus*, *Ulysses* sage,
 And *Phœnix*; strive to calm his Grief and Rage
 His Rage they calm not, nor his Grief controul;
 He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his Soul.

335 Thou too, *Patroclus!* (thus his Heart he vents)
 Hast spread th'inviting Banquet in our Tents;
 Thy sweet Society, thy winning Care,
 Oft' stay'd *Achilles*, rushing to the War.

But now alas! to Death's cold Arms resign'd,
 340 What Banquet but Revenge can glad my Mind?
 What greater Sorrow could afflict my Breast,
 What more, if hoary *Peleus* were deceast?

345

Who

Who now, perhaps, in *Pthia* dreads to hear
 His Son's sad Fate, and drops a tender Tear.)

What more, should *Neoptolemus* the braye,³⁴⁵
 (My only Offspring) sink into the Grave?
 If yet that Offspring lives, (I distant far,
 Of all neglectful, wage a hateful War.)
 I cou'd not this, this cruel Stroke attend;
 Fate claim'd *Achilles*, but might spare his Friend.³⁵⁰
 I hop'd *Patroclus* might survive, to rear
 My tender Orphan with a Parent's Care,
 From *Scyros* Isle conduct him o'er the Main,
 And glad his Eyes with his paternal Reign,
 The lofty Palace, and the large Domain.³⁵⁵

For *Peleus* breaths no more the vital Air;
 Or drags a wretched Life of Age and Care,
 But till the News of my sad Fate invades
 His hastening Soul, and sinks him to the Shades.

Sighing he said: His Grief the Heroes join'd,³⁶⁰
 Each stole a Tear for what he left behind.
 Their mingled Grief the Sire of Heav'n survey'd,
 And thus, with Pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid.

Is then *Achilles* now no more thy Care,

365 And dost thou thus desert the Great in War?

Lo, where yon' Sails their canvas Wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his Friend:

E'er Thirst and Want his Forces have opprest,
Haste and infuse Ambrosia in his Breast.

370 He spoke, and sudden as the Word of *Jove*
Shot the descending Goddess from above.

So swift thro' Æther the shrill *Harpye* sings,
The wide Air floating to her ample Wings.

To great *Achilles* she her Flight addrest,

375 And pour'd divine Ambrosia in his Breast,
With Nectar sweet, (Refection of the God's!)

Then, swift ascending, sought the bright Abodes.

Now issued from the Ships the warrior Train,
And like a Deluge pour'd upon the Plain.

380 As when the piercing Blasts of *Boreas* blow,
And scatter o'er the Fields the driving Snow;

From dusky Clouds the fleecy Winter flies,

Whose dazzling Lustre whitens all the Skies:

So Helms succeeding Helms, so Shields from Shields

385 Catch the quick Beams, and brighten all the Fields;
Broad-

Broad-glitt'ring Breastplates, Spears with pointed Rays
 Mix in one Stream, reflecting Blaze on Blaze :
 Thick beats the Center as the Coursers bound,
 With Splendor flame the Skies, and laugh the Fields around.

Full in the midst, high tow'ring o'er the rest, 390
 His Limbs in Arms divine *Achilles* drest ;
 Arms which the Father of the Fire bestow'd,
 Forg'd on th'Eternal Anvils of the God.
 Grief and Revenge his furious Heart inspire,
 His glowing Eye-balls roll with living Fire, 395
 He grinds his Teeth, and furious with Delay
 O'erlooks th'embattled Host, and hopes the bloody Day.

The silver Cuishes first his Thighs infold ;
 Then o'er his Breast was brac'd the hollow Gold :
 The brazen Sword a various Baldrick ty'd, 400
 That, starr'd with Gems, hung glitt'ring at his side ;
 And like the Moon, the broad resplendent Shield
 Blaz'd with long Rays, and gleam'd athwart the Field.

So to Night-wand'ring Sailors, pale with Fears,
 Wide o'er the wat'ry Waste, a Light appears, 405
 Which on the far-seen Mountain blazing high,
 Streams from some lonely Watch-tow'r to the Sky :

Y y

With

With mournful Eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the Storm, and drives them o'er the Main.

410 Next, his high Head the Helmet grac'd ; behind
The sweepy Crest hung floating in the Wind :
Like the red Star, that from his flaming Hair
Shakes down Diseases, Pestilence and War ;
So stream'd the golden Honours from his Head,
415 Trembled the sparkling Plumes, and the loose Glories fled.

The Chief beholds himself with wond'ring eyes ;
His Arms he poises, and his Motions tries ;
Buoy'd by some inward Force, he seems to swim,
And feels a Pinion lifting ev'ry Limb.

420 And now he shakes his great paternal Spear,
Pond'rous and huge ! which not a *Greek* could rear.
From *Pelion*'s cloudy Top an Ash entire
Old *Chiron* fell'd, and shap'd it for his Sire ;
A Spear which stern *Achilles* only wields,
425 The Death of Heroes, and the Dread of Fields.

Automedon and *Alcimus* prepare
Th'immortal Coursers, and the radiant Car,
(The silver Traces sweeping at their side)
Their fiery Mouths resplendent Bridles ty'd,

The

The Iv'ry studded Reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their Backs, and to the Chariot join'd.
The Charioteer then whirl'd the Lash around,
And swift ascended at one active Bound.
All bright in heav'nly Arms, above his Squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the Field on Fire;
Not brighter, *Phœbus* in th'Æthereal Way,
Flames from his Chariot, and restores the Day.
High o'er the Host, all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his Steeds these dread Commands.

Xanthus and *Balius*! of *Podarges'* Strain,
(Unless ye boast that heav'nly Race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the Load ye bear,
And learn to make your Master more your Care:
Thro' falling Squadrons bear my slaught'ring Sword,
Nor, as ye left *Patroclus*, leave your Lord.

The gen'rous *Xanthus*, as the Words he said,
Seem'd sensible of Woe, and droop'd his Head:
Trembling he stood before the golden Wain,
And bow'd to Dust the Honours of his Mane,
When strange to tell! (So *Juno* will'd) he broke
Eternal Silence, and portentous spoke.

Achilles!

Achilles! yes! this Day at least we bear
 Thy rage in safety thro' the Files of War:

But come it will, the fatal Time must come,

• 455 Nor ours the Fault, but God decrees thy Doom.

Not thro' our Crime, or Slowness in the Course;
 Fell thy *Patroclus*, but by heav'nly Force.

The bright far-shooting God who gilds the Day,
 (Confest we saw him) tore his Arms away.

460 No---could our Swiftness o'er the Winds prevail,

Or beat the Pinions of the Western Gale,

All were in vain---The Fates thy Death demand,
 Due to a mortal and immortal Hand.

Then ceas'd for ever, by the *Furies* ty'd,

465 His fate-ful Voice. Th'intrepid Chief reply'd
 With unabated Rage---So let it be!

Portents and Prodigies are lost on me.

• I know my Fates: To die, to see no more

My much lov'd Parents, and my native Shore---

470 Enough---When Heav'n ordains, I sink in Night,
 Now perish *Troy!* He said, and rush'd to Fight.

O B S E R-

O B S E R V A T I O N S

ON THE

Nineteenth Book.

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O B S E R V A T I O N S
 ON THE
 NINETEENTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 13:

Behold what Arms, &c.] 'Tis not Poetry only which has had this Idea, of giving divine Arms to a Hero; we have a very remarkable Example of it in our holy Books. In the second of *Maccabees*, chap. 16. *Judas* sees in a Dream the Prophet *Jeremiah* bringing to him a Sword as from God: Tho' this was only a Dream, or a Vision, yet still it is the same Idea. This Example is likewise so much the more worthy of Observation, as it is much later than the Age of *Homer*; and as thereby it is seen, that the same way of Thinking continued a long time amongst the Oriental Nations. *Dacier*.

II.

VERSE 30. *Shall Flies and Worms obscene pollute the Dead?*] The Care which *Achilles* takes in this place to drive away the Flies from the dead Body of *Patroclus*, seems to us a mean Employment, and a Care unworthy of a Hero. But that Office was regarded by *Homer*, and by all the Greeks of his time, as a pious Duty consecrated by Custom and Religion; which obliged the Kindred and Friends of the Deceas'd

Deceas'd to watch his Corps, and prevent any Corruption before the solemn Day of his Funerals. It is plain this Devoir was thought an indispensable one, since *Achilles* could not discharge himself of it but by imposing it upon his Mother. It is also clear, that in those times the Preservation of a dead Body was accounted a very important Matter, since the Goddesses themselves, nay the most delicate of the Goddesses, made it the Subject of their utmost Attention. As *Thetis* preserves the Body of *Patroclos*, and chases from it those Insects that breed in the Wounds and cause Putrefaction, so *Venus* is employ'd Day and Night about that of *Hector*, in driving away the Dogs to which *Achilles* had expos'd it. *Apollo*, on his part, covers it with a thick Cloud, and preserves its Freshness amidst the greatest Heats of the Sun: And this Care of the Deities over the Dead was look'd upon by Men as a Fruit of their Piety.

There is an excellent Remark upon this Passage in *Bossu's* admirable Treatise of the Epic Poem, lib. 3. c. 10. "To speak
 " (says this Author) of the Arts and Sciences as a Poet ought,
 " we should veil them under Names and Actions of Persons
 " fictitious and allegorical. *Homer* will not plainly say that
 " Salt has the Virtue to preserve dead Bodies, and prevent
 " the Flies from engendering Worms in them; he will
 " not say, that the Sea presented *Achilles* a Remedy to pre-
 " serve *Patroclos* from Putrefaction; but he will make the
 " Sea a Goddess, and tell us, that *Thetis* to comfort *Achil-
 " les*, engaged to perfume the Body with an Ambrosia which
 " shou'd keep it a whole Year from Corruption: It is
 " thus *Homer* teaches the Poets to speak of Arts and Scien-
 " ces. This Example shews the Nature of the things,
 " that Flies cause Putrefaction, that Salt preserves Bodies from
 " it; but all this is told us poetically, the whole is reduced
 " into Action, the Sea is made a Person who speaks and
 " acts, and this *Protopopœia* is accompanied with Passion,
 " Tenderness and Affection; in a word, there is nothing
 " which is not (according to *Aristotle's* Precept) endued with
 " Manners.

III.

VERSE 61. *Preventing Dian had dispatch'd her Dart,
And shot the shining Mischief to the Heart.]*

Achilles wishes Briseis had died before she had occasion'd so great Calamities to his Countreymen: I will not say, to excuse him, that his Virtue here overpowers his Love, but that the Wish is not so very barbarous as it may seem by the Phrase to a modern Reader. It is not, that Diana had actually kill'd her, as by a particular Stroke or Judgment from Heaven; it means no more than a natural Death, as appears from this Passage in *Odyss.* 15.

*When Age or Sickness have unnerv'd the Strong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along,
They bend the Silver Bows for sudden Ill,
And every shining Arrow flies to kill.*

And he does not wish her Death now, after she had been his Mistress, but only that she had died, before he knew, or lov'd her.

IV.

VERSE 93. *She, Jove's dread daughter.]* This Speech of Agamemnon, consisting of little else than the long Story of Jupiter's casting Discord out of Heaven, seems odd enough at first sight; and does not indeed answer what I believe every Reader expects, at the Conference of these two Princes. Without excusing it from the Justness, and proper Application of the Allegory in the present Case, I think it a piece of Artifice, very agreeable to the Character of Agamemnon, which is a Mixture of Haughtiness and Cunning! He cannot prevail with himself any way to lessen the Dignity of the royal Character, of which he every where appears jealous: Something he is oblig'd to say in publick, and not brooking directly to own himself in the wrong, he slurs it over with this Tale. With what Stateliness is it that he yields? "I was misled

A a a

" says

" (says he) but I was misled like Jupiter. We invest you
 " with our Powers, take our Troops and our Treasures: Our
 " royal Promise shall be fulfill'd, but be you pacified."

V.

VERSE 93. *She, Jove's dread Daughter, fated to infest
 The Race of Mortals—]*

It appears from hence, that the Ancients own'd a *Dæmon*, created by God himself, and totally taken up in doing Mischief.

This Fiction is very remarkable; in as much as it proves that the *Pagans* knew that a *Dæmon* of Discord and Male-diction was in Heaven, and afterwards precipitated to Earth, which perfectly agrees with holy History. St. *Justin* will have it, that *Homer* attain'd to the Knowledge thereof in *Egypt*, and that he had ev'n read what *Isaiah* writes, chap. 14. *How art thou faln from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning, how art thou cut down to the Ground which didst weaken the Nations?* But our Poet could not have seen the Prophecy of *Isaiah*, because he liv'd 100, or 150 Years before that Prophet; and this Anteriority of Time makes this Passage the more observable. *Homer* therein bears authentick Witness to the Truth of the Story, of an Angel thrown from Heaven, and gives this Testimony above an 100 Years before one of the greatest Prophets spoke of it *Dacier*.

VI.

VERSE 145. *To keep or send the Presents, be thy Care.]*
Achilles neither refuses nor demands *Agamemnon's* Presents: The first would be too contemptuous, and the other would look too selfish. It wou'd seem as if *Achilles* fought only for Pay like a Mercenary, which wou'd be utterly unbecoming a Hero, and dishonourable to that Character: *Homer* is wonderful as to the Manners. *Spond. Dac.*

VII.

VII.

VERSE 197. *The stern Æacides replies.] The Greek Verse is*

Tὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.

Which is repeated very frequently throughout the Iliad. It is a very just Remark of a French Critick, that what makes it so much taken notice of, is the rumbling Sound and Length of the Word *ἀπαμειβόμενος*: This is so true, that if in a Poem or Romance of the same Length as the Iliad, we should repeat *The Hero answer'd*, full as often, we should never be sensible of that Repetition. And if we are not shock'd at the like Frequency of those Expressions in the Æneid, *sic ore refert, talia voce refert, talia dicta dabat, vix ea fatus erat, &c.* it is only because the Sound of the Latin Words does not fill the Ear like that of the Greek *ἀπαμειβόμενος*.

The Discourse of the same Critick upon these sort of Repetitions in general, deserves to be transcribed. That useless Nicety (says he) of avoiding every Repetition which the Delicacy of later Times has introduced, was not known to the first Ages of Antiquity: The Books of Moses abound with them. Far from condemning their frequent Use in the most ancient of all the Poets, we should look upon them as the certain Character of the Age in which he liv'd: They spoke so in his Time, and to have spoken otherwise had been a Fault. And indeed nothing is in itself so contrary to the true Sublime, as that painful and frivolous Exactness, with which we avoid to make use of a proper Word because it was us'd before. It is certain that the Romans were less scrupulous as to this point: You have often in a single Page of Tully, the same Word five or six times over. If it were really a Fault, it is not to be conceiv'd how an Author who so little wanted Variety of Expressions as Homer, could be so very negligent herein? On the contrary, he seems to have affected to repeat the same Things in the same Words, on many Occasions.

It

It was from two Principles equally true, that among several People, and in several Ages, two Practices entirely different took their Rise. *Moses*, *Homer*, and the Writers of the first Times, had found that Repetitions of the same Words recall'd the Ideas of Things, imprinted them much more strongly, and render'd the Discourse more intelligible. Upon this Principle, the Custom of repeating Words, Phrases, and even entire Speeches, insensibly establish'd itself both in Prose and in Poetry, especially in Narrations.

The Writers who succeeded them observ'd, even from *Homer* himself, that the greatest Beauty of Style consisted in Variety. This they made their Principle: They therefore avoided Repetitions of Words, and still more of whole Sentences; they endeavour'd to vary their Transitions; and found out new Turns and Manners of expressing the same Things.

Either of these Practices is good, but the Excess of either vicious: We should neither on the one hand, thro' a Love of Simplicity and Clearness, continually repeat the same Words, Phrases, or Discourses; nor on the other, for the Pleasure of Variety, fall into a childish Affectation of expressing every thing twenty different Ways, tho' it be never so natural and common.

Nothing so much cools the Warmth of a Piece or puts out the Fire of Poetry, as that perpetual Care to vary incessantly even in the smallest Circumstances. In this, as in many other Points, *Homer* has despis'd the ungrateful Labour of too scrupulous a Nicety. He has done like a great Painter, who does not think himself oblig'd to vary all his Pieces to that degree, as not one of 'em shall have the least Resemblance to another: If the principal Figures are entirely different, we easily excuse a Resemblance in the Landscapes, the Skies, or the Draperies. Suppose a Gallery full of Pictures, each of which represents a particular Subject: In one I see *Achilles* in Fury, menacing *Agamemnon*; in another the same Hero with regret delivers up *Briseis* to the Heralds; in a third 'tis still *Achilles*, but *Achilles* overcome with Grief, and lamenting to his Mother. If the Air, the Gesture, the Countenance, the Character of *Achilles*, are the same in each of these

these three Pieces; if the Ground of one of these be the same with that of the others in the Composition and general Design, whether it be Landscape, or Architecture; then indeed one should have reason to blame the Painter for the Uniformity of his Figures and Grounds. But if there be no Sameness but in the Folds of a few Draperies, in the Structure of some part of a Building, or in the Figure of some Tree, Mountain, or Cloud, it is what no one would regard as a Fault. The Application is obvious: *Homer* repeats, but they are not the great Strokes which he repeats, not those which strike and fix our Attention: They are only the little Parts, the Transitions, the general Circumstances, or familiar Images, which recur naturally, and upon which the Reader but casts his Eye carelessly: Such as the Descriptions of Sacrifices, Repasts, or Embarquements; such in short, as are in their own Nature much the same, which it is sufficient just to shew, and which are in a manner incapable of different Ornaments.

VIII.

VERSE 159. *Strength is deriv'd from Spirits, &c.]* This Advice of *Ulysses* that the Troops shou'd refresh themselves with Eating and Drinking, was extremely necessary, after a Battel of so long Continuance as that of the Day before: And *Achilles's* Desire that they shou'd charge the Enemy immediately, without any Reflection on the Necessity of that Refreshment, was also highly natural to his violent Character. This forces *Ulysses* to repeat that Advice, and insist upon it so much: Which these Criticks did not see into, who thro' a false Delicacy are shock'd at his insisting so warmly on Eating and Drinking. Indeed to a common Reader who is more fond of heroick and romantick, than of just and natural Images, this at first sight may have an Air of Ridicule; but I'll venture to say there is nothing ridiculous in the Thing itself, nor mean and low in *Homer's* manner of expressing it: And I believe the same of this Translation, tho' I have not soften'd or abated of the Idea they are so offended with.

IX.

VERSE 209. *Pale lies my Friend, &c.]* It is in the Greek, *lies extended in my Tent with his Face turned towards the Door*, ἀνὰ πρόθυρον τελεαπομένος, that is to say, as the Scholiaſt has explain'd it, *having his Feet turned towards the Door*. For it was thus the Greeks placed their Dead in the Porches of their Houses, as likewise in Italy,

In portam rigidos calces extendit. Persius.

— *Recepitque ad limina gressum
Corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Acetes
Servabat Senior* —

Thus we are told by Suetonius, of the Body of *Augustus*—
Equeſter ordo ſuscepit, urbique intulit, atque in Vestibulo domus collocavit.

X.

VERSE 221. *Tho' vast the Heaps, &c.]* Ulyſſes's Expression in the Original is very remarkable; he calls χα'λαχη, *Straw* or *Chaff*, such as are kill'd in the Battel; and he calls ἄμυλον, the *Crop*, such as make their Escape. This is very conformable to the Language of Holy Scripture, wherein those who perish are called *Chaff*, and those who are saved are call'd *Corn*. *Dacier.*

XI.

VERSE 237. — *None shall dare
Expect a second Summons to the War.]*

This is very artful; *Ulyſſes*, to prevail upon *Achilles* to let the Troops take Repaſt, and yet in ſome ſort to ſecond his impatience, gives with the ſame Breath Orders for Battel, by commanding the Troops to march, and expect no farther Orders. Thus tho' the Troops go to take Repaſt, it looks as if they do not lose a moment's time, but are going to put themſelves in Array of Battel. *Dacier.*

XII.

XII.

VERSE 280. *Rolls the Victim into the Main.*] For it was not lawful to eat the Flesh of the Victims, that were sacrificed in Confirmation of Oaths; such were Victims of Malediction. *Eustathius.*

XIII.

VERSE 281. *Hear ye Greeks, &c.*] *Achilles*, to let them see that he is entirely appeas'd, justifies *Agamemnon* himself, and enters into the Reasons with which that Prince had colour'd his Fault. But in that Justification he perfectly well preserves his Character, and illustrates the Advantage he has over that King who offended him. *Dacier.*

XIV.

VERSE 303, &c. *The Lamentation of Briseis over Patroclus.*] This Speech (says *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*) is not without its Artifice: While *Briseis* seems only to be deplored *Patroclus*, she represents to *Achilles* who stands by, the Breach of the Promises he had made her, and upbraids him with the Neglect he had been guilty of in resigning her up to *Agamemnon*. He adds, that *Achilles* hereupon acknowledges the Justice of her Complaint, and makes answer that his Promises should be performed: It was a slip in that great Critick's Memory, for the Verse he cites is not in this Part of the Author, [Ἱερὶ ἐσχηματιομένῳ, Part 2.]

XV.

VERSE 315. *Achilles Care you promis'd, &c.*] In these Days when our Manners are so different from those of the Ancients, and we see none of those dismal Catastrophes which laid whole Kingdoms waste and subjected Princesses and

and Queens to the Power of the Conqueror; it will perhaps seem astonishing, that a Princess of *Briseis's Birth*, the very Day that her Father, Brothers, and Husband were kill'd by *Achilles*, should suffer her self to be comforted and even flatter'd with the Hopes of becoming the Spouse of their Murderer. But such were the Manners of those Times, as ancient History testifies: And a Poet represents them as they were; But if there was a Necessity for justifying them, it might be said that Slavery was at that time so terrible, that in truth a Princess like *Briseis* was pardonable, to chuse rather to become *Achilles's Wife* than his Slave. *Dacier.*

XVI.

VERSE 322. *Nor mourn'd Patroclus Fortunes but their own.] Homer adds this Touch, to heighten the Character of Briseis, and to shew the Difference there was between her and the other Captives. Briseis, as a well-born Princess, really bewail'd Patroclus out of Gratitude; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of Interest. Dacier.*

XVII.

VERSE 335. *Thou too Patroclus, &c.] This Lamentation is finely introduced: While the Generals are persuading him to take some Refreshment, it naturally awakens in his Mind the Remembrance of Patroclus, who had so often brought him Food every Morning before they went to Battel: This is very natural, and admirably well conceals the Art of drawing the Subject of his Discourse from the things that present themselves. Spondanus.*

XVIII.

VERSE 351. *I hop'd, Patroclus might survive, &c.] Patroclus was young, and Achilles who had but a short time to lives hoped*

hoped that after his Death his dear Friend wou'd be as a Father to his Son, and put him into the Possession of his Kingdom: *Neoptolemus* wou'd in *Patroclus* find *Peleus* and *Achilles*; whereas when *Patroclus* was dead, he must be an Orphan indeed. *Homer* is particularly admirable for the Sentiments, and always follows Nature. *Dacier.*

XIX.

VERSE 384. *So Helms succeeding Helms, so Shields from Shields
Catch the quick Beams, and brighten all the Fields.]*

It is probable the Reader may think the Words, *skining*, *splendid*, and others deriv'd from the Lustre of Arms, too frequent in these Books. My Author is to answer for it, but it may be alledg'd in his Excuse, that when it was the Custom for every Soldier to serve in Armour, and when those Arms were of Brass before the Use of Iron became common, these Images of Lustre were less avoidable, and more necessarily frequent in Descriptions of this nature.

XX.

VERSE 398. *Achilles arming himself, &c.]* There is a wonderful Pomp in this Description of *Achilles's* arming himself; every Reader without being pointed to it, will see the extreme Grandeur of all these Images; But what is particular, is, in what a noble Scale they rise one above another, and how the Hero is set still in a stronger Point of Light than before; till he is at last in a manner cover'd over with Glories: He is at first likened to the Moonlight, then to the Flames of a Beacon, then to a Comet, and lastly to the Sun it self.

XXI.

VERSE 450. *Then (strange to tell! so Juro will'd) be broke
Eternal Silence, and portentous spoke.]*

It is remark'd, in excuse of this extravagant Fiction of a Horse
Ccc speaking

speaking, that *Homer* was authorized herein by Fable, Tradition, and History. *Livy* makes mention of two Oxen that spoke on different occasions, and recites the Speech of one, which was, *Roma cave tibi*. *Pliny* tells us, these Animals were particularly gifted this way, l. 8. c. 45. *Est frequens in prodigiis prisorum, bovem locutum.* Besides *Homer* had prepar'd us for expecting something miraculous from these Horses of *Achilles*, by representing them to be immortal. We have seen 'em already sensible, and weeping at the Death of *Patroclos*: And we must add to all this, that a Goddess is concern'd in working this Wonder: It is *Juno* that does it. *Oopian* alludes to this in a beautiful Passage of his first Book: Not having the Original by me, I shall quote (what I believe is no less beautiful) Mr. *Fenton's* Translation of it.

*Of all the prone Creation, none display
A friendlier Sense of Man's superior Sway:
Some in the silent Pomp of Grief complain,
For the brave Chief, by doom of Battel slain:
And when young Peleus in his rapid Car
Rush'd on, to rouze the Thunder of the War,
With human Voice inspir'd, his Steed deplo'red
The Fate impending dreadful o'er his Lord.*

Cyneg. lib. i.

Spondanus and *Dacier* fail not to bring up *Balaam's* Ass on this Occasion. But methinks the Commentators are at too much pains to discharge the Poet from the Imputation of extravagant Fiction, by accounting for Wonders of this kind: I am afraid, that next to the Extravagance of inventing them, is that of endeavouring to reconcile such Fictions to Probability. Would not one general Answer do better, to say once for all, that the abovcited Authors liv'd in the *Age of Wonders*: The Taste of the World has been generally turn'd to the Miraculous; Wonders were what the People would have, and what not only the Poets, but the Priests, gave 'em.

XXII.

VERSE 464. *Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fate-ful Voice—*

The Poet had offended against Probability if he had made *Juno* take away the Voice, for *Juno* (which signifies the Air) is the cause of the Voice. Besides, the Poet was willing to intimate that the Privation of the Voice is a thing so dismal and melancholy, that none but the *Furies* can take upon them so cruel an Employment. *Eustathius.*

THE

T H E
T W E N T I E T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L L I A D.

D d d

THE The ARGUMENT.

The Battel of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles.

JUPITER upon Achilles's returning to the Battel, calls a Council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either Party. The Terrors of the Combate describ'd, when the Deities are engag'd. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long Conversation, these two Heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserv'd by the Assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a Cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great Slaughter.

The same Day continues. The Scene is in the Field before Troy.

B B C I

THE

T H E
T W E N T I E T H B O O K
O F T H E
I L I A D.

THUS round *Pelides* breathing and Blood,
Greece sheath'd in Arms, beside her Vessels
stood;

While near impending from a neighb'ring Height,
Troy's black Battalions wait the Shock of Fight.

Then *Jove* to *Themis* gives Command, to call
The Gods to Council in the starry Hall:

Swift o'er *Olympus* hundred Hills she flies,
And summons all the Senate of the Skies.

These shining on, in long Procession come
To *Jove's* eternal Adamantine Dome.

Not one was absent; not a Rural Pow'r
That haunts the verdant Gloom, or rosy Bow'r,

Each

Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady Wood,

Each azure Sister of the silver Flood;

¹⁵ All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps

His ancient Seat beneath the sacred Deepes.

On Marble Thrones with lucid Columns crown'd,

(The Work of *Vulcan*) sate the Gods around.

*Nep-
tune.

Ev'n * He whose Trident sways the watry Reign,

²⁰ Heard the loud Summons, and forsook the Main,

Affum'd his Throne amid the bright Abodes,

And question'd thus the Sire of Men and Gods.

²⁵ What moves the God who Heav'n and Earth commands,

And grasps the Thunder in his awful Hands,

²⁵ Thus to convenie the whole ætherial State?

Is *Greece* and *Troy* the Subject in debate?

Already met, the low'ring Hosts appear,

And Death stands ardent on the Edge of War.

'Tis true (the Cloud-compelling Pow'r replies)

³⁰ This Day, we call the Council of the Skies

In Care of human Race; ev'n *Jove*'s own Eye

Sees with Regret unhappy Mortals die.

Far on *Olympus'* Top in secret State

Ourself will sit, and see the Hand of Fate

Work

Work out our Will. Celestial Pow'rs! descend,³⁵
 And as your Minds direct, your Succour lend
 To either Host. *Troy* soon must lye o'erthrown,
 If uncontroll'd *Achilles* fights alone:
 Their Troops but lately durst not meet his Eyes;
 What can they now, if in his Rage he rise?⁴⁰
 Assist them Gods! or *Ilion's* sacred Wall
 May fall this Day, tho' Fate forbids the Fall.

He said, and fir'd their heav'nly Breasts with Rage:
 On adverse Parts the warring Gods engage.
 Heav'n's awful Queen; and He whose azure Round⁴⁵
 Girds the vast Globe; the Maid in Arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable Arts the Sire,
 And *Vulcan*, the black Sov'reign of the Fire:
 These to the Fleet repair with instant Flight,
 The Vessels tremble as the Gods alight.⁵⁰
 In aid of *Troy*, *Latona*, *Phœbus* came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the Laughter-loving Dame,
Xanthus whose Streams in golden Currents flow,
 And the chast Huntress of the silver Bow.
 E'er yet the Gods their various Aid employ,⁵⁵
 Each *Argive* Bosom fwell'd with manly Joy,

E e e

While

While great *Achilles*, (Terror of the Plain)
 Long lost to Battel, shone in Arms again.
 Dreadful he stood in Front of all his Host;
 60 Pale *Troy* beheld, and seem'd already lost ;
 Her bravest Heroes pant with inward Fear,
 And trembling see another God of War.

But when the Pow'rs descending swell'd the Fight,
 Then Tumult rose; fierce Rage and pale Affright
 65 Vary'd each Face ; then Discord sounds Alarms,
 Earth echoes, and the Nations rush to Arms.
 Now thro' the trembling Shores *Minerva* calls,
 And now she thunders from the *Grecian* Walls.
 Mars hov'ring o'er his *Troy*, his Terror shrouds
 70 In gloomy Tempests, and a Night of Clouds :
 Now thro' each *Trojan* Heart he Fury pours
 With Voice divine from *Ilion*'s topmost Towr's,
 Now shouts to *Simois*, from her beauteous * Hill ;
 The Mountain shook, the rapid Stream stood still.
 75 Above, the Sire of Gods his Thunder rolls,
 And Peals on Peals redoubled rend the Poles.
 Beneath, stern *Neptune* shakes the solid Ground,
 The Forests wave, the Mountains nod around ;
 Thro'

Thro' all their Summits tremble *Ida's Woods*,
 And from their Sources boil her hundred Floods. 80
Troy's Turrets totter on the rocking Plain;
 And the tofs'd Navies beat the heaving Main.
 Deep in the dismal Regions of the Dead,
 Th' infernal Monarch rear'd his horrid Head,
 Leap'd from his Throne, lest *Neptune's* Arm should lay 85
 His dark Dominions open to the Day,
 And pour in Light on *Pluto's* drear Abodes,
 Abhorr'd by Men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such War th' Immortals wage: Such Horrors rend
 The World's vast Concave, when the Gods contend. 90
 First silver-shafted *Phæbus* took the Plain
 Against blue *Neptune*, Monarch of the Main:
 The God of Arms his Giant Bulk display'd,
 Oppos'd to *Pallas*, War's triumphant Maid.
 Against *Latona* march'd the Son of *May*; 95
 The quiver'd *Dian*, Sister of the Day,
 (Her golden Arrows sounding at her side)
Saturnia, Majesty of Heav'n, defy'd.
 With fiery *Vulcan* last in Battle stands
 The sacred Flood that rolls on golden Sands; 100

Xanthus

Xanthus his Name with those of heavenly Birth,
But call'd *Scamander* by the Sons of Earth.

While thus the Gods in various League engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal Rage:
105 *Hector* he sought; in search of *Hector* turn'd
His Eyes around, for *Hector* only burn'd;
And burst like Light'ning thro' the Ranks, and vow'd
To glut the God of Battles with his Blood.

Aeneas was the first who dar'd to stay;
110 *Apollo* wedg'd him in the Warrior's Way,
But swell'd his Bosom with undaunted Might,
Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded to the Fight.
Like young *Lycaon*, of the Royal Line,
In Voice and Aspect, seem'd the Pow'r divine;
115 And bade the Chief reflect, how late with Scorn
In distant Threats he brav'd the Goddess-born.

Then thus the Hero of *Anchises*' Strain.
To meet *Pelides* you persuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of Fear
120 Observ'd the Fury of his flying Spear;
From *Ida*'s Woods he chas'd us to the Field,
Our Force he scatter'd, and our Herds he kill'd;

Lyrnessus.

Lyrnessus, Pegasus in Ashes lay;
 But (*Jove* assisting) I surviv'd the Day.
 Else had I sunk opprest in fatal Fight,
 By fierce *Achilles* and *Minerva*'s Might. 125
 Where'er he mov'd, the Goddess shone before,
 And bath'd his brazen Lance in hostile Gore.
 What mortal Man *Achilles* can sustain?
 Th'Immortals guard him thro' the dreadful Plain,
 And suffer not his Dart to fall in vain. 130
 Were God my Aid, this Arm should check his Pow'r,
 Tho' strong in Battel as a brazen Tow'r.

To whom the Son of *Jove*, That God implore,
 And be, what great *Achilles* was before. 135
 From heav'nly *Venus* thou deriv'st thy Strain,
 And he, but from a Sister of the Main;
 An aged Sea-God, Father of his Line,
 But *Jove* himself the sacred Source of thine.
 Then lift thy Weapon for a noble Blow, 140
 Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal Foe.

This said, and Spirit breath'd into his Breast,
 Thro' the thick Troops th'embolden'd Hero prest:

F f f

His

His vent'rous Act the white-arm'd Queen survey'd,
 145 And thus, assembling all the Pow'rs, she said.

Behold an Action, Gods! that claims your Care,
 Lo great *Aeneas* rushing to the War;
 Against *Pelides* he directs his Course,
Phœbus impells, and *Phœbus* gives him Force.
 150 Restrain his bold Career; at least, t'attend
 Our favour'd Hero, let some Pow'r descend.
 To guard his Life, and add to his Renown,
 We, the great Armament of Heav'n came down.
 Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,
 155 That spun so short his Life's illustrious Line:
 But lest some adverse God now cross his Way,
 Give him to know, what Pow'rs assist this Day:
 For how shall Mortal stand the dire Alarms,
 When Heav'n's resplendent Host appear in Arms?
 160 Thus she, and thus the God whose Force can make
 The solid Globe's eternal Basis shake.
 Against the Might of Man, so feeble known,
 Why shou'd cœlestial Pow'rs exert their own?
 Suffice, from yonder Mount to view the Scene;
 165 And leave to War the Fates of mortal Men.

But

But if th' Armipotent, or God of Light,
 Obstruct *Achilles*, or commence the Fight,
 Thence on the Gods of *Troy* we swift descend:
 Full soon, I doubt not, shall the Conflict end,
 And these, in Ruin and Confusion hurl'd,
 Yield to our conqu'ring Arms the lower World.
170

Thus having said, the Tyrant of the Sea
Cœrulean Neptune, rose, and led the Way.
 Advanc'd upon the Field there stood a Mound
 Of Earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;
175
 In elder Times to guard *Alcides* made,
 (The Work of *Trojans*, with *Minerva's* Aid)
 What-time, a vengeful Monster of the Main
 Swept the wide Shore, and drove him to the Plain.

Here *Neptune*, and the Gods of *Greece* repair,
180
 With Clouds encompafs'd, and a Veil of Air:
 The adverse Pow'rs, around *Apollo* laid,
 Crown the fair Hills that silver *Simois* shade.
 In Circle close each heav'nly Party fate,
 Intent to form the future Scheme of Fate;
185
 But mix not yet in Fight, tho' Jove on high
 Gives the loud signal, and the Heav'ns reply.

Mean-

Meanwhile the rushing Armies hide the Ground;
 The trampled Center yields a hollow Sound:
 Steeds cas'd in Mail, and Chiefs in Armour bright,
 The gleamy Chāmpain glows with brazen Light.
 Amid both Hosts (a dreadful Space) appear
 There, great *Achilles*, bold *Æneas* here.
 With tow'ring Strides *Æneas* first advanc'd;
 The nodding Plumage on his Helmet danc'd,
 Spread o'er his Breast the fencing Shield he bore,
 And, as he mov'd, his Jav'lin flam'd before.
 Not so *Pelides*; furious to engage,
 He rush'd impetuous. Such the Lion's Rage,
 Who viewing first his Foes with scornful Eyes,
 Tho' all in Arms the peopled City rise,
 Stalks careless on, with unregarding Pride;
 Till at the length, by some brave Youth defy'd,
 To His bold Spear the Savage turns alone,
 He murmurs Fury with an hollow Groan;
 He grins, he foams, he rolls his Eyes around;
 Lash'd by his Tail his heaving sides resound;
 He calls up all his Rage; he grinds his Teeth,
 Resolv'd on Vengeance, or resolv'd on Death.

So fierce *Achilles* on *Æneas* flies; 210
 So stands *Æneas*, and his Force defies.
 E'er yet the stern Encounter join'd, begun
 The Seed of *Thetis* thus to *Venus'* Son.

Why comes *Æneas* thro' the Ranks so far?

Seeks he to meet *Achilles'* Arm in War, 215

In hope the Realms of *Priam* to enjoy,

And prove his Merits to the Throne of *Troy*?

Grant that beneath thy Lance *Achilles* dies,

The partial Monarch may refuse the Prize;

Sons he has many, those thy Pride may quell; 220

And 'tis his Fault to love those Sons too well.

•Or, in reward of thy victorious Hand,

Has *Troy* propos'd some spacious Tract of Land?

An ample Forest, or a fair Domain,

Of Hills for Vines, and Arable for Grain? 225

Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy Lot:

But can *Achilles* be so soon forgot?

Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd Spear

And then the great *Æneas* seem'd to fear.

With hearty Haste from *Ida's* Mount he fled, 230

Nor, till he reach'd *Lyrnessus*, turn'd his Head.

G g g

Her

Her lofty Walls not long our Progress stay'd;
 Those, *Pallas*, *Jove*, and We, in Ruins laid:
 In *Grecian* Chains her captive Race were cast;

²³⁵ 'Tis true, the great *Aeneas* fled too fast.
 Defrauded of my Conquest once before,
 What then I lost, the Gods this Day restore.
 Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd Fate;
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

²⁴⁰ To this *Anchises'* Son. Such Words employ
 To one that fears thee, some unwarlike Boy:
 Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd
 With mean Reproaches, and unmanly Pride:
 Unworthy the high Race from which we came,

²⁴⁵ Proclaim'd so loudly by the Voice of Fame,
 Each from illustrious Fathers draws his Line;
 Each Goddess-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis' this Day, or *Venus'* Offspring dies,
 And Tears shall trickle from cœlestial Eyes:

²⁵⁰ For when two Heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
 'Tis not in Words the glorious strife can end.
 If yet thou farther seek to learn my Birth
 (A Tale resounding thro' the spacious Earth)

Hear

Hear how the glorious Origine we prove
From ancient *Dardanus*, the first from *Jove*: 255
Dardania's Walls he rais'd; for *Ilion*, then,
(The City since of many-languag'd Men)
Was not. The Natives were content to till
The shady Foot of *Ida's* Fount-ful Hill.

From *Dardanus*, great *Erichthonius* springs, 260
The richest, once, of *Asia's* wealthy Kings;
Three thousand Mares his spacious Pastures bred,
Three thousand Foals beside their Mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly Train,
Conceal'd his Godhead in a flowing Mane, 265
With Voice dissembled to his Loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled Beauties o'er the Mead:
Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd Kind,
Swift as their Mother Mares, and Father Wind.
These lightly skimming, when they swept the Plain, 270
Nor ply'd the Grass, nor bent the tender Grain;
And when along the level Seas they flew,
Scarce on the Surface curl'd the briny Dew.
Such *Erichthonius* was: From him there came
The sacred *Tros*, of whom the *Trojan* Name. 275

Three

Three Sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial Bed,

Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed:

The matchless *Ganymed*, divinely fair,

Whom Heaven enamour'd snatch'd to upper Air,

280 To bear the Cup of *Jove* (Ætherial Guest)

The Grace and Glory of th'Ambrosial Feast.

The two remaining Sons the Line divide:

First rose *Laomedon* from *Ilus'* Side;

From him *Tithonus*, now in Cares grown old,

285 And *Priam*, (blest with *Hector*, brave and bold:)

Clytius and *Lampus*, ever-honour'd Pair;

And *Hicetaon*, Thunderbolt of War.

From great *Assaracus* sprung *Capys*, He

Begat *Anchises*, and *Anchises* me.

290 Such is our Race: 'Tis Fortune gives us Birth,

But *Jove* alone endues the Soul with Worth:

He, Source of Pow'r and Might! with boundless Sway,

All human Courage, gives, or takes away.

Long in the Field of Words we may contend,

295 Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,

Arm'd or with Truth or Falshood, Right or Wrong,

So voluble a Weapon is the Tongue;

Wounded,

Wounded, we wound ; and neither side can fail,
 For ev'ry Man has equal Strength to rail :
 Women alone, when in the Streets they jar, 300
 Perhaps excel us in this wordy War ;
 Like us they stand, encompass'd with the Crowd,
 And vent their Anger, impotent and loud.
 Cease then----Our Business in the Field of Fight
 Is not to question, but to prove our Might. 305
 To all those Insults thou hast offer'd here,
 Receive this Answer : 'Tis my flying Spear.

He spoke. With all his Force the Jav'lin flung,
 Fix'd deep, and loudly in the Buckler rung.
 Far on his out-stretch'd Arm, *Pelides* held 310
 (To meet the thund'ring Lance) his dreadful Shield,
 That trembled as it stuck; nor void of Fear
 Saw, e'er it fell, th'immeasurable Spear.
 His Fears were vain; impenetrable Charms
 Secur'd the Temper of th'Ætherial Arms. 315
 Thro' two strong Plates the Point its Passage held,
 But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd;
 Five Plates of various Metal, various Mold,
 Compos'd the Shield; of Brads each outward Fold, 320
 Of Tin each inward, and the middle Gold:

H h h

There

There stuck the Lance. Then rising e'er he threw,
 The forceful Spear of great *Achilles* flew,
 And pierc'd the *Dardan* Shield's extremest Bound,
 Where the shrill Brass return'd a sharper Sound:

325 Thro' the thin Verge the *Pelian* Weapon glides,
 And the slight Cov'ring of expanded Hydes.

Aeneas his contracted Body bends,
 And o'er him high the riven Targe extends;
 Sees, thro' its parting Plates, the upper Air,

330 And at his Back perceives the quiv'ring Spear:
 A Fate so near him, chills his Soul with Fright,
 And swims before his Eyes the many-colour'd Light.
Achilles, rushing in with dreadful Cries,
 Draws his broad Blade, and at *Aeneas* flies:

335 *Aeneas* rouzing as the Foe came on,
 (With Force collected) heaves a mighty Stone:
 A Mass enormous! which in modern Days
 No two of Earth's degen'rate Sons could raise.

But Ocean's God, whose Earthquakes rock the Ground,
 340 Saw the Distress, and mov'd the Pow'rs around.

Lo! on the Brink of Fate *Aeneas* stands,
 An instant Victim to *Achilles* Hands:

By

By *Phœbus* urg'd; but *Phœbus* has bestow'd
His Aid in vain: The Man o'erpow'rs the God.

And can ye see this righteous Chief attone

345

With guiltless Blood, for Vices not his own?

To all the Gods his constant Vows were paid;

Sure, tho' he wars for *Troy*, he claims our Aid.

Fate wills not this; nor thus can *Jove* resign

The future Father of the *Dardan* Line:

350

The first great Ancestor obtain'd his Grace,

And still his Love descends on all the Race.

For *Priam* now, and *Priam's* faithless Kind,

At length are odious to th'all-seeing Mind;

On great *Aeneas* shall devolve the Reign,

355

And Sons succeeding Sons, the lasting Line sustain.

The great Earth-shaker thus: To whom replies

Th'Imperial Goddes with the radiant Eyes.

Good as he is, to immolate or spare

The *Dardan* Prince, O *Neptune*, be thy Care;

360

Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,

Have sworn Destruction to the *Trojan* Kind;

Not ev'n an Instant to protract their Fate,

Or save one Member of the sinking State;

Till

365 Till her last Flame be quench'd with her last Gore,
And ev'n her crumbling Ruins are no more.

The King of Ocean to the Fight descends,
Thro' all the whistling Darts his Course he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the Warriors flies,
370 And casts thick Darkness o'er *Achilles'* Eyes.

From great *Aeneas'* Shield the Spear he drew,
And at its Master's Feet the Weapon threw.
That done, with Force divine, he snatch'd on high
The *Dardan* Prince, and bore him thro' the Sky,
375 Smooth-gliding without Step, above the Heads,
Of warring Heroes, and of bounding Steeds.
Till at the Battel's utmost Verge they light,
Where the slow *Caucous* close the Rear of Fight.
The Godhead there (his heav'nly Form confess'd)
380 With Words like these the panting Chief address'd.

What Pow'r, O Prince, with Force inferior far,
Urg'd thee to meet *Achilles'* Arm in War?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy Doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy Fame to come.

But

But when the Day decreed (for come it must) 385
 Shall lay this dreadful Hero in the Dust,
 Let then the Furies of that Arm be known,
 Secure, no *Grecian* Force transcends thy own.

With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,
 Then from *Achilles*: chas'd the Mist away: 390
 Sudden, returning with the Stream of Light,
 The Scene of War came rushing on his Sight.
 Then thus, amaz'd: What Wonders strike my Mind!

My Spear, that parted on the Wings of Wind,
 Laid here before me! and the *Dardan* Lord 395

That fell this instant, vanish'd from my Sword!

I thought alone with Mortals to contend,

But Pow'rs cœlestial sure this Foe defend.

Great as he is, our Arm he scarce will try,

Content for once, with all his Gods, to fly. 400

Now then, let others bleed—This said, aloud

He vents his Fury, and inflames the Crowd.

O Greeks (he cries, and every Rank alarms)

Join Battel, Man to Man, and Arms to Arms!

'T is not in me, tho' favour'd by the Sky, 405

To mow whole Troops, and make whole Armies fly:

No God can singly such a Host engage,
Not *Mars* himself, nor great *Minerva's* Rage.

But whatsoe'er *Achilles* can inspire,

410 Whate'er of active Force, or acting Fire,
Whate'er this Heart can prompt, or Hand obey;
All, all *Achilles*, *Greeks!* is yours to Day.

Thro' yon wide Host this Arm shall scatter Fear,
And thin the Squadrons with my single Spear.

415 He said: Nor less elate with martial Joy,
The god like *Hector* warm'd the Troops of *Troy*.

Trojans to War! Think *Hector* leads you on;
Nor dread the Vaunts of *Peleus'* haughty Son;
Deeds must decide our Fate. Ev'n those with Words

420 Insult the Brave, who tremble at their Swords:
The weakest Atheist-Wretch all Heav'n defies,
But shrinks and shudders, when the Thunder flies.
Nor from yon' Boaster shall your Chief retire,
Not tho' his Heart were Steel, his Hands were Fire;
425 That Fire, that Steel, your *Hector* shou'd withstand,
And brave that vengeful Heart, that dreadful Hand.

Thus, breathing Rage thro' all the Hero said;
A Wood of Lances rises round his Head,

Clamors

Clamors on Clamors tempest all the Air,
 They join, they throng, they thicken to the War.⁴³⁰
 But *Phœbus* warns him from high Heav'n, to shun
 The single Fight with *Thetis'* god-like Son;
 More safe to combate in the mingled Band;
 Nor tempt too near the Terrors of his Hand.
 He hears, obedient to the God of Light,⁴³⁵
 And plung'd within the Ranks, awaits the Fight.

Then fierce *Achilles*, shouting to the Skies,
 On *Troy*'s whole Force with boundless Fury flies.
 First falls *Iphytion*, at his Army's Head;
 Brave was the Chief; and brave the Host he led;⁴⁴⁰
 From great *Otryntes* he deriv'd his Blood,
 His Mother was a *Naias* of the Flood;
 Beneath the Shades of *Tmolus*, crown'd with Snow,
 From *Hyde*'s Walls, he rul'd the Lands below.
 Pierce as he springs, the Sword his Head divides;⁴⁴⁵
 The parted Visage falls on equal Sides:
 With loud-resounding Arms he strikes the Plain;
 While thus *Achilles* glories o'er the Slain.

Lye there *Otryntides*! the Trojan Earth
 Receives thee dead, tho' *Gygæ* boast thy Birth;⁴⁵⁰
 Those

Those beauteous Fields where *Hyllus'* Waves are roll'd,
 And plenteous *Hermus* swells with Tides of Gold,
 Are thine no more---Th'insulting Hero said,
 And left him sleeping in Eternal Shade.

455 The rolling Wheels of *Greece* the Body tore,
 And dash'd their Axles with no vulgar Gore.

Demoleon next, *Antenor's* Offspring, laid
 Breathless in Dust, the Price of Rashness paid.
 Th'impatient Steel with full-descending Sway
 460 Forc'd thro' his brazen Helm its furious Way;
 Resistless drove the batter'd Skull before,
 And dash'd and mingled all the Brains with Gore.
 This fees *Hippodamas*, and seiz'd with Fright,
 Deserts his Chariot for a swifter Flight:

465 The Lance arrests him: an ignoble Wound
 The panting *Trojan* rivets to the Ground.
 He groans away his Soul: Not louder roars

At *Neptunes* Shrine on *Helice's* high Shores
 The Victim Bull; the Rocks rebellow round,
 470 And Ocean listens to the grateful Sound.

Then fell on *Polydore* his vengeful Rage,
 The youngest Hope of *Priam's* stooping Age:

(Whose

(Whose Feet for Swiftness in the Race surpass)
 Of all his Sons, the dearest, and the last
 To the forbidden Field he takes his Flight; 475
 In the first Folly of a youthful Knight,
 To vaunt his Swiftness, wheels around the Plain,
 But vaunts not long, with all his Swiftness slain,
 Struck where the crossing Belts unite behind,
 And golden Rings the double Back-plate join'd; 480
 Forth thro' the Navel burst the thrilling Steel;
 And on his Knees with piercing Shrieks he fell;
 The rushing Entrails pour'd upon the Ground,
 His Hands collect; and Darkness wraps him round.
 When *Hector* view'd, tall ghastly in his Gory 485
 Thus sadly slain, th'unhappy *Polydore*,
 A Cloud of Sorrow overcast his Sight, turbid off
 His Soul no longer brook'd the distant Fight,
 Full in *Achilles'* dreadful Front he came,
 And shook his Jav'lin like a waving Flame; 490
 The Son of *Peleus* sees, with Joy possest,
 His Heart high-bounding in his rising Breast;
 And, lo! the Man, on whom black Fates attend,
 The Man, that slew *Achilles*, in his Friend!

495 No more shall *Hector's* and *Pelides'* Spear
 Turn from each other in the Walks of War---
 Then with revengeful Eyes he scan'd him o'er:
 Come, and receive thy Fate! He spake no more.

Hector, undaunted, thus. Such Words employ
 500 To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike Boy:
 Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
 Mean Intercourse of Obloquy and Pride!
 I know thy Force to mine superior far;
 But Heav'n alone confers Success in War:
 505 Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my Dart,
 And give it Entrance in a braver Heart.

Then parts the Lance: But *Pallas'* heav'nly Breath,
 Far from *Achilles* wafts the winged Death:
 The bidden Dart again to *Hector* flies,
 510 And at the Feet of its great Master lies.

Achilles closes with his hated Foe,
 His Heart and Eyes with flaming Fury glow:
 But present to his Aid, *Apollo* shrouds
 The favour'd Hero in a Veil of Clouds.
 515 Thrice struck *Pelides* with indignant Heart,
 Thrice in impassive Air he plung'd the Dart:

The

The Spear a fourth time bury'd in the Cloud,
He foams with Fury, and exclaims aloud.

Wretch! Thou hast scap'd again. Once more thy Flight
Has sav'd thee, and the partial God of Light. 520

But long thou shalt not thy just Fate withstand,
If any Pow'r assist *Achilles'* Hand.

Fly then inglorious! But thy Flight this Day
Whole Hecatombs of *Trojan* Ghosts shall pay.

With that, he gluts his Rage on Numbers slain: 525

Then *Dryops* tumbled to th'ensanguin'd Plain,

Pierc'd thro' the Neck: He left him panting there,

And stopp'd *Demuchus*, great *Philetor*'s Heir,

Gigantic Chief! Deep gash'd th'enormous Blade,

And for the Soul an ample Passage made. 530

Laogonus and *Dardanus* expire,

The valiant Sons of an unhappy Sire;

Both in one Instant from the Chariot hurl'd,

Sunk in one Instant to the nether World;

This Diff'rence only their sad Fates afford, 535

That one the Spear destroy'd, and one the Sword.

Nor less unpity'd young *Alastor* bleeds;
In vain his Youth, in vain his Beauty pleads:

In

In vain he begs thee with a Suppliant's Moan,
 To spare his Form, and Age so like thy own!
 Unhappy Boy! no Pray'r, no moving Art
 E'er bent that fierce, inexorable Heart!
 While yet he trembled at his Knees, and cry'd,
 The ruthless Falchion op'd his tender Side;
 The panting Liver pours a Flood of Gore,
 That drowns his Bosom, till he pants no more.
 Thro' *Mulius'* Head then drove th' impetuous Spear,
 The Warrior falls, transfix'd from Ear to Ear.
 Thy Life *Echecias!* next the Sword bereaves,
 Deep thro't his Front the pond'rous Falchion cleaves;
 Warm'd in the Brain the smoaking Weapon lies,
 The purple Death comes floating o'er his Eyes;
 Then brave *Deucalion* dy'd: The Dart was flung
 Where the knit Nerves the pliant Elbow strung;
 He dropp'd his Arm, an unassisting Weight,
 And stood all impotent, expecting Fate:
 Full on his Neck the falling Falchion sped,
 From his broad Shoulders hew'd his crested Head:
 Forth from the Bone the spinal Marrow flies,
 And sunk in Dust, the Corps extended lies.

Rhigmus

Rhiginus, whose Race from fruitful *Thracia* came,
 (The Son of *Pireus*, an illustrious Name,) . . .
 Succeeds to Fate; The Spear his Belly rends;
 Prone from his Car the thund'ring Chief descends,
 The Squire who saw expiring on the Ground 565
 His prostrate Master, rein'd the Steeds around;
 His Back scarce turn'd, the *Pelian* Jav'lin gor'd;
 And stretch'd the Servant o'er his dying Lord.
 As when a Flame the winding Valley fills,
 And runs on crackling Shrubs between the Hills; 570
 Then o'er the Stubble up the Mountain flies,
 Fires the high Woods, and blazes to the Skies,
 This way and that, the spreading Torrent roars;
 So sweeps the Hero thro' the wasted Shores;
 Around him wide, immense Destruction pours, 575
 And Earth is delug'd with the sanguine Show'rs.
 As with Autumnal Harvests cover'd o'er,
 And thick besrown, lies *Ceres'* sacred Floor,
 When round and round with never-weary'd Pain,
 The trampling Steers beat out th'unnumber'd Grain. 580
 So the fierce Coursers, as the Chariot rolls,
 Tread down whole Ranks, and crush out Hero's Souls.

Dash'd from their Hoofs while o'er the Dead they fly,
Black bloody Drops the smoaking Chariot die:
585 The spiky Wheels thro' Heaps of Carnage tore;
And thick the groaning Axles dropp'd with Gore.
High o'er the Scene of Death *Achilles* stood,
All grim with Dust, all horrible in Blood:
Yet still infatiate, still with Rage on flame;
Such is the Lust of never-dying Fame!

O B S E R-

O B S E R V A T I O N S

O N T H E

Twentieth Book.

2101 TAYLOR

2101 TAYLOR

O B S E R V A T I O N S
ON THE
TWENTIETH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 5. *Then Jove to Themis gives Command, &c.]*
The Poet is now to bring his Hero again into Action, and he introduces him with the utmost Pomp and Grandeur: The Gods are assembled only upon this account, and Jupiter permits several Deities to join with the Trojans, and hinder Achilles from over-ruling Destiny itself.

The Circumstance of sending *Themis* to assemble the Gods, is very beautiful; she is the Goddess of Justice; the *Trojans* by the Rape of *Helen*, and by repeated Perjuries having broken her Laws, she is the properest Messenger to summon a Synod to bring them to punishment. *Eustathius.*

Proclus has given a farther Explanation of this. *Themis* or *Justice* (says he) is made to assemble the Gods round *Jupiter*, because it is from him that all the Powers of Nature take their Virtue, and receive their Orders; and *Jupiter* sends them to the Relief of both Parties, to shew that no-

thing falls out but by his Permission, and that neither Angels, nor Men, nor the Elements, act but according to the Power which is given them.

II.

VERSE 15. *All but old Ocean.*] *Eustathius* gives two Reasons why *Oceanus* was absent from this Assembly: The one is because he is fabled to be the Original of all the Gods, and it would have been a peice of Indecency for him to see the Deities, who were all his Descendents, war upon one another by joining adverse Parties: The other Reason he draws from the Allegory of *Oceanus*, which signifies the Element of Water, and consequently the whole Element could not ascend into the *Aether*; But whereas *Neptune*, the Rivers, and the Fountains are said to have been present, this is no way impossible, if we consider it in an allegorical Sense, which implies, that the Rivers, Seas, and Fountains supply the Air with Vapours, and by that means ascend into the *Aether*.

III.

VERSE 35. *Cœlestial Pow'rs descend,
And as your Minds direct, your Succour lend.
To either Host—*]

Eustathius informs us, that the Ancients were very much divided upon this Passage of *Homer*. Some have criticised it, and others have answer'd their Criticism; but he reports nothing more than the Objection, without transmitting the Answer to us. Those who condemned *Homer*, said *Jupiter* was for the *Trojans*; he saw the *Greeks* were the strongest, so permitted the Gods to declare themselves and go to the Battel. But therein that God is deceived, and does not gain his Point; for the Gods who favour the *Greeks* being stronger than those who favour the *Trojans*, the *Greeks* will still have the same Advantage. I do not know what Answer the Partisans of *Homer* made, but for my part, I think this Objection is more ingenious than solid. *Jupiter* does not pretend

tend that the *Trojans* shou'd be stronger than the *Greeks*, he has only a mind that the Decree of Destiny should be executed. Destiny had refused to *Achilles* the Glory of taking *Troy*, but if *Achilles* fights singly against the *Trojans*, he is capable of forcing Destiny; as *Homer* has already elsewhere said, that there had been brave Men who had done so. Whereas if the Gods took part, tho' those who followed the *Grecians* were stronger than those who were for the *Trojans*, the latter wou'd however be strong enough to support Destiny, and to hinder *Achilles* from making himself Master of *Troy*: This was *Jupiter's* sole View. Thus is this Passage far from being blameable, it is on the contrary very beautiful, and infinitely glorious for *Achilles*. *Dacier.*

IV.

VERSE 41. —*Or Ilion's sacred Wall*

May fall this Day, tho' Fate forbid the Fall.]

Mons. *de la Motte* criticizes on this Passage, as thinking it absurd and contradictory to *Homer's* own System, to imagine, that what Fate had ordained should not come to pass. *Jupiter* here seems to fear that *Troy* will be taken this very Day in spite of Destiny, *ὑπὲρ μόρον*. M. *Boivin* answers, that the Explication hereof depends wholly upon the Principles of the ancient Pagan Theology and their Doctrine concerning Fate. It is certain, according to *Homer* and *Virgil*, that which Destiny had decreed did not constantly happen in the precise Time mark'd by Destiny, the fatal Moment was not to be retarded, but might be hastened: For example, that of the Death of *Dido* was advanced by the Blow she gave herself; her Hour was not then come.

—*Nec fato, merita nec morte peribat,
Sed misera ante diem—*

Every violent Death was accounted *ὑπὲρ μόρον*, that is, before the fated Time, or (which is the same thing) against the natural Order, *turbato mortalitatis ordine*, as the *Romans* express'd

pres'd it. And the same might be said of any Misfortunes which Men drew upon themselves by their own ill Conduct. (See the 37th Note on lib. 16.) In a word, it must be allowed that it was not easy, in the Pagan Religion, to form the justest Ideas upon a Doctrine so difficult to be clear'd; and upon which it is no great wonder if a Poet should not always be perfectly consistent with himself, when it has puzzel'd such a Number of Divines and Philosophers.

V.

VERSE 44. *On adverse Parts the warring Gods engage,
Heav'n's awful Queen, &c.]*

Eustathius has a very curious Remark upon this Division of the Gods in *Homer*, which M. *Dacier* has entirely borrowed (as indeed no Commentator ever borrowed more, or acknowledg'd less, than she has every where done from *Eustathius*.) This Division, says he, is not made at random, but founded upon very solid Reasons, drawn from the Nature of those two Nations. He places on the Side of the *Greeks* all the Gods who preside over Arts and Sciences, to signify how much in that Respect the *Greeks* excell'd all other Nations. *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Neptune*, *Mercury* and *Vulcan* are for the *Greeks*; *Juno*, not only as the Goddess who presides over Marriage, and who is concern'd to revenge an Injury done to the nuptial Bed, but likewise as the Goddess who represents Monarchical Government, which was better establish'd in *Greece* than any where else; *Pallas*, because being the Goddess of War and Wisdom, she ought to assist those who are wrong'd; besides the *Greeks* understood the Art of War better than the *Barbarians*; *Neptune*, because he was an Enemy to the *Trojans* upon account of *Laomedon*'s Perfidiousness, and because most of the *Greeks* being come from the Islands or Peninsula's they were in some sort his Subjects; *Mercury*, because he is a God who presides over Stratagems of War, and because *Troy* was taken by that of the wooden Horse; and lastly *Vulcan*, as the declared Enemy of *Mars* and of all Adulterers, and as the Father of Arts.

VI.

VI.

VERSE 52. *Mars, fiery-helm'd, the Laugter loving Dame.]* The Reasons why *Mars* and *Venus* engage for the *Trojans* are very obvious; the Point in hand was to favour Ravishers and Debauchees. But the same Reason, you will say, does not serve for *Apollo*, *Diana* and *Latona*. It is urg'd that *Apollo* is for the *Trojans*, because of the Darts and Arrows which were the principal Strength of the *Barbarians*; and *Diana*, because she presidèd over Dancing, and those *Barbarians* were great Dancers; and *Latona*, as influenc'd by her Children. *Xanthus* being a *Trojan* River is interest-ed for his Countrey. *Eustathius.*

VII.

VERSE 75. *Above the Sire of Gods, &c.]* "The Images
" (says *Longinus*) which *Homer* gives of the Combate of
" the Gods, have in 'em something prodigiously great and
" magnificent. We see in these Verses, the Earth open'd
" to its very Center, Hell ready to disclose itself, the whole
" Machine of the World upon the Point to be destroyed
" and overturn'd: To shew that in such a Conflict, Hea-
" ven and Hell, all Things mortal and immortal, the whole
" Creation in short was engag'd in this Battel, and all the
" Extent of Nature in Danger."

*Non secus ac si qua penitus vi terra debiscens
Infernus referet Sedes & Regna recludat
Pallida, Diis invisa, superque immane barathrum
Cernatur, trepidantque immiso lumine Manes.* Virgil.

Madam *Dacier* rightly observes that this Copy is inferior to the Original on this account, that *Virgil* has made a Comparison of that which *Homer* made an Action. This occasions an infinite Difference, which is easy to be perceiv'd.

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One may compare with this noble Passage of *Homer*, the Battel of the Gods and Giants in *Hesiod's Theogony*, which is one of the sublimest Parts of that Author; and *Milton's* Battel of the *Angels* in the sixth Book: The Elevation, and Enthusiasm of our great Countryman seems owing to this Original.

VIII.

VERSE 91. *First silver shafted Phœbus took the Plain, &c.]* With what Art does the Poet engage the Gods in this Conflict! *Neptune* opposes *Apollo*, which implies that Things moist and dry are in continual Discord: *Pallas* fights with *Mars*, which signifies that Rashness and Wisdom always disagree: *Juno* is against *Diana*, that is, nothing more differs from a Marriage State, than Celibacy: *Vulcan* engages *Xanthus*, that is, Fire and Water are in perpetual Variance. Thus we have a fine Allegory conceal'd under the Veil of excellent Poetry, and the Reader receives a double Satisfaction at the same time from beautiful Verses, and an instructive Moral. *Eustathius.*

IX.

VERSE 119. *Already have I met, &c.]* *Eustathius* remarks that the Poet lets no Opportunity pass of inserting into his Poem the Actions that preceded the tenth Year of the War, especially the Actions of *Achilles* the Hero of it. In this place he brings in *Æneas* extolling the Bravery of his Enemy and confessing himself to have formerly been vanquish'd by him: At the same time he preserves a peice of ancient History by inserting into the Poem the Hero's Conquest of *Pedasus* and *Lyrnessus*.

X.

VERSE 121. *From Ida's Woods he chas'd us—
But Jove assisting I surviv'd.]*

It is remarkable that *Æneas* owed his Safety to his Flight from *Achilles*, but it may seem strange that *Achilles* who was so

so fam'd for his Swiftness, should not be able to overtake him; even with *Minerva* for his Guide. *Eustathius* answers, that this might proceed from the better Knowledge *Aeneas* might have of the Ways and Defiles: *Achilles* being a Stranger, and *Aeneas* having long kept his Father's Flocks in those Parts.

He farther observes, that the Word *φαῖος* discovers that it was in the Night that *Achilles* pursu'd *Aeneas*.

XI.

VERSE 174. *Advanc'd upon the Field there stood a Mound, &c.]*
It may not be unnecessary to explain this Passage to make it understood by the Reader: The Poet is very short in the Description, as supposing the Fact already known, and hastens to the Combat between *Achilles* and *Aeneas*. This is very judicious in *Homer* not to dwell on a piece of History that had no relation to his Action, when he has rais'd the Reader's Expectation by so pompous an Introduction, and made the Gods themselves his Spectators.

The Story is as follows. *Laomedon* having defrauded *Neptune* of the Reward he promis'd him for the building the Walls of *Troy*, *Neptune* sent a monstrous Whale, to which *Laomedon* exposed his Daughter *Hesione*: But *Hercules* having undertaken to destroy the Monster, the *Trojans* rais'd an Intrenchment to defend *Hercules* from his Pursuit: This being a remarkable piece of Conduct in the *Trojans*, it gave occasion to the Poet to adorn a plain Narration with Fiction by ascribing the Work to *Pallas* the Goddess of Wisdom. *Eustathius*

XII.

VERSE 180. *Here Neptune, and the Gods, &c.]* I wonder why *Eustathius* and all other Commentators should be silent upon this Recess of the Gods: It seems strange at the first view, that so many Deities, after having enter'd the Scene of Action, shou'd perform so short a Part, and immediately become

come themselves Spectators? I conceive the reason of this Conduct in the Poet to be, that *Achilles* has been inactive during the greatest part of the Poem; and as he is the Hero of it, ought to be the chief Character in it: The Poet therefore withdraws the Gods from the Field that *Achilles* may have the whole Honour of the Day, and not act in subordination to the Deities: Besides, the Poem now draws to a Conclusion, and it is necessary for *Homer* to enlarge upon the Exploits of *Achilles*, that he may leave a noble Idea of his Valour upon the Mind of the Reader.

XIII.

VERSE 214, &c. *The Conversation of Achilles and Æneas.*] I shall lay before the Reader the Words of *Eustathius* in defence of this Passage, which I confess seems to me to be faulty in the Poet. The Reader (says he) would naturally expect some great and terrible Atchievements should ensue from *Achilles* upon his first entrance upon Action. The Poet seems to prepare us for it, by his magnificent Introduction of him into the Field: But instead of a Storm, we have a Calm; he follows the same Method in this Book as he did in the third, where when both Armies were ready to engage in a general Conflict, he ends the Day in a single Combat between two Heroes: Thus he always agreeably surprises his Readers. Besides the Admirers of *Homer* reap a farther Advantage from this Conversation of the Heroes: There is a Chain of ancient History as well as a Series of poetical Beauties.

Madam *Dacier's* Excuse is very little better: And to shew that this is really a Fault in the Poet, I believe I may appeal to the Taste of every Reader who certainly finds himself disappointed: Our Expectation is rais'd to see Gods and Heroes engage, when suddenly it all sinks into such a Combat in which neither Party receive a Wound; and (what is more extraordinary) the Gods are made the Spectators of so small an Action! What occasion was there for Thunder, Earthquakes, and descending Deities, to introduce a Matter of so little Importance?

portance? Neither is it any Excuse to say he has given us a peice of ancient History; We expected to read a Poet, not an Historian. In short, after the greatest Preparation for Action imaginable, he suspends the whole Narration, and from the Heat of a Poet, cools at once into the Simplicity of an Historian.

XIV.

VERSE 258. *The Natives were content to till
The shady Foot of Ida's Fount-ful Hill.*

Κτίσσε δὲ Δαρδανίην, ἐπεὶ γπω "Ιλιος ἱεή
Ευ πεδίῳ πεπόλισο πόλις μερόπων Ανθρώπων
Αλλ' εθ' υπωρείας ὥκεον πολυπιδάνε "Ιδης.

Plato and *Strabo* understand this Passage as favouring the Opinion that the Mountainous Parts of the World were first inhabited, after the universal Deluge; and that Mankind by degrees descended to dwell in the lower parts of the Hills (which they would have the Word *ὑπωρεία* signify) and only in greater process of Time ventur'd into the Valleys: *Virgil* however seems to have taken this Word in a Sense something different where he alludes to this Passage. *Aen.* 3. 109.

—*Nondum Ilium et arces
Pergamæ steterant, habitabant vallibus imis.*

XV.

VERSE 262. *Three thousand Mares, &c.]* The Number of the Horses and Mares of *Erithonius* may seem incredible, were we not assured by *Herodotus* that there were in the Stud of *Cyrus* at one time (besides those for the Service of War) eight hundred Horses and six thousand six hundred Mares. *Eustathius.*

XVI.

VERSE 264. *Boreas, enamour'd, &c.] Homer has the Happiness of making the least Circumstance considerable; the Subject grows under his Hands, and the plainest Matter shines in his Dress of Poetry: Another Poet would have said these Horses were as swift as the Wind, but Homer tells you that they sprung from Boreas the God of Wind; and thence drew their Swiftness.*

XVII.

VERSE 270. *These lightly skimming, as they swept the Plain.] The Poet illustrates the Swiftness of these Horses by describing them as running over the standing Corn, and Surface of Waters, without making any Impression. Virgil has imitated these Lines, and adapts what Homer says of these Horses to the Swiftness of Camilla. Æn. 7. 809*

*Illa vel Intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina; nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.*

The Reader will easily perceive that Virgil's is almost a literal Translation: He has imitated the very run of the Verses, which flow nimbly away in Dactyls, and as swift as the Wind they describe.

I cannot but observe one thing in favour of Homer, that there can no greater Commendation be given to him, than by considering the Conduct of Virgil: who, tho' undoubtedly the greatest Poet after him, seldom ventures to vary much from his Original in the Passages he takes from him, as in a Despair of improving, and contented if he can but equal them.

XVIII.

XVIII.

VERSE 280. *To bear the Cup of Jove.*] To be a Cup-bearer has in all Ages and Nations been reckon'd an honourable Employment: *Sappho* mentions it in honour of her Brother *Larichus*, that he was Cup-bearer to the Nobles of *Mitylene*: The Son of *Menelaus* executed the same Office, *Hebe* and *Mercury* serv'd the Gods in the same Station.

It was the Custom in the Pagan Worship to employ noble Youths to pour the Wine upon the Sacrifice: In this Office *Ganymede* might probably attend upon the Altar of *Jupiter*, and from thence was fabled to be his Cup-bearer. *Eustath.*

XIX.

VERSE 339. *But Ocean's God, &c.*] The Conduct of the Poet in making *Aeneas* owe his Safety to *Neptune* in this place is remarkable: *Neptune* is an Enemy to the *Trojans*, yet he dares not suffer so pious a Man to fall, lest *Jupiter* should be offended: This shews, says *Eustathius*, that Piety is always under the Protection of God; and that Favours are sometimes conferred not out of Kindness, but to prevent a greater Detriment; thus *Neptune* preserves *Aeneas*, lest *Jupiter* should revenge his Death upon the *Grecians*.

XX.

VERSE 345. *And can ye see this righteous Chief, &c.*] Tho' *Aeneas* is represented a Man of great Courage, yet his Piety is his most shining Character: This is the reason why he is always the Care of the Gods, and they favour him constantly thro' the whole Poem with their immediate Protection.

'Tis in this Light that *Virgil* has presented him to the View of the Reader: His Valour bears but the second Place in the *Aeneis*. In the *Ilias* indeed he is drawn in Miniature, and in the *Aeneis* in full Length; but there are the same Features in the Copy, which are in the Original, and he is the same *Aeneas* in *Rome* as he was in *Troy*.

XXI.

XXI.

VERSE 355. *On great Aeneas shall devolve the Reign,
And Sons succeeding Sons the Line sustain.*

The Story of *Aeneas* his founding the *Roman Empire* gave *Virgil* the finest Occasion of paying a Complement to *Augustus*, and his Countrymen, who were fond of being thought the Descendants of *Troy*. He has translated these two Lines literally, and put them in the nature of a Prophecy; as the Favourers of the Opinion of *Aeneas's* sailing into *Italy*, imagine *Homer's* to be.

— — — Αἰνείαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάζει
Καὶ παῖδες πατόδων τολκεν μελόπισθε γέγωνται.

*Hic domus Aeneæ cunctis dominabitur oris,
Et nati natorum & qui nascentur ab illis.*

There has been a very ancient Alteration made (as *Strabo* observes) in these two Lines by substituting *πάγεσσι* in the room of *τρώεσσι*. It is not improbable but *Virgil* might give occasion for it, by his *cunctis dominabitur oris*.

Eustathius does not entirely discountenance this Story: If it be understood, says he, as a Prophecy, the Poet might take it from the *Sibylline Oracles*. He farther remarks that the Poet artfully interweaves into his Poem not only the things which happen'd before the Commencement, and in the Prosecution of the *Trojan War*; but other Matters of Importance which happen'd even after that War was brought to a Conclusion. Thus for instance, we have here a peice of History not extant in any other Author, by which we are inform'd that the House of *Aeneas* succeeded to the Crown of *Troas*, and to the Kingdom of *Priam*. *Eustathius*.

This Passage is very considerable, for it ruins the famous Chimæra of the *Roman Empire*, and of the Family of the *Cæsars*, who both pretended to deduce their Original from *Venus* by *Aeneas*, alledging that after the taking of *Troy*, *Aeneas* came into *Italy*, and this Pretension is hereby actually

ally destroy'd. This Testimony of *Homer* ought to be look'd upon as an authentick Act, the Fidelity and Verity whereof cannot be questioned. *Neptune*, as much an Enemy as he is to the *Trojans*, declares that *Aeneas*, and after him his Posterity, shall reign over the *Trojans*. Wou'd *Homer* have put this Prophecy in *Neptune's* Mouth, if he had not known that *Aeneas* did not leave *Troy*, that he reigned therein, and if he had not seen in his Time the Descendants of that Prince reign there likewise? That Poet wrote 260 Years, or thereabouts, after the taking of *Troy*, and what is very remarkable he wrote in some of the Towns of *Ionia*, that is to say, in the Neighbourhood of *Pbrygia*, so that the Time and Place give such a Weight to his Deposition that nothing can invalidate it. All that the Historians have written concerning *Aeneas's Voyage into Italy*, ought to be consider'd as a Romance, made on purpose to destroy all historical Truth, for the most ancient is posterior to *Homer* by many Ages. Before *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, some Writers being sensible of the Strength of this Passage of *Homer*, undertook to explain it so as to reconcile it with this Fable, and they said that *Aeneas*, after having been in *Italy*, return'd to *Troy*, and left his Son *Ascanius* there. *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, little satisfy'd with this Solution, which did not seem to him to be probable, has taken another Method: He would have it that by these Words, "He shall reign over the *Trojans*, *Homer* meant, he shall reign over the *Trojans* whom he shall carry with him into *Italy*. " Is it not possible, says he, that " *Aeneas* should reign over the *Trojans*, whom he had taken " with him, though settled elsewhere?

That Historian, who wrote in *Rome* itself, and in the very Reign of *Augustus*, was willing to make his Court to that Prince, by explaining this Passage of *Homer* so as to favour the Chimæra he was possess'd with. And this is a Reproach that may with some Justice be cast on him; for Poets may by their Fictions flatter Princes and welcome: Tis their Trade. But for Historians to corrupt the Gravity and Severity of History, to substitute Fable in the place of Truth, is what ought not to be pardon'd. *Strabo* was much more religious, for though he wrote his Books of Geography to-

wards the Beginning of *Tiberius's Reign*, yet he had the Courage to give a right Explication to this Passage of *Homer*, and to aver, that this Poet said, and meant, that *Aeneas* remain'd at *Troy*, that he reign'd therein, *Priam's* whole Race being extinguish'd, and that he left the Kingdom to his Children after him. *lib. 13.* You may see this whole Matter discuss'd in a Letter from the famous M. *Bochart* to M. *de Segrais*, who has prefix'd it to his Remarks upon the Translation of *Virgil*.

XXII.

VERSE 378. *Where the slow Caucons close the Rear.*] The *Caucones* (says *Eustathius*) were of *Paphlagonian Extract*: And this Perhaps was the Reason why they are not distinctly mention'd in the Catalogue, they being included under the general Name of *Paphlagonians*: Tho' two Lines are quoted which are said to have been left out by some Transcriber, and immediately followed this,

Κεῶμναν τ' ἀιγαλόνηε καὶ μῆτράς 'Ερθίνας.

Which Verses are these,

Καύκωνας αὖτ' ἦγε πολυκλέος υὸς 'Αμύμων.

Or as others read it, "Αμείσος.

Οἱ περὶ παρθένου πόλαμὸν κλυτὰ δώματ' ἔναιον.

Or according to others,

Καῖα δώματ' ἔναιον.

But I believe these are not *Homer's Lines*, but the Addition of some Transcriber, and tis evident by consulting the Passage from which they are said to have been curtail'd, that they would be absurd in that place; for the second Line is actually there already, and as these *Caucons* are said to live upon the Banks of the *Parthenius*, so are the *Paphlagonians* in the above-mention'd Passage. It is therefore more probable that the *Caucons* are included in the *Paphlagonians*.

XXIII.

XXIII.

VERSE 467. — *Not louder roars*

At Neptune's Shrine on Helice's high Shores, &c.]

In *Helice*, a Town of *Achaia*, three quarters of a League from the Gulph of *Corinth*, *Neptune* had a magnificent Temple where the *Ionians* offer'd every Year to him a Sacrifice of a Bull; and it was with these People an auspicious Sign, and a certain Mark, that the Sacrifice would be accepted, if the Bull bellow'd as it was led to the Altar. After the *Ionic Migration*, which happen'd about 140 Years after the taking of *Troy*, the *Ionians* of *Asia* assembled in the Fields of *Priene* to celebrate the same Festival in honour of *Heliconian Neptune*; and as those of *Priene* valued themselves upon being originally of *Helice*, they chose for the King of the Sacrifice a young *Prienian*. It is needless to dispute from whence the Poet has taken his Comparison; for as he liv'd a 100, or 120 Years after the *Ionic Migration*, it cannot be doubted but he took it in the *Asian Ionia*, and at *Priene* itself; where he had doubtless often assited at that Sacrifice, and been Witness of the Ceremonies therein observed. This Poet always appears strongly addicted to the Customs of the *Ionians*, which makes some conjecture that he was an *Ionian* himself. *Eustathius. Dacier.*

XXIV.

VERSE 471. *Then fell on Polydore his vengeful Rage.]*
Euripides in his *Hecuba* has follow'd another Tradition when he makes *Polydorus* the Son of *Priam*, and of *Hecuba*, and makes him slain by *Polymnestor* King of *Thrace*, after the taking of *Troy*; for according to *Homer*, he is not the Son of *Hecuba*, but of *Laothoe*, as he says in the following Book, and is slain by *Achilles*: *Virgil* too has rather chosen to follow *Euripides* than *Homer*.

XXV.

XXV.

VERSE 489. *Full in Achilles dreadful Front he came,*] The great Judgment of the Poet in keeping the Character of his Hero is in this place very evident: When *Achilles* was to engage *Æneas* he holds a long Conference with him, and with Patience bears the Reply of *Æneas*: Had he purſu'd the same Method with *Hector*, he had departed from his Character. Anger is the prevailing Passion in *Achilles*: He left the Field in a Rage against *Agamemnon*, and enter'd it again to be reveng'd of *Hector*: The Poet therefore judiciously makes him take Fire at the sight of his Enemy: He describes him as impatient to kill him, he gives him a haughty Challenge, and that Challenge is comprehended in a single Line: His Impatience to be reveng'd, would not suffer him to delay it by a Length of Words.

XXVI.

VERSE 513. *But present to his Aid Apollo,*] It is a common Observation that a God should never be introduced into a Poem but where his Presence is necessary. And it may be ask'd why the Life of *Hector* is of such Importance that *Apollo* should rescue him from the Hand of *Achilles* here, and yet suffer him to fall so soon after? *Eustathius* answers, that the Poet had not yet sufficiently exalted the Valour of *Achilles*, he takes time to enlarge upon his Atchievements, and rises by degrees in his Character, till he completes both his Courage and Resentment at one Blow in the Death of *Hector*. And the Poet, adds he, pays a great Complement to his favourite Countryman, by shewing that nothing but the Intervention of a God could have sav'd *Æneas* and *Hector* from the Hand of *Achilles*.

XXVII.

VERSE 541. —*No Pray'r, no moving Art
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable Heart!*] I confess it is a Satisfaction to me, to observe with what Art the Poet pursues

sues his Subject: The opening of the Poem professes to treat of the Anger of *Achilles*; that Anger draws on all the great Events of the Story: And *Homer* at every Opportunity awakens the Reader to an Attention to it, by mentioning the Effects of it: So that when we see in this place the Hero deaf to Youth, and Compassion, it is what we expect: Mercy in him would offend, because it is contrary to his Character. *Homer* proposes him not as a Pattern for Imitation; but the Moral of the Poem which he design'd the Reader should draw from it, is, that we should avoid Anger, since it is ever pernicious in the Event.

• XXIX.

VERSE 580. The trampling Steers beat out the unnumber'd Grain.] In *Greece*, instead of threshing the Corn as we do, they caus'd it to be trod out by Oxen; this was likewise practis'd in *Judea*, as is seen by the Law of God, who forbud the *Jews* to muzzle the Ox who trod out the Corn, *Non ligabis os bovis terentis in areâ fruges tuas.* Deuteron. 25. *Dacier.*

The self same Practice is still preserved among the *Turks* and modern *Greeks*.

XXX.

The Similes at the End.] It is usual with our Author to heap his Similes very thick together at the Conclusion of a Book. He has done the same in the seventeenth: 'Tis the natural Discharge of a vast Imagination, heated in its Progress, and giving itself vent in this Crowd of Images.

I cannot close the Notes upon this Book, without observing the dreadful Idea of *Achilles*, which the Poet leaves upon the Mind of the Reader. He drives his Chariot over Shields and mangled Heaps of Slain: The Wheels, the Axle-tree, and the Horses are stain'd with Blood, the Hero's Eyes burn with Fury, and his Hands are red with Slaughter. A Painter might form from this Passage the Picture of *Mars* in the Fulness of his Terrors, as well as *Phidias* is said to have drawn from another, that of *Jupiter* in all his Majesty.

THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Battel in the River Scamander.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the Town, others to the River Scamander: He falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the Muses of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the Hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the River. This Combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy; Agenor only makes a stand, and is convey'd away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their City.

The same Day continues. The Scene is on the Banks, and in the Stream, of Scamander.

THE

THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ILIA D.

AND now to *Xanthus'* gliding Stream they drove,
Xanthus, Immortal Progeny of *Jove*.
The River here divides the flying Train.
Part to the Town fly diverse o'er the Plain,
Where late their Troops triumphant bore the Fight,
Now chac'd, and trembling in ignoble flight:
(These with a gather'd Mist *Saturnia* shrouds,
And rolls behind the Rout a Heap of Clouds)
Part plunge into the Stream: Old *Xanthus* roars,
The flashing Billows beat the whiten'd Shores:

R r r

With

With Cries promiscuous all the Banks resound,
 • And here, and there, in Eddies whirling round,
 The flouncing Steeds and shrieking Warriors drown'd }
 As the scorch'd Locusts from their Fields retire,
 15 While fast behind them runs the Blaze of Fire;
 Driv'n from the Land before the smoky Cloud,
 The clust'ring Legions rush into the Flood:
 So plung'd in *Xanthus* by *Achilles'* Force,
 Roars the resounding Surge with Men and Horse.
 20 His bloody Lance the Hero casts aside,
 (Which spreading Tam'risks on the Margin hide)
 Then like a God, the rapid Billows braves,
 Arm'd with his Sword, high-brandish'd o'er the Waves;
 Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
 25 Deep groan the Waters with the dying Sound;
 Repeated Wounds the red'ning River dy'd,
 And the warm Purple circled on the Tyde.
 Swift thro' the foamy Flood the *Trojans* fly,
 And close in Rocks or winding Caverns lye.
 30 So the huge *Dolphin* tempesting the Main,
 In Shoals before him fly the scaly Train,

Confus'dly

Confus'dly heap'd, they seek their inmost Caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating Waves.
Now tir'd with Slaughter, from the *Trojan* Band
Twelve chosen Youths he drags alive to Land ; 35
With their rich Belts their Captive Arms constrains,
(Late their proud Ornaments, but now their Chains.)
These his Attendants to the Ships convey'd,
Sad Victims! destin'd to *Patroclus'* Shade.

Then, as once more he plung'd amid the Flood, 40
The young *Lycaon* in his Passage stood ;
The Son of *Priam*, whom the Hero's Hand
But late made captive in his Father's Land,
(As on a Fig-tree Top, his sounding Steel
Lopp'd the green Arms to spoke a Chariot Wheel) 45
To *Lemnos'* Isle he sold the Royal Slave,
Where *Jason*'s Son the Price demanded gave ;
But kind *Eetion* touching on the Shore,
The ransom'd Prince to fair *Arisbe* bore.
Ten Days were past, since in his Father's Reign 50
He felt the Sweets of Liberty again ;
The next, that God whom Men in vain withstand,
Gives the same Youth to the same conqu'ring Hand ;

Now

Now never to return! and doom'd to go

55 A fadder Journey to the Shades below.

His well-known Face when great *Achilles* ey'd,

(The Helm and Vizor he had cast aside

With wild Affright, and dropt upon the Field

His useless Lance and unavailing Shield.)

60 As trembling, panting, from the Stream he fled,

And knock'd his fault'ring Knees, the Hero said.

Ye mighty Gods! what Wonders strike my View:

Is it in vain our conqu'ring Arms subdue?

Sure I shall see yon' Heaps of *Trojans* kill'd

65 Rise from the Shades, and brave me on the Field:

As now the Captive, whom so late I bound

And sold to *Lemnos*, stalks on *Trojan* Ground!

Not him the Seas unmeasur'd Deeps detain,

That barr such numbers from their native Plain:

70 Lo! he returns! Try then, my flying spear!

Try, if the Grave can hold the Wanderer;

If Earth at length this active Prince can seize,

Earth, whose strong Grasp has held down *Hercules*.

Thus while he spake, the *Trojan* pale with Fears

75 Approach'd, and sought his Knees with suppliant Tears;

Loth

Loth as he was to yield his youthful Breath,
 And his Soul shiv'ring at th' Approach of Death.
Achilles rais'd the Spear, prepar'd to wound;
 He kiss'd his Feet, extended on the Ground:
 And while above the Spear suspended stood, 80
 Longing to dip its thirsty Point in Blood;
 One Hand embrac'd them close, one stopt the Dart;
 While thus these melting Words attempt his Heart.

Thy well-known Captive, great *Achilles*! see,
 Once more *Lycaon* trembling at thy Knee; 85
 Some Pity to a Suppliant's Name afford,
 Who shar'd the Gifts of *Ceres* at thy Board,
 Whom late thy conqu'ring Arm to *Lemnos* bore,
 Far from his Father, Friends, and native Shore;
 A hundred Oxen were his Price that Day, 90
 Now Sums immense thy Mercy shall repay.
 Scarce respited from Woes I yet appear,
 And scarce twelve morning Suns have seen me here;
 Lo! *Jove* again submits me to thy Hands,
 Again, her Victim cruel Fate demands! 95
 I sprung from *Priam*, and *Laothoe* fair,
 (Old *Alte*'s Daughter, and *Lelegia*'s Heir;

S f f

Who

Who held in *Pedasus* his fam'd Abode,
 And rul'd the Fields where silver *Satnio* flow'd)

100 Two Sons (alas, unhappy Sons) she bore,
 For ah! one Spear shall drink each Brother's Gore,

And I succeed to slaughter'd *Polydore*. }
 How from that Arm of Terror shall I fly?

105 Some Dæmon urges! 'tis my Doom to die!
 If ever yet soft Pity touch'd thy mind,
 Ah! think not me too much of *Hector's* Kind:
 Not the same Mother gave thy Suppliant Breath,
 With his, who wrought thy lov'd *Patroclus'* Death.

110 These Words, attended with a Show'r of Tears,
 The Youth address to unrelenting Ears:
 Talk not of Life, or Ransom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:
 In vain a single *Trojan* sues for Grace;

115 But least, the Sons of *Priam's* hateful Race.
 Die then, my Friend! what boots it to deplore?
 The great, the good *Patroclus* is no more!
 He, far thy Better, was fore-doom'd to die,
 " And thou, dost thou, bewail Mortality?"

See'st

See'st thou not me, whom Nature's Gifts adorn,¹²⁰
Sprung from a Hero, from a Goddess born;
The Day shall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the Spear, the Arrow, or the Dart,
By Night, or Day, by Force or by Design,
Impending Death and certain Fate are mine.¹²⁵
Die then---He said; and as the Word he spoke
The fainting Stripling sunk, before the Stroke;
His Hand forgot its Grasp, and left the Spear;
While all his trembling Frame confess'd his Fear.
Sudden, *Achilles* his broad Sword display'd,¹³⁰
And buried in his Neck the reeking Blade:
Prone fell the Youth; and panting on the Land,
The gushing Purple dy'd the thirsty Sand:
The Victor to the Stream the Carcass gave,
And thus insults him, floating on the Wave¹³⁵
Lie there, *Lycaon*! let the Fish surround
Thy bloated Corse, and suck thy goary Wound:
There no sad Mother shall thy Fun'rals weep,
But swift *Scamander* roll thee to the Deep,
Whose ev'ry Wave some wat'ry Monster brings,¹⁴⁰
To feast unpunish'd on the Fat of Kings.

So

So perish *Troy*, and all the *Trojan* Line!
 Such Ruin theirs, and such Compassion mine.
 What boots ye now *Scamander's* worship'd Stream,
 His earthly Honours, and immortal Name;
 In vain your immolated Bulls are slain,
 Your living Coursers glut his Gulphs in vain:
 Thus he rewards you, with this bitter Fate;
 Thus, till the *Grecian* Vengeance is compleat;
 Thus is aton'd *Patroclus* honour'd Shade,
 And the short Absence of *Achilles* paid.

These boastful Words provoke the raging God;
 With Fury swells the violated Flood.
 What Means divine may yet the Pow'r employ,
 To check *Achilles*, and to rescue *Troy*?
 Meanwhile the Hero springs in Arms, to dare
 The great *Asteropeus* to mortal War;
 The Son of *Pelagon*, whose lofty Line
 Flows from the Source of *Axius*, Stream divine!
 Fair *Peribaea*'s Love the God had crown'd,
 With all his refluent Waters circled round)
 On him *Achilles* rush'd: He fearless stood,
 And shook two Spears, advancing from the Flood;

The Flood impell'd him, on *Pelides'* Head
 T'avenge his Waters choak'd with Heaps of Dead,¹⁶⁵
 Near as they drew, *Achilles* thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the Race of Man?
 Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the Sire,
 Whose Son encounters our resistless Ire.

O Son of *Peleus*! what avails to trace
 (Reply'd the Warrior) our illustrious Race?
 From rich *Paonia*'s Vallies I command
 Arm'd with pretended Spears, my native Band;
 Now shines the tenth bright Morning since I came
 In aid of *Ilium* to the Fields of Fame:¹⁷⁵
Axius, who swells with all the neighb'ring Rills,
 And wide around the floated Region fills,
 Begot my Sire, whose Spear such Glory won:
 Now lift thy Arm, and try that Hero's Son!

Threat'ning he said; The hostile Chiefs advance;¹⁸⁰
 At once *Asteropeus* discharg'd each Lance,
 (For both his dext'rous Hands the Lance cou'd wield)
 One struck, but pierc'd not the *Vulcanian* Shield;
 One raz'd *Achilles* Hand; the spouting Blood
 Spun forth, in Earth the fasten'd Weapon stood.¹⁸⁵

T t t

Like

Like Lightning next the *Pelian* Jav'lin flies;
 Its erring Fury his'd along the Skies;
 Deep in the swelling Bank was driv'n the Spear,
 Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.

190 Then from his side the Sword *Pelides* drew,
 And on his Foe with doubled Fury flew.
 The Foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted Wood;
 Repulsive of his Might the Weapon stood:
 The fourth, he tries to break the Spear in vain;
 195 Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the Plain;
 His Belly open'd with a ghastly Wound,
 The reeking Entrails pour upon the Ground.
 Beneath the Hero's Feet he panting lies,
 And his Eye darkens, and his Spirit flies:
 200 While the proud Victor thus triumphing said,
 His radiant Armour tearing from the Dead:
 So ends thy Glory! Such the Fate they prove
 Who strive presumptuous with the Sons of *Jove*.
 Sprung from a River didst thou boast thy Line,
 205 But great *Saturnius* is the Source of mine.
 How durst thou vaunt thy wat'ry Progeny?
 Of *Peleus*, *Aeacus*, and *Jove*, am I;

The

The Race of these superior far to those,
As he that thunders to the Stream that flows.
What Rivers can, *Scamander* might have shown;
But *Jove* he dreads, nor wars against his Son.
Ev'n *Achelous* might contend in vain,
And all the roaring Billows of the Main.
Th'Eternal Ocean, from whose Fountains flow
The Seas, the Rivers, and the Springs below,
The thund'ring Voice of *Jove* abhors to hear,
And in his deep Abysses shakes with Fear.

He said; then from the Bank his Jav'lin tore,
And left the breathless Warrior in his Gore.
The floating Tydes the bloody Carcass lave,
And beat against it, Wave succeeding Wave;
Till roll'd between the Banks, it lies the Food
Of curling Eels, and Fishes of the Flood.
All scatter'd round the Stream (their Mightiest slain)
Th'amaz'd *Paeonians* scour along the Plain:
He vents his Fury on the flying Crew,
Thrasius, *Astylylus*, and *Mnesus* flew;
Mydon, *Therstlockus*, with *Aenius* fell;
And Numbers more his Lance had plung'd to Hell;

But

230 But from the Bottom of his Gulphs profound,
Scamander spoke; the Shores return'd the Sound.

O first of Mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
 In Valour matchless, and in Force divine!
 If *Jove* have giv'n thee every *Trojan* Head,
 235 'Tis not on me thy Rage should heap the Dead.
 See! my choak'd Streams no more their Course can keep,
 Nor roll their wonted Tribute to the Deep.

Turn then, Impetuous! from our injur'd Flood;
 Content, thy Slaughters could amaze a God.

240 In human Form confess'd before his Eyes

The River thus; and thus the Chief replies.
 O sacred Stream! thy Word we shall obey;
 But not till *Troy* the destin'd Vengeance pay,
 Not till within her Tow'rs the perjur'd Train
 245 Shall pant, and tremble at our Arms again;
 Not till proud *Hector*, Guardian of her Wall,
 Or stain this Lance, or see *Achilles* fall.

He said; and drove with Fury on the Foe.
 Then to the Godhead of the silver Bow
 250 The yellow Flood began: O Son of *Jove*!
 Was not the Mandate of the Sire above

Full

Full and express? that *Phœbus* should employ
 His sacred Arrows in defence of *Troy*,
 And make her conquer, till *Hyperion's* Fall
 In awful Darkness hide the Face of all?

255

He spoke in vain----The Chief without Dismay
 Ploughs thro' the boiling Surge his desp'rate Way.
 Then rising in his Rage above the Shores,
 From all his Deeps the bellowing River roars,
 Huge Heaps of Slain disgorges on the Coast, 260
 And round the Banks the ghastly Dead are tost.
 While all before, the Billows rang'd on high
 (A wat'ry Bulwark) screen the Bands who fly.
 Now bursting on his Head with thund'ring Sound, 265
 The falling Deluge whelms the Hero round:
 His loaded Shield bends to the rushing Tide;
 His Feet, upborn, scarce the strong Flood divide,
 Slidd'ring, and stagg'ring. On the Border stood
 A spreading Elm, that overhung the Flood;
 He seiz'd a bending Bough, his Steps to stay; 270
 The Plant uprooted to his Weight gave way,
 Heaving the Bank, and undermining all;
 Loud flash the Waters to the rushing Fall

X x x

Of

Of the thick Foliage. The large Trunk display'd
 275 Bridg'd the rough Flood across: The Hero stay'd
 On this his Weight, and rais'd upon his Hand,
 Leap'd from the Chanel, and regain'd the Land.
 Then blacken'd the wild Waves; the Murmur rose;
 The God pursues, a huger Billow throws,
 280 And bursts the Bank, ambitious to destroy
 The Man whose Fury is the Fate of Troy.
 He, like the warlike Eagle speeds his Pace,
 (Swiftest and strongest of th'aerial Race)
 Far as a Spear can fly, *Achilles* springs
 285 At every Bound; His clanging Armour rings:
 Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry side,
 And winds his Course before the following Tide;
 The Waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,
 And gather fast, and murmur at his Heels.
 290 So when a Peasant to his Garden brings
 Soft Rills of Water from the bubbling Springs,
 And calls the Floods from high, to bless his Bow'rs
 And feed with pregnant Streams the Plants and Flow'rs;
 Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
 295 And marks their future Current with his Spade,

Swift

Swift o'er the rolling Pebbles, down the Hills
Louder and louder purl the falling Rills,
Before him scatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
And shine in mazy Wand'rings o'er the Plains.

Still flies *Achilles*, but before his eyes
Still swift *Scamander* rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his Speed escapes the rapid Floods;
The first of Men, but not a Match for Gods.
Oft' as he turn'd the Torrent to oppose,
And bravely try if all the Pow'rs were Foes;
So oft' the Surge, in wat'ry Mountains spread
Beats on his Back, or bursts upon his Head.
Yet dauntless still the adverse Flood he brave,
And still indignant bounds above the Waves.
Tir'd by the Tides, his Knees relax with Toil
Wash'd from beneath him, slides the slimy Soil
When thus (his Eyes on Heav'n's Expansion thro'
Forth bursts the Hero with an angry Groan.

Is there no God *Achilles* to befriend,
No Pow'r t'avert his miserable End?
Prevent, oh *Jove!* this ignominious Date,
And make my future Life the Sport of Fate.

6

Of all Heav'ns Oracles believ'd in vain,
 But most of *Thetis*, must her Son complain;
 320 By *Phœbus*' Darts she prophesy'd my Fall,
 In glorious Arms before the *Trojan* Wall.
 Oh! had I dy'd in Fields of Battel warm,
 Stretch'd like a Hero, by a Hero's Arm!
 Might *Hector*'s Spear this dauntless Bosom rend,
 325 And my swift Soul o'ertake my slaughter'd Friend!
 Ah no! *Achilles* meets a shameful Fate,
 Oh how unworthy of the Brave and Great!
 Like some vile Swain, whom, on a rainy Day,
 Crossing a Ford, the Torrent sweeps away,
 330 An unregarded Carcase to the Sea.

Neptune and *Pallas* haste to his Relief,
 And thus in human Form address the Chief:
 The Pow'r of Ocean first. Forbear thy Fear,
 O Son of *Peleus*! Lo thy Gods appear!
 335 Behold! from *Jove* descending to thy Aid,
 Propitious *Neptune*, and the blue-ey'd Maid.
 Stay, and the furious Flood shall cease to rave;
 Tis not thy Fate to glut his angry Wave.

But thou, the Counsel Heav'n suggests, attend!
 Nor breathe from Combate, nor thy Sword suspend,³⁴²
 Till *Troy* receive her flying Sons, till all
 Her routed Squadrons pant behind their Wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal Chance,
 And *Hector's* Blood shall smoke upon thy Lance.
 Thine is the Glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods;³⁴⁵
 Then swift ascended to the bright Abodes.

Stung with new Ardor, thus by Heav'n impell'd,
 He springs impetuous, and invades the Field:
 O'er all th'expanded Plain the Waters spread;
 Heav'd on the bounding Billows, danc'd the Dead,³⁵⁰
 Floating midst scatter'd Arms; while Casques of Gold
 And turn'd up Bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
 High o'er the surging Tide, by Leaps and Bounds,
 He wades, and mounts; the parted Wave resounds.
 Not a whole River stops the Hero's Course,
 While *Pallas* fills him with immortal Force.³⁵⁵
 With equal Rage, indignant *Xanthus* roars,
 And lifts his Billows, and o'erwhelms his Shores.

Then thus to *Simois*: Haste, my Brother Flood!
 And check this Mortal that controuls a God:³⁶⁰

Our bravest Heroes else shall quit the Fight,
And *Ilion* tumble from her tow'ry Height.

Call then thy subject Streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy Fountains swell thy wat'ry Store,
With broken Rocks, and with a Load of Dead,
Charge the black Surge, and pour it on his Head.
Mark how resistless thro' the Floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be Foes!
But nor that Force, nor Form divine to Sight
Shall ought avail him, if our Rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark Gulphs those Arms shall lie
That blaze so dreadful in each *Trojan* Eye;
And deep beneath a sandy Mountain hurl'd
Immers'd remain this Terror of the World.
Such pond'rous Ruin shall confound the Place,
No Greek shall e'er his perish'd Relicks grace,
No Hand his Bones shall gather, or inhum'e;
These his cold Rites, and this his wat'ry Tomb:
He said; and on the Chief descends amain,
Increas'd with Gore, and swelling with the Slain.
Then murm'ring from his Beds, he boils, he raves,
And a Foam whitens on the purple Waves.

At

At ev'ry Step, before *Achilles* stood
The crimson Surge, and delug'd him with Blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of Heav'n: She saw dismay'd,³⁸⁵
She call'd aloud, and summon'd *Vulcan*'s Aid.

Rise to the War! th'insulting Flood requires
Thy wasteful Arm: Assemble all thy Fires!
While to their aid, by our Command enjoin'd,
Rush the swift Eastern and the Western Wind:³⁹⁰
These from old Ocean at my Word shall blow,
Pour the red Torrent on the wat'ry Foe,
Corfes and Arms to one bright Ruin turn,
And hissing Rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy Rage! display thy Pow'r,³⁹⁵
Drink the whole Flood, the crackling Trees devour,
Scorch all the Banks! and (till our Voice reclaim)
Exert th'unweary'd Furies of the Flame!

The Pow'r Ignipotent her Word obeys:
Wide o'er the Plain he pours the boundless Blaze;⁴⁰⁰
At once consumes the Dead, and dries the Soil;
And the shrunk Waters in their Chanel boil:
As when Autumnal *Boreas* sweeps the Sky,
And instant, blows the water'd Garden dry:

So

405 So look'd the Field, so whiten'd was the Ground,
 While *Vulcan* breath'd the fiery Blast around.

Swift on the sedgy Reeds the Ruin preys;
 Along the Margin winds the running Blaze:

The Trees in flaming rows to Ashes turn,

410 The flow'ry *Lotos*, and the Tam'risk burn,
 Broad Elm, and Cypress rising in a Spire;

The wat'ry Willows hiss before the Fire.

Now glow the Waves, the Fishes pant for Breath,
 The Eels lie twisting in the Pangs of Death:

415 Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly Fry,
 Or gasping, turn their Bellies to the Sky.

At length the River rear'd his languid Head,
 And thus short-panting, to the God he said.

O *Vulcan*, oh! what Pow'r resists thy Might?

420 I faint, I sink, unequal to the Fight----

I yield----Let *Ilion* fall; if Fate decree----

Ah----bend no more thy fiery Arms on me!

He ceas'd; wide Conflagration blazing round;
 The bubbling Waters yield a hissing Sound.

425 As when the Flames beneath a Cauldron rise,
 To melt the Fat of some rich Sacrifice,

Amid

Amid the fierce Embrace of circling Fires
 The Waters foam, the heavy Smoak aspires:
 So boils th' imprison'd Flood, forbid to flow,
 And choak'd with Vapours, feels his Bottom glow.⁴³⁰
 To *Juno* then, Imperial Queen of Air,
 The burning River sends his earnest Pray'r.

Ah why, *Saturnia!* must thy Son engage
 Me, only me, with all his wastfull Rage?
 On other Gods his dreadful Arm employ,⁴³⁵
 For mightier Gods assert the Cause of *Troy*.
 Submissive I desist, if thou command,
 But ah! withdraw this all-destroying Hand.
 Hear then my solemn Oath, to yield to Fate
 Unaided *Ilion*, and her destin'd State,⁴⁴⁰
 Till *Greece* shall gird her with destructive Flame,
 And in one Ruin sink the *Trojan* Name.

His warm Intreaty touch'd *Saturnia's* Ear;
 She bade th'Ignipotent his Rage forbear,
 Recall the Flame, nor in a mortal cause
 Infest a God: Th'obedient Flame withdraws:⁴⁴⁵
 Again, the branching Streams begin to spread,
 And soft re-murmur in their wonted Bed.

Y y y

While

While these by Juno's Will the Strife resign,

450 The warring Gods in fierce Contention join:

Re-kindling Rage each heavenly Breast alarms;

With horrid Clangor shock th'ætherial Arms:

Heav'n in loud Thunder bids the Trumpet sound;

And wide beneath them groans the rending Ground.

455 Jove, as his Sport, the dreadful Scene descries,

And views contending Gods with careless Eyes.

The Pow'r of Battels lifts his brazen Spear,

And first assaults the radiant Queen of War,

What mov'd thy Madness, thus to disunite

460 Æthereal Minds, and mix all Heav'n in Fight?

What wonder this, when in thy frantick Mood

Thou drov'st a Mortal to insult a God;

Thy impious Hand Tydides' Jaylin bore,

And madly bath'd it in celestial Gore.

465 He spoke, and smote the loud-refounding Shield,

Which bears Jove's Thunder on its dreadful Field;

The Adamantine Aegis of her Sire,

That turns the glancing Bolt, and forked Fire.

Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty Hand

470 A Stone, the Limit of the neighb'ring Land,

There

There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast:
This, at the heav'nly Homicide she cast.
Thund'ring he falls; a Mass of monstrous Size,
And sev'n broad Acres covers as he lies.
The stunning Stroke his stubborn Nerves unbound;⁴⁷⁵
Loud o'er the Fields his ringing Arms resound:
The scornful Dame her Conquest views with Smiles,
And glorying thus, the prostrate God reviles.

Hast thou not yet, infatiate Fury! known,
How far *Minerva's* Force transcends thy own?⁴⁸⁰
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,
Corrects thy Folly thus by *Pallas'* Hand;
Thus meets thy broken Faith with just Disgrace,
And partial Aid to *Troy's* perfidious Race.

The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her Eyes away⁴⁸⁵
That beaming round, diffus'd celestial Day.
Jove's Cyprian Daughter stooping on the Land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender Hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with Pain,
And propt on her fair Arm, forsakes the Plain.⁴⁹⁰
This the bright Empress of the Heav'ns survey'd,
And scoffing, thus, to War's victorious Maid.

Lo,

Lo, what an Aid on *Mars's* Side is seen!
 The *Smiles* and *Love's* unconquerable Queen!
 495 Mark with what Insolence, in open view,
 She moves: Let *Pallas*, if she dares, pursue.
Minerva smiling heard, the Pair o'ertook,
 And slightly on her Breast the Wanton strook:
 She, unresisting, fell; (her Spirits fled)
 500 On Earth together lay the Lovers spread.
 And like these Hero's, be the Fate of all
 (*Minerva* cries) who guard the *Trojan Wall*:
 To *Grecian* Gods such let the *Phrygian* be,
 So dread, so fierce, as *Venus* is to me;
 505 Then from the lowest Stone shall *Troy* be mov'd---
 Thus she, and *Juno* with a Smile approv'd.
 Meantime, to mix in more than mortal Fight,
 The God of Ocean dares the God of Light.
 What Sloath has seiz'd us, when the Fields around
 Ring with conflicting Pow'rs, and Heav'n returns the Sound?
 511 Shall ignominious We with shame retire,
 No Deed perform'd, to our *Olympian* Sire?
 Come, prove thy Arm! for first the War to wage,
 Suits not my Greatness, or superior Age.

Rash

Rash as thou art to prop the *Trojan* Throne,
 (Forgetful of my Wrongs, and of thy own)
 And guard the Race of proud *Laomedon*!

} 515

Hast thou forgot, how at the Monarch's Pray'r,
 We shar'd the lengthen'd Labours of a Year?

Troy Walls I rais'd (for such were *Jove's* Commands),
 } 520

And yon' proud Bulwarks grew beneath my Hands:
 Thy Task it was, to feed the bellowing Doves
 Along fair *Ida's* Vales, and pendent Groves.

But when the circling Seasons in their Train
 Brought back the grateful Day that crown'd our Pain,
 } 525
 With Menace stern the fraudulent King defy'd
 Our latent Godhead, and the Prize deny'd:

Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile Bands,
 And doom'd us Exiles far in barb'rous Lands.

Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with swiftest wing,
 } 530
 And destin'd Vengeance on the perjur'd King.

Dost thou, for this, afford proud *Ilion* Grace,
 And not like us, infest the faithless Race?

Like us, their present, future Sons destroy,
 And from its deep Foundations heave their *Troy*?
 } 535

Z z z

Apollo

Apollo thus: To combat for Mankind
 Ill suits the Wisdom of celestial Mind:
 For what is Man? Calamitous by Birth,
 They owe their Life and Nourishment to Earth;
 540 Like yearly Leaves, that now, with Beauty crown'd,
 Smile on the Sun; now, wither on the Ground:
 To their own Hands commit the frantick Scene,
 Nor mix Immortals in a Cause so mean.

Then turns his Face, far-beaming heav'nly Fires,
 545 And from the Senior Pow'r, submiss retires;
 Him, thus retreating, *Artemis* upbraids,
 The quiver'd Huntress of the *Sylvan* Shades.

And is it thus the youthful *Phœbus* flies,
 And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire, the Prize?
 550 How vain that martial Pomp, and dreadful Show,
 Of pointed Arrows, and the silver Bow!

Now boast no more in yon' celestial Bow'r,
 Thy Force can match the great Earth-shaking Pow'r.

Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
 555 Not so *Saturnia* bore the vaunting Maid;
 But furious thus, What Insolence has driv'n
 Thy Pride to face the Majesty of Heav'n?

What

What tho' by *Jove* the female Plague design'd,
 Fierce to the feeble Race of Womankind,
 The wretched Matron feels thy piercing Dart; 1560
 Thy Sexe's Tyrant, with a Tyger's Heart?
 What tho' tremendous in the woodland Chase,
 Thy certain Arrows pierce the savage Race?
 How dares thy Rashness on the Pow'rs divine
 Employ those Arms, or match thy Force with mine? 1565
 Learn hence, no more unequal War to wage----
 She said, and seiz'd her Wrists with eager Rage;
 These in her Left-Hand dock'd, her Right unty'd
 The Bow, the Quiver, and its pluming Pride.
 About her Temples flies the busy Bow; 1570
 Now here, now there, she winds her from the Blow;
 The scatt'ring Arrows rattling from the Case,
 Drop round, and idly mark the dusty Place.
 Swift from the Field the baffled Huntress flies,
 And scarce restrains the Torrent in her Eyes; 1575
 So, when the Falcon wings her way above,
 To the cleft Cavern speeds the gentle Dove,
 (Not fated yet to die) There safe retreats,
 Yet still her Heart against the Marble beats.

To

580 To her, *Latona* hast with tender Care;
 Whom *Hermes* viewing, thus declines the War.
 How shall I face the Dame, who gives Delight
 To him whose Thunders blacken Heav'n with Night?
 Go matchless Goddess! triumph in the Skies,
 585 And boast my Conquest, while I yeild the Prize.

He spoke; and past: *Latona*, stooping low,
 Collects the scatter'd Shafts, and fallen Bow,
 That glitt'ring on the Dust, lay here and there;
 Dishonour'd Relicks of *Diana's* War.

590 Then swift pursu'd her to the blest Abode,
 Where, all confus'd, she sought the Sov'reign God;
 Weeping she grasp'd his Knees: Th' Ambrosial Vest
 Shook with her Sighs, and panted on her Breast.

The Sire, superior smil'd; and bade her shew,
 595 What heav'nly Hand had caus'd his Daughter's Woe?
 Abash'd, she names his own Imperial Spouse;
 And the pale Crescent fades upon her Brows.

Thus they above: While swiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters *Ilion's* sacred Town:
 600 The Guardian God now trembled for her Wall,
 And fear'd the *Greeks*, tho' Fate forbade her Fall.

Back

Back to *Olympus*, from the War's Alarms,
 Return the shining Bands of Gods in Arms;
 Some proud in Triumph, some with Rage on fire;
 And take their Thrones around th'Æthereal Sire. 605

Thro' Blood, thro' Death, *Achilles* still proceeds,
 O'er slaughter'd Heroes, and o'er rolling Steeds.
 As when avenging Flames with Fury driv'n,
 On guilty Towns exert the Wrath of Heav'n;
 The Pale Inhabitants, some fall, some fly; 610
 And the red Vapours purple all the Sky.
 So rag'd *Achilles*: Death, and dire Dismay,
 And Toils, and Terrors, fill'd the dreadful Day.

High on a Turret hoary *Priam* stands,
 And marks the Waste of his destructive Hands; 615
 Views, from his Arm, the *Trojans* scatter'd Flight,
 And the near Hero rising on his Sight!
 No Stop, no Check, no Aid! With feeble pace,
 And settled Sorrow on his aged Face,
 Fast as he could, he sighing quits the Walls; 620
 And thus, descending, on the Guards he calls.

You to whose care our City Gates belong,
 Set wide your Portals to the flying Throng.

A a a a

For

For lo! he comes, with unresisted Sway;

⁶²⁵ He comes, and Desolation marks his way!

But when within the Walls our Troops take Breath,
Lock fast the brazen Bars, and shut out Death.

Thus charg'd the rev'rend Monarch: Wide were flung
The opening Folds; the sounding Hinges rung.

⁶³⁰ *Phœbus* rush'd forth, the flying Bands to meet,
Strook Slaughter back, and cover'd the Retreat.

On Heaps the *Trojans* crowd to gain the Gate,
And gladsome see their last Escape from Fate:

Thither, all parch'd with Thirst, a heartless Train,
⁶³⁵ Hoary with Dust, they beat the hollow Plain;

And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier Strides, that lengthen tow'rds the Town.

Enrag'd *Achilles* follows with his Spear;
Wild with Revenge, insatiable of War.

⁶⁴⁰ Then had the *Greeks* Eternal Praise acquir'd,
And *Troy* inglorious to her Walls retir'd;

**Apollo* But *he, the God who darts æthereal Flame,
Shot down to save her, and redeem her Fame.

To young *Agenor* Force divine he gave,

⁶⁴⁵ (*Antenor's* Offspring, haughty, bold and brave)

In aid of him, beside the Beech he sate,
 And wrapt in Clouds, restrain'd the Hand of Fate.
 When now the gen'rous Youth *Achilles* spies,
 Thick beats his Heart, the troubled Motions rise,
 (So, e're a Storm, the Waters heave and roll) 650
 He stops, and questions thus his mighty Soul.

What, shall I fly this Terror of the Plain?
 Like others fly, and be like others slain?
 Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same Road
 Yon' Line of slaughter'd *Trojans* lately trod. 655
 No: with the common Heap I scorn to fall---
 What if they pass'd me to the *Trajan* Wall,
 While I decline to yonder Path, that leads
 To *Ida*'s Forests and surrounding Shades?
 So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling Flood, 660
 From my tir'd Body wash the Dust and Blood,
 As soon as Night her dusky Veil extends,
 Return in safety to my *Trojan* Friends.
 What if? --- But wherefore all this vain Debate?
 Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate? 665
 Ev'n now perhaps, e'er yet I turn the Wall,
 The fierce *Achilles* sees me, and I fall:

Such

Such is his Swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
 And such his Valour, that who stands must die.

670 Howe'er, 'tis better, fighting for the State,
 Here, and in publick view, to meet my Fate.
 Yet sure He too is mortal; He may feel
 (Like all the Sons of Earth) the Force of Steel;
 One only Soul informs that dreadful Frame;
 675 And Jove's sole Favour gives him all his Fame.

He said, and stood; collected in his Might;
 And all his beating Bosom claim'd the Fight.
 So from some deep-grown Wood a Panther starts,
 Rouz'd from his Thicket by a Storm of Darts;
 680 Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the Sounds
 Of shouting Hunters, and of clam'rous Hounds,
 Tho' strook, tho' wounded, scarce perceives the Pain,
 And the barb'd Jav'lin stings his Breast in vain:

On their whole War, untam'd the Savage flies;
 685 And tears his Hunter, or beneath him dies.

Not less resolv'd, *Antenor*'s valiant Heir
 Confronts *Achilles*, and awaits the War,
 Disdainful of Retreat: High-held before,
 His Shield (a broad Circumference) he bore;

Then

Then graceful as he stood, in act to throw
The lifted Jav'lin, thus bespoke the Foe.

690

How proud *Achilles* glories in his Fame!
And hopes this day to sink the *Trojan* Name
Beneath her Ruins! Know, that Hope is vain;
A thousand Woes, a thousand Toils remain.

695

Parents and Children our just Arms employ,
And strong, and many, are the Sons of *Troy*.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st stain with Gore
These *Pbrygian* Fields, and press a foreign Shore.

He said: With matchless Force the Jav'lin flung
Smote on his Knee; the hollow Cuishes rung
Beneath the pointed Steel; but safe from Harms
He stands impassive in th'Æthereal Arms.
Then fiercely rushing on the daring Foe,
His lifted Arm prepares the fatal Blow;
But jealous of his Fame, *Apollo* shrouds
The god-like *Trojan* in a Veil of Clouds;
Safe from Pursuit, and shut from mortal View,
Dismiss'd with Fame, the favour'd Youth withdrew.
Meanwhile the God, to cover their Escape,
Assumes *Agenor*'s Habit, Voice, and Shape,

705

710

B b b b

Flies

Flies from the furious Chief in this Disguise,
The furious Chief still follows where he flies.
Now o'er the Fields they stretch with lengthen'd Stride
715 Now urge the Course where swift *Scamander* glides:
The God now distant scarce a Stride before,
Tempts his Pursuit, and wheels about the Shore.
While all the flying Troops their Speed employ,
And pour on Heaps into the Walls of *Troy*.
720 No stop, no stay; no thought to ask, or tell,
Who scap'd by Flight, or who by Battel fell.
'Twas Tumult all, and Violence of Flight;
And sudden Joy confus'd, and mix'd Affright:
Pale *Troy* against *Achilles* shuts her Gate;
725 And Nations breathe, deliver'd from their Fate.

O B S E R V A T I O N S

O N T H E

Twenty-First Book.

O B S E R V A T I O N S

ON THE

T W E N T Y - F I R S T B O O K.

I.

THIS Book is entirely different from all the foregoing: Tho' it be a Battel, it is entirely of a new and surprizing kind, diversify'd with a vast Variety of Imagery and Description. The Scene is totally chang'd, he paints the Combate of his Hero with the Rivers, and describes a Battel amidst an Inundation. It is observable that tho' the whole War of the Iliad was upon the Banks of these Rivers, *Homer* has artfully left out the Machinery of River-Gods in all the other Battels, to aggrandise this of his Hero. There is no Book of the Poem that has more force of Imagination, or in which the great and inexhausted Invention of our Author is more powerfully exerted. After this Description of an Inundation, there follows a very beautiful Contrast in that of the Drought: The Part of *Achilles* is admirably sustain'd, and the new Strokes which *Homer* gives to his Picture are such as are deriv'd from the very source of his Character, and finish the entire Draught of this Hero.

How far all that appears wonderful or extravagant in this Episode, may be reconcil'd to Probability, Truth, and na-

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tural

tural Reason, will be consider'd in a distinct Note on that Head: The Reader may find it on V. 447.

II.

VERSE 2. Xanthus, *immortal Progeny of Jove.*] The River is here said to be the Son of Jupiter, on account of its being supply'd with Waters that fall from Jupiter, that is, from Heaven. *Eustathius.*

III.

VERSE 14. *As the scorch'd Locusts, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes that several Countries have been much infested with Armies of Locusts; and that, to prevent their destroying the Fruits of the Earth, the Countrymen by kindling large Fires drove them from their Fields; the Locusts to avoid the intense Heat were forc'd to cast themselves into the Water. From this Observation the Poet draws his Allusion which is very much to the Honour of *Achilles*, since it represents the *Trojans* with respect to him as no more than so many Insects.

The same Commentator takes notice, that because the Island of *Cyprus* in particular was us'd to practise this Method with the Locusts, some Authors have conjectur'd that *Homer* was of that Country; but if this were a sufficient Reason for such a Supposition, he might be said to be born in almost all the Countries of the World, since he draws his Observations from the Customs of them all.

We may hence account for the innumerable Armies of these Locusts, mention'd among the Plagues of *Ægypt*, without having recourse to an immediate Creation, as some good Men have imagin'd, whereas the Miracle indeed consists in the wonderful manner of bringing them upon the *Ægyptians*: I have often observ'd with Pleasure the Similitude which many of *Homer's* Expressions bear with the holy Scriptures, and that the oldest Writer in the World except *Moses* often

often speaks in the Idiom of *Moses*: Thus as the Locusts in *Exodus* are said to be driven into *the Seas*, so in *Homer* they are forc'd into *a River*.

IV.

VERSE 30. *So the huge Dolphin, &c.*] It is observable with what Justness the Author diversifies his Comparisons, according to the different Scenes and Elements he is engag'd in: *Achilles* has been hitherto on the Land, and compar'd to Land Animals, a Lyon, &c. Now he is in the Water, the Poet derives his Images from thence, and likens him to a Dolphin. *Eustathius*.

V.

VERSE 34. *Now tir'd with Slaughter.*] This is admirably well suited to the Character of *Achilles*, his Rage bears him headlong on the Enemy, he kills all that oppose him, and stops not till Nature itself could not keep pace with his Anger; he had determin'd to reserve twelve noble Youths to sacrifice them to the *Manes* of *Patroclus*, but his Resentment gives him no time to think of them, till the hurry of his Passion abates, and he is tir'd with Slaughter: Without this Circumstance, I think an Objection might naturally be rais'd, that in the time of a Pursuit *Achilles* gave the Enemy too much Leisure to escape, while he busy'd himself with tying these Prisoners: Tho' it is not absolutely necessary to suppose he did this with his own Hands.

VI.

VERSE 35. *Twelve chosen Youths.*] This piece of Cruelty in *Achilles* has appear'd shocking to many, and indeed is what I think can only be excus'd by considering the ferocious and vindictive Spirit of this Hero. 'Tis however certain that the Cruelties

Cruelties exercis'd on Enemies in War were authoriz'd by the military Laws of those Times; nay Religion itself became a Sanction to them. It is not only the fierce *Achilles*, but the pious and religious *Æneas*, whose very Character is Virtue and Compassion, that reserves several young unfortunate Captives taken in Battel, to sacrifice them to the *Manes* of his favourite Hero. *Æn.* 10. *V.* 517.

—*Sulmone creatos*

*Quattuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens
Viventes rapit; inferias quos immolet umbris,
Captivoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammam.*

And *Æn.* 11. *V.* 81.

*Vinxerat & post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris,
Inferias, cæso sparsuros sanguine flammam.*

And (what is very particular) the Latin Poet expresses no Disapprobation of the Action, which the Grecian does in plain terms, speaking of this in Iliad 23. *V.* 176.

—*Κακὰ δὲ Φρεστὶ μῆδελο ἔργα.*

VII.

VERSE 41. *The young Lycaon, &c.] Homer has a wonderful Art and Judgment in contriving such Incidents as set the characteristick Qualities of his Heroes in the highest point of Light. There is hardly any in the whole Iliad more proper to move Pity than this Circumstance of Lycaon, or to raise Terror, than this View of Achilles. It is also the finest Picture of them both imaginable: We see the different Attitude of their Persons, and the different Passions which appear'd in their Countenances: At first Achilles stands erect, with Surprise in his Looks, at the Sight of one whom he thought it impossible to find there; while Lycaon is in the Posture of a Suppliant, with Looks that plead for Compassion;*

on; with one Hand holding the Hero's Lance, and his Knee with the other: Afterwards, when at his Death he lets go the Spear and places himself on his Knees, with his Arms extended, to receive the mortal Wound; how lively and how strongly is this painted? I believe every one perceives the Beauty of this Passage, and allows that Poetry (at least in *Homer*) is truly a speaking Picture.

VIII.

VERSE 84, &c. *The Speeches of Lycaon and Achilles.*] It is impossible for any thing to be better imagin'd than these two Speeches; that of *Lycaon* is moving and compassionate, that of *Achilles* haughty and dreadful; the one pleads with the utmost Tenderness, the other denies with the utmost Sternness: One would think it impossible to amass so many moving Arguments in so few Words as those of *Lycaon*: He forgets no Circumstance to soften his Enemy's Anger, he flatters the Memory of *Patroclus*, is afraid of being thought too nearly related to *Hector*, and would willingly put himself upon him as a Suppliant, and consequently as an inviolable person: But *Achilles* is immovable, his Resentment makes him deaf to Entreaties, and it must be remember'd that Anger, not Mercy, is his Character.

I must confess I could have wish'd *Achilles* had spared him: There are so many Circumstances that speak in his Favour, that he deserv'd his Life, had he not ask'd it in Terms a little too abject.

There is an Air of Greatness in the Conclusion of the Speech of *Achilles*, which strikes me very much: He speaks very unconcernedly of his own Death, and upbraids his Enemy for asking Life so earnestly, a Life that was of so much less Importance than his own.

IX.

VERSE 122. *The Day shall come—*

When by the Spear, the Arrow, or the Dart.

This is not spoken at random, but with an Air of Superiority;

riority; when *Achilles* says he shall fall by an Arrow, a Dart or a Spear, he insinuates that no Man will have the Courage to approach him in a close Fight, or engage him Hand to Hand. *Eustathius.*

X.

VERSE 147. *Your living Coursers glut his Gulphs in vain.]*
It was an ancient Custom to cast living Horses into the Sea, and into Rivers, to honour, as it were, by these Victims, the Rapidity of their Streams. This Practice continued a long time, and History supplies us with Examples of it: *Aurelius Victor* says of *Pompey* the younger, *Cum mari felicit eriter uteretur, Neptuni se filium confessus est, eumque bohus auratis & equo placavit.* He offer'd Oxen in Sacrifice, and threw a living Horse into the Sea, as appears from *Dion*; which is perfectly conformable to this of *Homer*. *Eustath. Daquier.*

XI.

VERSE 153. *With Fury swells the violated Flood.]* The Poet has been preparing us for the Episode of the River *Xanthus* ever since the Beginning of the last Book; and here he gives us an account why the River wars upon *Achilles*: It is not only because he is a River of *Troas*, but, as *Eustathius* remarks, because it is in defence of a Man that was descended from a Brother-River God: He was angry too with *Achilles* on another account, because he had choak'd up his Current with the Bodies of his Countreymen, the *Trojans*.

XII.

VERSE 172. *From rich Pæonia's—&c.]* In the Catalogue *Pyræchmes* is said to be Commander of the *Pæonians*, where they are describ'd as Bow-Men; but here they are said to be arm'd with Spears, and to have *Asteropæus* for their General.

Eusta-

Eustathius tells us, some Criticks asserted that this Line in the *Cat.* V. 355.

Πηλεγόνος θ' ύὸς περιδέξιος Ἀστεροπάῖος.

followed

Ἀυλὶς Πυραίχμης ἄγε Παλονας ἀγκυλούχος.

but I see no reason for such an Assertion. *Homer* has expressly told us in this Speech that it was but ten Days since he came to the Aid of *Troy*; he might be made General of the *Paeonians* upon the Death of *Pyræchmes*, who was kill'd in the sixteenth Book. Why also might not the *Paeonians*, as well as *Teucer*, excel in the Management both of the Bow and the Spear?

XIII.

VERSE 189. *Deep in the swelling Bank was driv'n the Spear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd—]*

It was impossible for the Poet to give us a greater Idea of the Strength of *Achilles* than he has by this Circumstance: His Spear peirc'd so deep into the Ground, that another Hero of great Strength could not disengage it by repeated Efforts; but immediately after, *Achilles* draws it with the utmost Ease: How prodigious was the Force of that Arm that could drive at one throw a Spear half way into the Earth, and then with a touch release it?

XIV.

VERSE 264. *Now bursting on his Head, &c.]* There is a great Beauty in the Versification of this whole Passage in *Homer*: Some of the Verses run hoarse, full, and sonorous, like the Torrent they describe; others by their broken Cadences, and sudden Stops, image the Difficulty, Labour, and Interruption of the Hero's March against it. The fall of the Elm, the tearing up of the Bank, the rushing of the Branches in the Water, are all put into such Words, that almost

most every Letter corresponds in its Sound, and echoes to the Sense of each particular.

XV.

VERSE 275. *Bridg'd the rough Flood across—]*
 If we had no other account of the River *Xanthus* but this, it were alone sufficient to shew that the Current could not be very wide; for the Poet here says that the Elm stretch'd from Bank to Bank, and as it were made a Bridge over it: The Suddenness of this Inundation perfectly well agrees with a narrow River.

XVI.

VERSE 277. *Leap'd from the Chanel.]* Eustathius recites a Criticism on this Verse, in the Original the Word Λύμνη signifies *Stagnum*, *Palus*, a standing-Water; now this is certainly contrary to the Idea of a River, which always implies a *Current*: To solve this, says that Author, some have suppos'd that the Tree which lay a-cross the River stopp'd the flow of the Waters, and forc'd them to spread as it were into a Pool. Others, dissatisfy'd with this Solution, think that a Mistake is crept into the Text, and that instead of ἐκ Λύμνης, should be inserted ἐκ δίνης. But I do not see the Necessity of having recourse to either of these Solutions; for why may not the Word Λύμνη signify here the *Chanel* of the River, as it evidently does in the 317th Verse? And nothing being more common than to substitute a part for the whole, why may not the Chanel be suppos'd to imply the whole River?

XVII.

VERSE 290. *As when a Peasant to his Garden brings, &c.]*
 This changing of the Character is very beautiful: No Poet ever

ever knew, like *Homer*, to pass from the vehement and the nervous, to the gentle and the agreeable; such Transitions, when properly made, give a singular Pleasure, as when in Musick a Master passes from the rough to the tender. *Demetrius Phalereus*, who only praises this Comparison for its Clearness, has not sufficiently recommended its Beauty and Value. *Virgil* has transfer'd it into his first Book of the Georgicks. *V.* 106.

*Deinde satis fluvium inducit, rivosque sequentes:
 Et cum exustus ager morientibus æstuat herbis,
 Ecce supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
 Elicit: Illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
 Saxa ciet, scatebrisq; arenita temperat arva.*

Dacier.

XVIII.

VERSE 322. *Oh had I dy'd in Fields of Battel warm! &c.]*
 Nothing is more agreeable than this Wish to the heroick Character of *Achilles*: Glory is his prevailing Passion; he grieves not that he must die, but that he should die unlike a Man of Honour. *Virgil* has made use of the same Thought in the same Circumstance, where *Æneas* is in danger of being drowned, *Æn.* i. *V.* 98.

—*O terq; quaterque beati,
 Queis ante ora patrum Trojæ sub mœnibus altis
 Contigit oppetere! O Danaūm fortissime gentis
 Tydide, mene Iliacis occumbere campis
 Non potuisse? tuaque animam hanc effundere dextrâ!*

Lucan, in the fifth Book of his *Pharsalia*, representing *Cæsar* in the same Circumstance, has (I think) yet farther the Character of Ambition, and a boundless Thirst of Glory, in his Hero; when, after he has repin'd in the same manner with *Achilles*, he acquiesces at last in the Reflection of the Glory he had already acquired,

E e e e

—*Licet*

—*Licet ingentes abruperit actus
Festinata dies fatis, sat magna peregi.
Arctoas domus gentes: inimica subegi
Arma manu: vidit Magnum mibi Roma secundum.*

And only wishes that his obscure Fate might be conceal'd, in the view that all the World might still fear and expect him.

—*Lacerum retinete cadaver
Fluctibus in mediis; desint mibi busta, rogusque,
Dum metuar semper, terraque expecter ab omni.*

XIX.

VERSE 406. *While Vulcan breath'd the fiery Blast around.]*
It is in the Original, V. 355.

Πυοῖ τειρόμενοι πολυμήτιος Ἡφαῖσοι.

The Epithet given to *Vulcan* in this Verse (as well as in the 367th) ‘*Ἡφαῖσοι πολύφρεον*, has no sort of Allusion to the Action describ'd: For what has his *Wisdom* or *Knowledge* to do with burning up the River *Xanthus*? This is usual in our Author, and much exclaim'd against by his modern Antagonists, whom Mr. Boileau very well answers. “ It is not so strange in *Homer* “ to give these Epithets to Persons upon occasions which can “ have no reference to them; the same is frequent in modern “ Languages, in which we call a Man by the Name of *Saint*, “ when we speak of any Action of his that has not the least “ regard to his *Sanctity*: As when we say, for example, that “ St. *Paul* held the Garments of those who stoned St. *Stephen*.

XX.

VERSE 425. *As when the Flames beneath a Caldron rise.]*
It is impossible to render literally such Passages with any tolerable Beauty. These Ideas can never be made to shine in English,

English, some Particularities cannot be preserv'd; but the Greek Language gives them Lustre, the Words are noble and musical,

Ως δὲ λέεντος ζεῦ ἔγδον ἐπειρόμενος περὶ πολλῷ,
Κνίσση μελδόμενος ἀπαλλήφεος σιάλοιο,
Πάντοθεν ἀμειολάδην, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα κάγκανα κεῖται.

All therefore that can be expected from a Translator is to preserve the Meaning of the Simile, and embellish it with some Words of Affinity that carry nothing low in the Sense or Sound.

XXI.

VERSE 447. *And soft re-murmur in their native bed.]* Here ends the *Episode of the River-Fight*; and I must here lay before the Reader my Thoughts upon the whole of it: Which appears to be in part an Allegory, and in part a true History. Nothing can give a better Idea of Homer's manner of enlivening his inanimate Machines, and of making the plainest and simplest Incidents noble and poetical, than to consider the whole Passage in the common historical Sense, which I suppose to be no more than this. There happen'd a great Overflow of the River *Xanthus* during the Seige, which very much incommoded the Assailants: This gave occasion for the Fiction of an Engagement between *Achilles* and the River-God: *Xanthus* calling *Simois* to assist him, implies that these two neighbouring Rivers join'd in the Inundation: *Pallas* and *Neptune* relieve *Achilles*; that is, *Pallas*, or the *Wisdom* of *Achilles*, found some means to divert the Waters, and turn them into the *Sea*; wherefore *Neptune*, the God of it, is feign'd to assist him. *Jupiter* and *Juno* (by which are understood the aerial Regions) consent to aid *Achilles*; this may signify, that after this great Flood their happen'd a warm, dry, windy Season, which asswaged the Waters, and dried the Ground: And what makes this in a manner plain, is, that *Juno* (which signifies the *Air*) promises to send the

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North and West Winds to distress the River. *Xanthus* being consum'd by *Vulcan*, that is dried up with Heat, prays to *Juno* to relieve him: What is this, but that the Drought having almost drunk up his Streams, he has recourse to the Air for Rains to resupply his Current? Or perhaps the whole may signify no more, than that *Achilles* being on the farther side of the River, plung'd himself in to pursue the Enemy; that in this Adventure he run the risk of being drown'd; that to save himself he laid hold on a fallen Tree, which serv'd to keep him afloat; that he was still carried down the Stream to the Place where was the Confluence of the two Rivers, which is express'd by the one calling the other to his Aid; and that when he came nearer the Sea [*Neptune*] he found means by his Prudence (*Pallas*) to save himself from his Danger.

If the Reader still should think the Fiction of Rivers speaking and fighting is too bold, the Objection will vanish by considering how much the Heathen Mythology authorizes the Representation of Rivers as Persons: Nay even in old Historians nothing is more common than Stories of Rapes committed by River-Gods: And the Fiction was no way unprentended, after one of the same nature so well known, as the Engagement between *Hercules* and the River *Achelous*.

XXII.

VERSE 455. *Jove as his Sport, the dreadful Scene descries,
And views contending Gods with careless Eyes.]*

I was at a loss for the reason why *Jupiter* is said to smile at the Discord of the Gods, till I found it in *Eustathius*; *Jupiter*, says he, who is the Lord of Nature, is well pleased with the War of the Gods, that is of Earth, Sea, and Air, &c. because the Harmony of all Beings arises from that Discord: Thus Earth is opposite to Water, Air to Earth, and Water to them all; and yet from this Opposition arises that discordant Concord by which all Nature subsists. Thus Heat and Cold, moist and dry, are in a continual War, yet upon this depends the Fertility of the Earth, and the Beauty

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of the Creation. So that *Jupiter* who according to the *Greeks* is the Soul of all, may well be said to smile at this Contention.

XXIII.

VERSE 456. *The Power of Battels, &c.]* The Combate of *Mars* and *Pallas* is plainly allegorical: Justice and Wisdom demanded that an end should be put to this terrible War: the God of War opposes this, but is worsted. *Eustathius* says that this holds forth the Opposition of Rage and Wisdom; and no sooner has our Reason subdued one Temptation, but another succeeds to reinforce it, thus *Venus* succours *Mars*. The Poet seems farther to insinuate, that Reason when it resists a Temptation vigorously, easily overcomes it: So it is with the utmost Facility that *Pallas* conquers both *Mars* and *Venus*. He adds, that *Pallas* retreated from *Mars* in order to conquer him; this shews us that the best way to subdue a Temptation is to retreat from it.

XXIV.

VERSE 469. *Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty Hand
A Stone, &c.]*

The Poet has describ'd many of his Heroes in former parts of his Poem, as throwing Stones of enormous Bulk and Weight; but here he rises in his Image: He is describing a Goddess, and has found a way to make that Action excel all human Strength, and be equal to a Deity.

Virgil has imitated this Passage in his twelfth Book, and apply'd it to *Turnus*; but I can't help thinking that the action in a Mortal is somewhat extravagantly imagined: What principally renders it so, is an Addition of two Lines to this Simile which he borrows from another part of *Homer*, only with this difference, that whereas *Homer* says no two Men could raise such a Stone, *Virgil* extends it to twelve.

—*Saxum circumspicit ingens,*
Saxum, antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat,
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.

(There is a Beauty in the Repetition of *Saxum ingens*, in the second Line; it makes us dwell upon the Image, and gives us Leisure to consider the Vastness of the Stone:) The other two Lines are as follow,

Vix illud, leti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

May I be allowed to think, they are not so well introduced in *Virgil*? For it is just after *Turnus* is describ'd as weaken'd and oppress'd with his Fears and ill Omens; it exceeds Probability; and *Turnus*, methinks, looks more like a Knight-Errant in a Romance, than an Hero in an Epick Poem.

XXV.

[*VERSE 508. The God of Ocean, and the God of Light.*] The Interview between *Neptune* and *Apollo* is very judiciously in this place enlarged upon by our Author. The Poem now draws to a Conclusion, the *Trojans* are to be punish'd for their Perjury and Violence: *Homer* accordingly with a poetical Justice sums up the Evidence against them, and represents the very Founder of *Troy* as an injurious person. There have been several References to this Story since the Beginning of the Poem, but he forbore to give it at large till near the end of it; that it might be fresh upon the Memory, and shew, the *Trojans* deserve the Punishment they are about to suffer.

Eustathius gives the reason why *Apollo* assists the *Trojans*, tho' he had been equally with *Neptune* affronted by *Laomedon*: This proceeded from the Honours which *Apollo* receiv'd from the Posterity of *Laomedon*; *Troy* paid him no less Worship than *Cilla*, or *Tenedos*; and by these means won him over to a Forgiveness: But *Neptune* still was slighted, and consequently continued an Enemy to the whole Race.

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The same Author gives us various Opinions why *Neptune* is said to have built the *Trojan Wall*, and to have been defrauded of his Wages: Some say that *Laomedon* sacrilegiously took away the Treasures out of the Temples of *Apollo* and *Neptune*, to carry on the Fortifications: From whence it was fabled that *Neptune* and *Apollo* built the Walls: Others will have it, that two of the Workmen dedicated their Wages to *Apollo* and *Neptune*; and that *Laomedon* detained them: So that he might in some sense be said to defraud the Deities themselves, by with-holding what was dedicated to their Temples.

The reason why *Apollo* is said to have kept the Herds of *Laomedon* is not so clear: *Eustathius* observes that all Plagues first seize upon the four-footed Creation, and are suppos'd to arise from this Deity: Thus *Apollo* in the first Book sends the Plague into the *Grecian Army*: The Ancients therefore made him to preside over Cattel, that by preserving them from the Plague, Mankind might be safe from infectious Diseases: Others tell us, that this Employment is ascrib'd to *Apollo*, because he signifies the Sun: Now the Sun cloaths the Pastures with Grass and Herbs: So that *Apollo* may be said himself to feed the Cattel, by supplying them with Food. Upon either of these accounts *Laomedon* may be said to be ungrateful to that Deity, for raising no Temple to his Honour.

It is observable that *Homer* in this Story ascribes the building of the Wall to *Neptune* only: I should conjecture the reason might be, that *Troy* being a Sea-port Town, the chief Strength of it depended upon its Situation, so that the Sea was in a manner a Wall to it: Upon this account *Neptune* may not improbably be said to have built the Wall.

XXVI.

VERSE 537. *For what is Man? &c.]* The Poet is very happy in interspersing his Poem with moral Sentences; in this place he steals away his Reader from War and Horror, and gives him a beautiful Admonition of his own Frailty.

“ Shall I (says *Apollo*) contend with thee for the sake of Man?

“ Man,

" Man, who is no more than a Leaf of a Tree, now green
 " and flourishing, but soon wither'd away and gone?" The
 Son of Sirach has an Expression which very much resembles
 this, Ecclus. xiv. 18. *As the green Leaves upon a thick Tree
 some fall, and some grow, so is the Generation of Flesh and
 Blood, one cometh to an end, and one is born.*

XXVII.

VERSE 544. *And from the Senior God submiss retires.]* Two things hinder Homer from making Neptune and Apollo fight. First, because having already describ'd the Fight between Vulcan and Xanthus, he has nothing farther to say here, for it is the same Conflict between Humidity and Dryness. Secondly, Apollo being the same with Destiny, and the Ruin of the Trojans being concluded upon and decided, that God can no longer defer it. *Dacier.*

XXVIII.

VERSE 557. *The female Plague—*

Fierce to the feeble Race of Womankind, &c.]

The Words in the Original are, *Tho' Jupiter has made you a Lyon to Women.* The meaning of this is, that Diana was terrible to that Sex, as being the same with the Moon, and bringing on the Pangs of Child-birth: Or else, that the Ancients attributed all sudden Deaths of Women to the Darts of Diana, as of Men to those of Apollo: Which Opinion is frequently alluded to in Homer. *Eustathius.*

XXIX.

VERSE 580. *Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the War.]* It is impossible that Mercury should encounter Latona: Such a Fiction would be unnatural, he being a Planet, and she representing the Night; for the Planets owe all their Lustre to the

the Shades of the Night, and then only become visible to the World. *Eustathius.*

XXX.

VERSE 567. *She said, and seiz'd her Wrists, &c.]* I must confess I am at a loss how to justify Homer in every point of these Combats of the Gods: When *Diana* and *Juno* are to fight, *Juno* calls her an *impudent Bitch*, *κυνη ἀδόξες*: When they fight, she boxes her soundly, and sends her crying and trembling to Heaven: As soon as she comes thither *Jupiter* falls a laughing at her: Indeed the rest of the Deities seem to be in a merry Vein during all the Action: *Pallas* bears *Mars*, and laughs at him, *Jupiter* sees them in the same merry mood: *Juno* when she had cuff'd *Diana* is not more serious: In short, unless there be some Depths that I am not able to fathom, Homer never better deserv'd than in this place the Censure past upon him by the Ancients, that as he rais'd the Characters of his Men up to Gods, so he sunk those of Gods down to Men.

Yet I think it but reasonable to conclude, from the very Absurdity of all this, supposing it had no hidden Meaning or Allegory, that there must therefore certainly be some. Nor do I think it any Inference to the contrary, that it is too obscure for us to find out: The Remoteness of our Times must necessarily darken yet more and more such Things as were Mysteries at first. Not that it is at all impossible, notwithstanding their present Darkness, but they might then have been very obvious; as it is certain Allegories ought to be disguis'd, but not obscur'd: An Allegory should be like a Veil over a beautiful Face, so fine and transparent, as to shew the very Charms it covers.

XXXI.

VERSE 608. *As when avenging Flames with Fury driv'n,
On guilty Towns exert the Wrath of Heaven.]*

This Passage may be explain'd two ways, each very remarkable. First, by taking this Fire for a real Fire, sent from Heaven to punish a criminal City, of which we have Example

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in holy Writ. Hence we find that *Homer* had a Notion of this great Truth, that God sometimes exerts his Judgments on whole Cities in this signal and terrible manner. Or if we take it in the other sense, simply as a Fire thrown into a Town by the Enemies who assault it, (and only express'd thus by the Author in the same manner as *Jeremy* makes the City of *Jerusalem* say, when the *Chaldeans* burnt the Temple, *The Lord from above hath sent Fire into my Bones. Lament. i. 13.*) Yet still thus much will appear understood by *Homer*, that the Fire which is cast into a City comes not properly speaking from Men, but from God who delivers it up to their Fury. *Dacier.*

XXXII.

VERSE 614. *High on a Turret hoary Priam, &c.]* The Poet still raises the Idea of the Courage and Strength of his Hero, by making *Priam* in a Terror that he should enter the Town with the routed Troops: For if he had not surpass'd all Mortals, what could have been more desireable for an Enemy, than to have let him in, and then destroy'd him?

Here again there was need of another *Machine* to hinder him from entring the City; for *Achilles* being vastly speedier than those he pursued, he must necessarily overtake some of them, and the narrow Gates could not let in a body of Troops without his mingling with the hindmost. The Story of *Agenor* is therefore admirably contriv'd, and *Apollo*, (who was to take care that the fatal Decrees should be punctually executed) interposes both to save *Agenor* and *Troy*; for *Achilles* might have kill'd *Agenor*, and still enter'd with the Troops, if *Apollo* had not diverted him by the Pursuit of that Phantom. *Agenor* oppos'd himself to *Achilles* only because he could not do better; for he sees himself reduc'd to a Dilemma, either ingloriously to perish among the Fugitives, or hide himself in the Forest; both which were equally unsafe: Therefore he is purposely inspir'd with a generous Resolution to try to save his Countreymen, and as the Reward of that Service, is at last sav'd himself.

XXXIII.

VERSE 652. *What shall I fly? &c.]* This is a very beautiful Soliloquy of *Agenor*, such a one as would naturally arise in the Soul of a brave Man, going upon a desperate Enterprise: He weighs every thing in the balance of Reason; he sets before himself the Baseness of Flight, and the Courage of his Enemy, till at last the thirst of Glory preponderates all other Considerations. From the Conclusion of this Speech it is evident, that the Story of *Achilles* his being invulnerable except in the Heel, is an Invention of latter Ages; for had he been so, there had been nothing wonderful in his Character. *Eustathius.*

XXXIV.

VERSE 705. *Meanwhile the God, to cover their Escape, &c.]* The Poet makes a double use of this Fiction of *Apollo's* deceiving *Achilles* in the Shape of *Agenor*; by these means he draws him from the Pursuit, and gives the *Trojans* time to enter the City, and at the same time brings *Agenor* handsomely off from the Combat. The Moral of this Fable is, that Destiny would not yet suffer *Troy* to fall.

Eustathius fancies that the occasion of the Fiction might be this: *Agenor* fled from *Achilles* to the Banks of *Xanthus*, and might there conceal himself from the Pursuer behind some Covert that grew on the Shores; this perhaps might be the whole of the Story. So plain a Narration would have pass'd in the Mouth of an Historian, but the Poet dresses it in Fiction, and tells us that *Apollo* (or Destiny) conceal'd him in a Cloud from the sight of his Enemy.

The same Author farther observes, that *Achilles* by an unseasonable peice of Vain-glory, in pursuing a single Enemy gives time to a whole Army to escape; he neither kills *Agenor*, nor overtakes the *Trojans*.

F I N I S.

